

★ *Liberty*

DEC. 29, 1945

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On those occasions when something special in the way of drinks is indicated, OLD THOMPSON is definitely timely. Blended by Glenmore in Kentucky, it's always a good mixer—never

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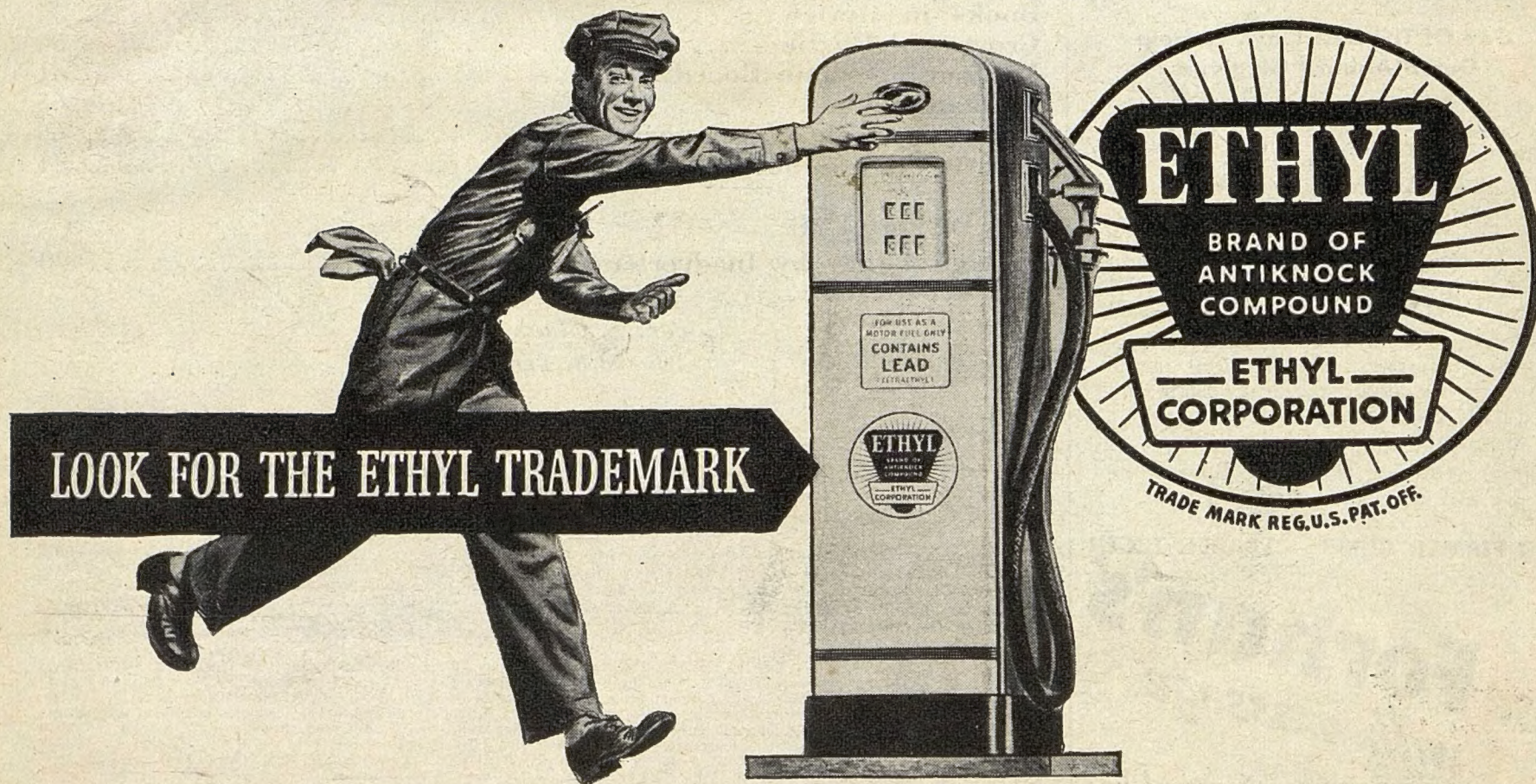
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HANDSOME TEETH NEED FIRM GUMS

one of the most common
enemies of firm gums is

GINGIVITIS



4 OUT OF 5 may get it. Neglect
often leads to Pyorrhea, which
only your dentist can help

Do your gums ever bleed when you brush
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Then take heed! These are often the
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naturally bright *your teeth* look.

Your whole family will enjoy Forhan's
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FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

use Forhan's
with massage

NO HARSH ABRASIVES IN FORHAN'S!

In This Week's Liberty

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★ ARTICLES

Parlof Panhandlers, <i>George Henhoeffter</i>	13
Geishas on the Ginza, <i>Victor Boesen</i>	16
He Sees What Others Don't, <i>Inga Arvad</i>	18
The General Was Our Pal, <i>Lt. T. C. Gleysteen, U. S. N. R. with Ray Kauffman</i>	20
They'll Walk Again, <i>Evan Hill</i>	22

★ STORIES

Remember Me, Lord, <i>Charles Francis Potter</i>	28
Strange Destiny, <i>R. Wilkes Hunter</i>	30
The Quick Brown Fox—Short Short, <i>Allan Paris</i>	32
Everybody Works on Christmas, <i>Gordon Malherbe Hillman</i>	34
X. and the Square Devil, <i>C. V. Terry</i>	36

★ PICTURES

The Camera Eye.....	23
---------------------	----

★ BOOK CONDENSATION

The Happy Time—A rib-tickling chronicle by <i>Robert Fontaine</i> of an irrepressible French-Canadian family—abridged to a reading time of one evening.....	39
---	----

★ FEATURES

Vox Pop.....	6
On the Beam.....	11
The Thropp Family.....	26
Books in Review.....	54
Crossword Puzzle.....	54
Veterans' Bulletin Board.....	61
Woman-Talk.....	65
Col. Stoopnagle's Fictionary.....	66
Liberty Goes to the Movies.....	84

★ EDITORIAL

Foreign Policy by Inadvertence, <i>Paul Hunter</i>	90
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*Better Reception
from Every
Point of View*

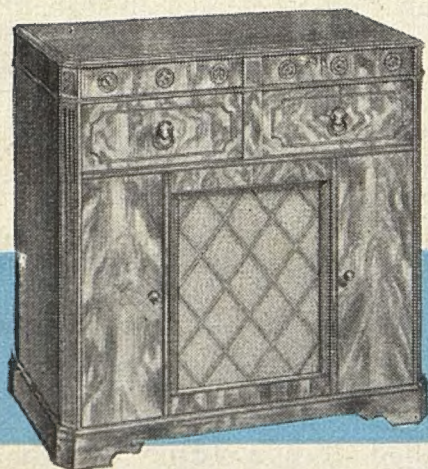
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HOWARD *Radios* in Your Own Home!**

And, what beautiful models they are too — designed especially to welcome your favorite radio programs with such brilliant reception.

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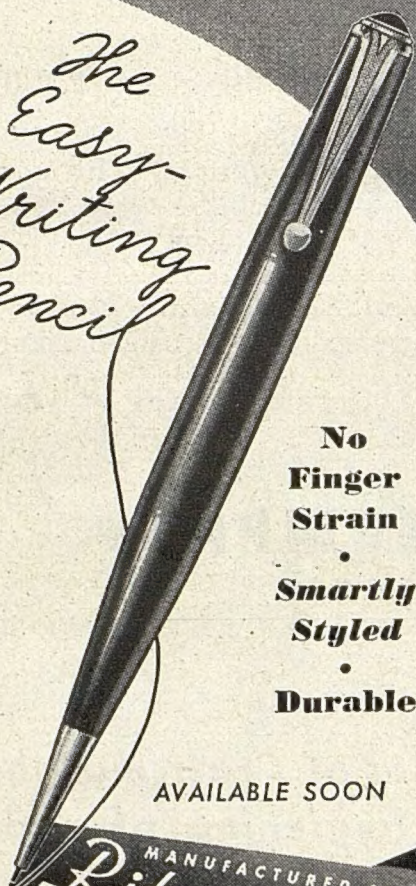


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★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

THE NEW LIBERTY

BALTIMORE, MD.—The many improvements in Liberty, which started its postwar career with the October 27 issue, are obvious and welcome. Your articles are of wider scope than ever, and the idea of separating the fiction and nonfiction makes reading pleasanter. And we feel a healthy progressive tendency. That's a good thing, and we hope you carry it through.

Also, your new Thropp family. They're as charming a comic aggregation as we've seen in a long time. The drawings are quite unusual, and we get the feeling that their adventures are going to be interesting. A swell feature.—M. E. Wagner.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—Please eliminate the Thropp cartoon. It cheapens the looks of the magazine and takes up valuable space. Give us a humorous story, or a good article in its place. Even a good quiz would be more welcome.

Best wishes for continued success.—E. Ploner.

IT'S A PARADOX

LAMPASAS, TEXAS—When are our State Department and Congress going to realize that the American public is getting fed up with pulling England's chestnuts out of the fire?



Why should we be asked to re-establish English rule over all of her subjects, even to the extent of lending her almost half the latest bond drive at 2-per-cent interest?

What a paradox!—driving hard for Victory bonds with which to lend England so that she cannot only re-subjugate her colonies but also help the Dutch reclaim theirs. This after a war for the Four Freedoms! Why not assist productive nations instead of parasite or trading nations?—Thomas F. Cox.

TRAIN US TO TRAIN THEM

APO, NEW YORK, N. Y.—Perhaps no man came closer to the truth than

did financier Henry Morgenthau, Jr., when he advocated the turning over of our occupation zone in Germany to the hard French or Russian troops. American occupation policies have utterly failed. It is not the fault of the G.I., who, trained well as a soldier of the field, remains ill equipped for keeping his obstinate charges under his influence and control.

To the exhausted combat veteran,



bitter because of the numerous complications arising daily to impede his journey home, the hostile Germans are something to disregard. His attitude is one of procrastination: leave them to the green troops who are to replace him.

The average German has figured the American better than we can ever hope to know him. The lax Yankee soldier has shown himself to be easily swayed by prospects of money, drink, or sexual relations.

He has expedited one of the foulest black-market scars on the American record. The files of civilian and military police overflow with reports of nightly robberies—armed G.I.s searching for watches and jewelry either to carry home or to the well-paying Berlin sector.

As always, it is the little man in this case again who can make or break any occupational goals we have set. So far, that little man has failed!

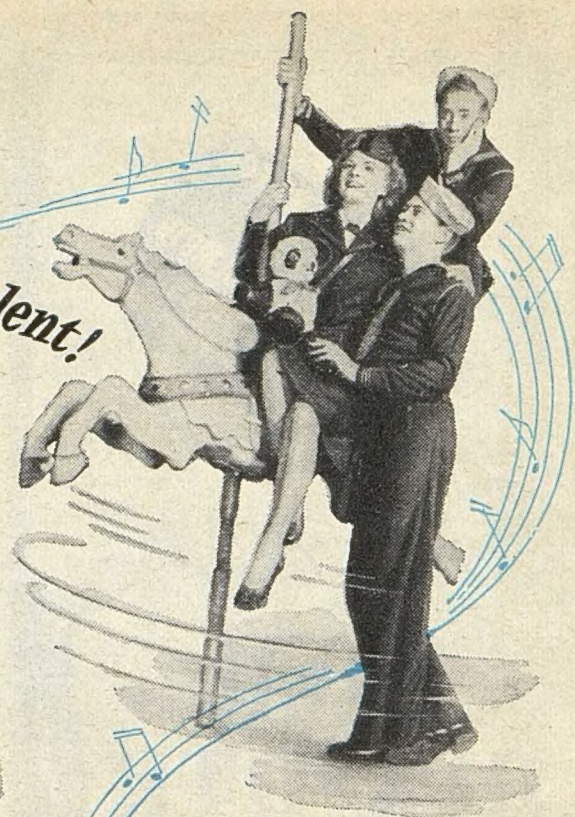
Before entering any position, a man must receive training; must know what is expected of him and how to do the job well. Likewise, men slated for occupational duty should leave the States with a full knowledge of the job that is facing them.

They must have been disciplined to a point where they can set an example. The G.I. today gives a poor impression in his manner of supervising his German charges, for his training thus far extends to the gun-and-fist category. With the guns stilled, it now turns to a battle of minds. Psychological handling must now be blended with yesterday's methods.

There is only one way out! We
(Continued on page 8)

"Love Is A Merry-Go-Round"
Jam-packed with entertainment! Chock-full of talent!

A singing, shining
 romance...brimming
 with youth, laughter
 and song!



*The COAST GUARD'S
 ROMANTIC
 MUSICAL FROLIC!*



COLUMBIA PICTURES
 presents



TARS and SPARS

STARRING

Janet BLAIR • *Alfred* DRAKE (Singing Star of "Oklahoma!")

with MARC PLATT • JEFF DONNELL

and introducing
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Produced by MILTON H. BREN
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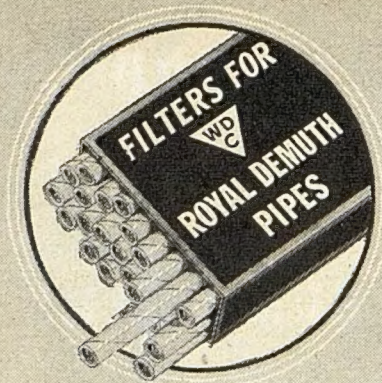


*"Love Is A
 Merry-Go-Round"*

*"I'm Glad I
 Waited For You"*

and other great songs!





This Filter in ROYAL DEMUTH

*cools the smoke...as it
cleanses the smoke*

*-makes pipe
function
superbly*

\$3⁵⁰

BOX OF 25 FILTER
REFILLS WITH EACH
PURCHASE



THE changeable filter has a patented construction that filters flakes and juices before smoke reaches your mouth. Yes, this absorbent cellophane wrapped filter is changeable! When stained from the tars and nicotine that it imprisons, replace with a fresh refill. Royal Demuth is thoroughly seasoned, expertly styled, exquisitely fashioned. Over 100 skilled manufacturing operations go into each pipe.



(Continued from page 6)

must be trained to train them!—
Pvt. —.

IN A HURRY?

BLOOMINGTON, ILL.—I suppose I'm pest number 972 on the advance list to point out that Sergeant Ed Evert, subject of your pictorial feature, Assignment Out (November 17), carried Albert Smith's duffel bag into the separation center. That boy sure must have been in a hurry to get out!—*Jack Read.*

He certainly was. Wouldn't you be?—Vox
POP EDITOR.

MEE-OW!

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—To Helen G. Andrews who took a look at England's beauty contestants and wrote to Vox Pop (November 10), "I'm glad I'm an American," may I say one word in reply—Mee-ow!—*An English girl.*

P.S.: Incidentally, England can do better than that. I know.

HE SAW A STEAK

NEW YORK, N. Y.—That's the first time I've ever looked at a woman and thought about a big juicy steak. I'm talking about the picture of Joan Roberts in The Camera Eye (No-



vember 24). Is she crazy to sew 437 red points on her dress? She may be a vegetarian, but she must have had some friends who could have used those red points.—*Carl Bremen.*

WHO FOOTS THE B'LL?

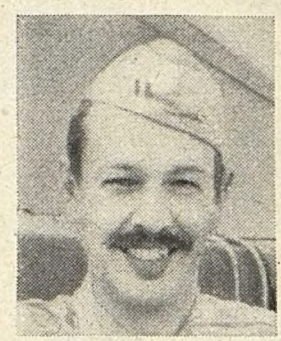
PASADENA, CALIF.—A. E. Hanlon (Vox Pop, October 13) has some brilliant ideas on postwar economics as revealed in the remark: "Keep the ceiling on rent until he [the vet] gets definitely located and until supply meets demand for houses..." Might as well say also, "Keep the price of pork down until the supply of hogs increases and relieves the shortage."

I wonder if he knows that it takes the incentive of high prices to make people build houses or raise hogs? Or perhaps he believes that the government is prepared to pay bonuses sufficient to take the place of higher rents and higher prices for hogs.

Somebody is going to pay. We must have the government do it, Russian style, or else go back to our old friend, the law of supply and demand.—*Early Van Deventer.*

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

BEHIND THE LINES



BORN in Peking, China, in 1911, Lieut. T. C. Gleysteen picked up his schooling piece-meal here and abroad, with a finale at Yale in 1934. After seven years of publicity, advertising, and newspaper work, plus a stint with the F.B.I., investigating Jap espionage, he hooked up with the Navy and went back to China to head an OSS intelligence unit, operating behind the Jap lines near Hong Kong. THE GENERAL WAS OUR PAL is his account of one of the fascinating episodes he lived through while roaming over hundreds of miles of rice-fed China and hobnobbing with guerrillas and pirates. Soon to be released from the Navy, he's planning to take up something new—dreamed up in barren China—the tree business. But definitely no more rice.

HE WALKED AGAIN

IN 1941, just before the Dutch Harbor bombing, Philadelphia-born Evan Hill left his job on a newspaper in Juneau, Alaska, to join the Alaska National Guard. He served thirty months in Pribilof outposts; then, via the Army rotation program, landed in Europe in time for the invasion of France. Wounded outside Strasbourg, he was sent back to the States, his left leg paralyzed. THEY'LL WALK AGAIN is this twenty-six-year-old lieutenant's tribute to the Army experts who patched him up. For after eleven months and two days of treatment, he was able to get about again with the aid of a special brace.

NEXT WEEK



CAN WE TAME THE ATOM BOMB? Will atomic energy wipe out poverty or destroy the human race? It's up to us, but we'll have to hurry. J. A. Hutcheson, who worked on the project, tells you why. ... WHAT DO

YOU REMEMBER ABOUT 1945? Test yourself with Ted Shane's year-end quiz and see how good your memory is. ... Corporal Dolan became a papa—yet everybody knew he'd been overseas for two and a half years. You'll find out how Dolan proved his parenthood in RENDEZVOUS WITH ANNIE, a laugh-a-minute story by Mary Loos and Richard Sale. ... Readers of all faiths will delight in Bruce Marshall's colorful cavalcade of Scotland—THE WORLD, THE FLESH, AND FATHER SMITH. Liberty's Book Condensation.



STOP Reflected SUN GLARE

The glaring white brightness of sunlight reflected from highways, icy pavements or the polished enamel of a car causes eye strain, fatigue and even danger. Glare hides road details and hampers vision.

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

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NEW YORK



The traditions of **OLD TAYLOR** are those of Old Kentucky—a time when no way was too long, no trouble too great to instill in a noble whiskey the last ounce of mellowness, bouquet and flavor. Try **OLD TAYLOR** today and one of life's pleasantest moments will be yours—a moment that shows why this great bourbon stands among those of *topmost choice* wherever good taste in whiskey prevails.

*Signed,
Sealed,
and Delicious*

A bird's-eye glimpse of the Lockheed Air Terminal at Berkeley, Calif., center of Lockheed's new world-wide Customer Service Division.

ON THE BEAM

Even today, transatlantic flight can waft a thrilled passenger out of this world. Think what the use of faster planes will make of it!

BY WAYNE PARRISH

AFTER my fifth air crossing of the Atlantic I can truthfully say I would never make the trip by any other means unless the ocean voyage were to be purely in the nature of a vacation. Having made several ocean trips some years ago, I'm afraid the thrill of swinging in over the Continent by air after flights that are measured in hours is too great to have left any desire ever again to spend days moving through the water.

As a matter of fact, the greatest item of interest in flying across the Atlantic is the almost complete absence of any feeling that one is crossing a wide ocean. At 8,000 feet or so, there is nothing to see but water and clouds, so one scarcely ever bothers to look out of the windows. The plane moves in a world of its own and the major problem becomes one of finding something to read or a comfortable means of sleeping.

When Pan American World Airways announced its one-way air fare of approximately \$275 from New York to London, one began to get a general idea of what international air transport was to cost. The average fare should be between seven and eight cents a mile, with a tendency to reduce as traffic volume increases, and this compares favorably with the current four to five cents a mile for domestic air travel in the United States.

The \$275 fare to London was a big step for Pan American, for its fares had always been on the high side. In South America until the wartime it charged more than ten cents a mile on long hops, and its transatlantic fare until recently kept air transportation in the luxury or novelty class. Undoubtedly spurred on by the competition it is going to have from American Airlines Overseas and Transcontinental & Western Air (which have steadily re-



duced their domestic fares), Pan American is now determined, apparently, to keep its fares within reach of the average person.

It is quite natural that international air-travel fares will be higher than fares in the United States, but they should not be more than a few cents higher. American business men will welcome the lower fares, because those who have had no other means of reaching various parts of the world except through the Army's ATC have been paying twelve cents a mile to the U. S. government. The Army never wanted to be in the air-line business, but until commercial lines could get started, it had to furnish transportation to Americans who had real reason to travel by air.

But to get back to my recent flight to Paris from Washington: I can testify to the fact that, although the four-engined Douglas C-54 Sky-master is a wonderful airplane and has played a vital part in the war, its cruising speed of 200 or 210 miles an hour isn't fast enough for ocean crossings. I will welcome the time when the Lockheed Constellation (about 70 or 80 miles an hour faster), or the Douglas DC-6 or the Boeing 377 (commercial counterpart of the Superfortress with a promised cruising speed of 320 to 340 miles an hour), will be in operation across the Atlantic.

For example, the flight from Washington to Paris, with two stops at Bermuda and the Azores, is 4,700 miles. On this recent trip, operated for the ATC by American Airlines, the flying time was about twenty-four hours plus time for the stops. During the spring and summer the flight is much shorter by the Great Circle route through Newfoundland; during the winter a more southerly route is necessary.

But increase the cruising speed from 200 to 300, and transatlantic

travel becomes simple and comfortable regardless of the route. TWA, with its Constellations, expects to fly from Washington or New York to Paris in fourteen to sixteen hours. That affords the passengers time for a good sleep (and sleeping in the air can be very comfortable), a few meals, and some reading.

Even though my recent crossing seemed long in contrast to the seventeen-hour flight from Washington to Scotland in July, I arrived in Paris at dawn feeling fully refreshed after a good sleep from the Azores to the French coast, and after shaving with hot water provided by the best flight clerk I have found in the Army—Sergeant Joseph Duffy of 7812 Cregier Avenue, Chicago, who wants to be a transatlantic flight steward after his discharge.

Lunches for Private Fliers

Charles Donelson, superintendent of airports for the Civil Aeronautics Administration, made a remark on a flying trip to Oklahoma that has jelled into a new lunch service for private fliers. His passenger was James K. Dobbs, air-line caterer and operator of a chain of airport restaurants, and as they flew over Memphis, Donelson remarked, "Too bad we can't land, pick up a nice box lunch, and go back up."

Dobbs decided to do something about it. The result is Dobbs' Flite-box Service. It works like this: The private flier radios ahead to the tower at airports where the service is available, lands and picks up a box lunch, and is on his way again with a minimum of delay. Prices run from 85 cents to \$1.65. The service is available at airports at Jackson, Mississippi; Shreveport, Louisiana; Jacksonville, Florida; Amarillo, Texas; and Wichita, Dallas, Chicago, Birmingham, and Memphis.



"Some men can't see any farther than the rings in their noses!" chided Elsie

"LOOK, WOMAN!" bellowed Elmer, the bull, "you leave my nose out of this. We're talking about *me* — all of me!"

"Certainly, dear," agreed Elsie, the Borden Cow, "and it's my favorite subject."

"Cut the soft soap!" snorted Elmer. "I tell you, I'm tired of being called 'Elsie's husband.' I'm going far away — maybe to another country! I'm going to do *big* things!"

"You'll have to go a long way," smiled Elsie, "to find a country that offers the opportunities America does! Here, anyone with a good idea can make it grow into something fine for himself and loads of other folks. Did I ever tell you the story of Gail Borden's Eagle Brand Condensed Milk?"

"Hundreds of times," groaned Elmer.

"In that case," brightly responded Elsie,

MAKE GLORIOUS DESSERTS WITHOUT SUGAR — WITH EAGLE BRAND



"another time won't matter . . . You see, Gail Borden got *his* first idea of canning milk when he was on a boat trip in 1851. In those days, folks had to take cows along on the boat if they wanted milk for their babies. There just wasn't any refrigeration . . . Well, the cows couldn't be kept healthy down in the hold. And when they got sick, the babies got sick. So Gail Borden started

right away working on a way to preserve milk, to keep it pure and safe. The result was Eagle Brand, the first milk to be sold to people in cans. It was the beginning of a great, new industry, and the creation of thousands of new jobs."

"All of which proves," interrupted El-



mer, "that all the good ideas have been thought up years ago. I gotta get away where fields are greener!"

"Don't be silly, Elmer," soothed Elsie. "Every year, every week, American businessmen, scientists, farmers are doing won-



derful new things — things that benefit millions of people. Just take a look at Borden's Homogenized Milk! Look at the better flavor and extra health benefit people get from drinking that grand milk!

Look at all the new jobs and wages that are made by each new product! Look—"

"Look, look, look!" mimicked Elmer. "I don't want to *look*, woman. I want to do, do, DO! Big things!"

"The man who invented golden-crust, creamy-centered Liederkrantz Cheese did something pretty big," reminded Elsie. "It's the *one* American cheese famous the world over. And, like all Borden's Fine Cheeses, it's concentrated nourishment — to the last morsel."

"Let's can the Borden chatter, please," begged Elmer, "and talk about *me*."

"Of course," enthused Elsie. "Now, dear,

MINCIEST MINCE MEAT EVER — BORDEN'S NONE SUCH!



do remember that anything that saves work, makes a big hit with the housewife. Borden's None Such Mince Meat, for instance. Hardly any work for the pie maker. And the fruitiest, spiciest mince meat ever."

"What in thunderation has mince meat to do with the milk business Gail Borden started?" exploded Elmer.

"Oh, Borden's is interested in all kinds of fine foods," answered Elsie. "We do business the American way — always looking for new ideas which will expand business and create new jobs!"

"You know," slowly marveled Elmer,



"maybe I'd better stick around and give Borden's first crack at my inventions. And for a starter, I'll invent a dessert that'll top even *their* ice cream!"

"Oh, dear, do start with something possible!" teased Elsie. "Borden's Ice Cream and Milk Sherbets are the grandest treats anyone ever tasted . . . But one word of advice, Elmer — whatever you invent, make it good! You know —"

"Yeah, I know," sighed Elmer. "If it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"





LIBERTY
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

Parlor Panhandlers

ON the mezzanine of the First National Bank in Fostoria, Ohio, depositors have been known to gather in one spot so thickly they present a minor traffic problem. The snag is a tiered glass-front cabinet arrayed with bright metal figurines which, like characters in a Disney production, persistently appear on the verge of coming to life. Remarkably, they do everything short of it—for the price of a small coin.

These miniature animals, clowns, soldiers, and grinning darkies are the performing cast of a collection of rare old-time mechanical penny banks owned by the Institution's president, Andrew Emerine, who wryly observes that his miniatures are a bunch of restive scamps, restrained only by springs, coils, and clamps which give way when you drop a coin in the right slot.

"Here, try it," he'll urge with a twinkle, and lift one of the banks—Professor Pugfrog's Great Bicycle Feat, for instance—out of the cabinet.

The Pugfrog bank measures 11 inches wide and 7½ inches high—about the same size as its gaily-daubed companions. You place your coin on the rear step of a tiny two-wheel bike ridden by the fabulous amphibian and, after giving the pedal a turn, watch him do a complete flip,



A new craze is sweeping the collectors' circuit—the toy banks of grandpa's day that swap a laugh for a penny and have been dusted off to bring high prices

By GEORGE HENHOEFFER

tossing the coin into an iron box straddled by a silly clown.

All the banks sport names like something hot off the lips of a circus barker, and their antics nimbly take up the billing.

The Darktown Battery introduces three colored boys in baseball formation. When you've put a coin in the pitcher's hand and cocked his arm, it sails a short distance through the air and jingles into a slot in front of the catcher, as the batter swings and misses. Freedman's Bank, one of the sassiest and probably the most valuable among mechanical varieties, has a check-suited tout who swipes your money off a gambling table with one hand and thumbs his nose with the other.

Emerine could put on a continuous performance of 235 highly ingenious acts, since he has that many different mechanical banks. There's no such thing as a complete collection. In fact, because of darkly involved technicalities, the hobby's experts cannot even agree on the total number of different American-made banks possible to assemble. Emerine, a pioneer and therefore an experts' expert on the subject, puts it "in the neighborhood of 270."

Mechanical banks were manufactured for retail trade and sold by the thousands between 1868 and the





Carol Ann Corby's interest is natural: her dad's a dentist.



This one's the old-time pictorial equivalent of a juke-box.

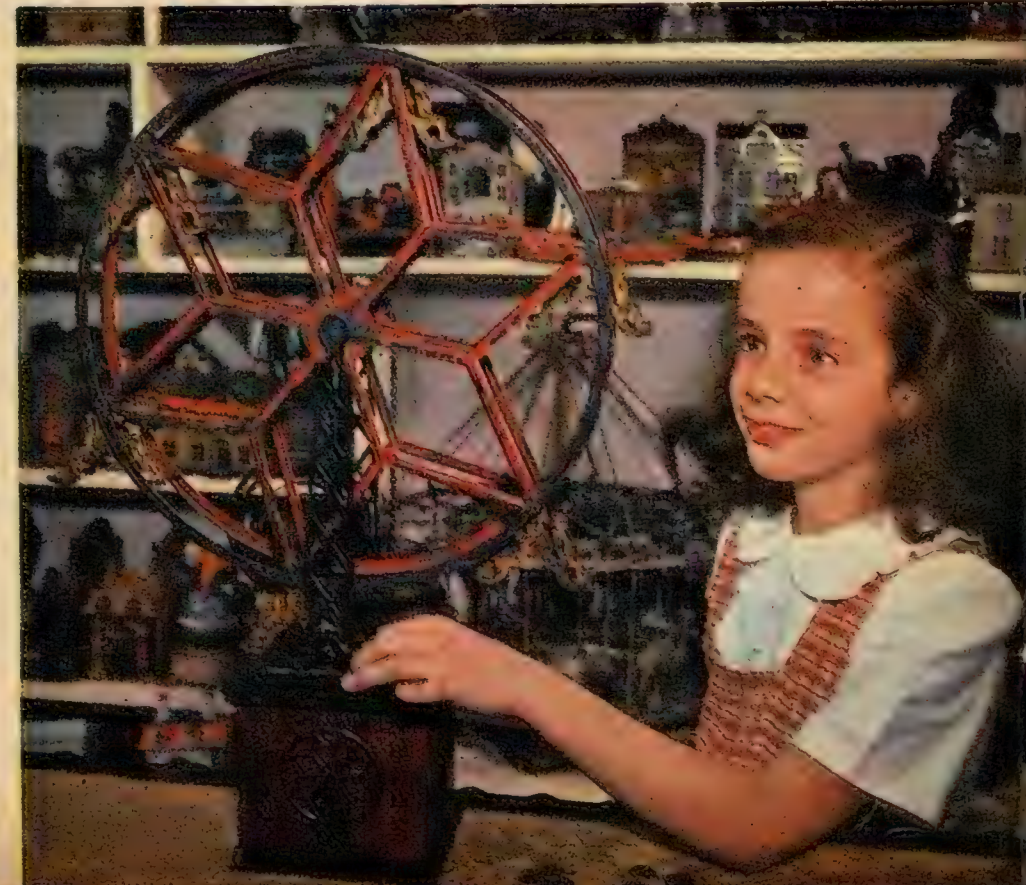


For a cent these dancers go into some involved gyrations. To promote thrift, she skips rope like a whirling dervish.



COLOR PHOTOS BY BRADLEY SMITH

The Darktown Battery pitches an unfailing series of strikes. The Ferris-wheel bank would delight the heart of any child.



early 1900's, generally costing from fifty cents to two dollars. Nearly every thrifty grandparent can remember one beckoning for pennies from an appointed place on the mantel or sideboard, inert until fed a coin, then breezing into its winsome shenanigan.

It became a worn but productive ruse in those days to ask a guest if he would like to see the bank perform. The guest, of course, furnished the coin.

Three or four hundred collectors now following the hobby guess that most of the once ordinary banks have gone to pieces and long since been discarded as rubbish. The few that may have escaped the junk heap are hunted eagerly in attics and old bureau drawers.

VALUES of the banks have rocketed in the last ten years. Collectors say that Walter P. Chrysler, the late automobile manufacturer, gave the market its first vigorous nudge when he became interested, in 1935.

Collectors look upon any discussion of prices as an extremely touchy subject. A Pugfrog Bank or a Clown, Harlequin and Columbine (drop in a coin and three figures do a dance) might be worth, say, \$100 and up if in perfect all-around condition. Worn paint or rust spots might knock off twenty-five dollars; a slight crack or chipping, another twenty-five; a broken figure or vital part, still more. Common banks such as The Eagle (bird feeds eaglet coin box from beak) and The Tammany (fat politician pockets a coin with his hand) are worth perhaps ten dollars if perfect and not wanted at all when blemished.

For value, Emerine will stack the Freedman's Bank against all comers. Three whole specimens, and a fourth with several parts missing, are in collectors' hands. There's a rumor among the hobby's upper coterie that \$750 once was offered for a "Freedman's," only to be rejected. Emerine, one of the three luckiest owners, values his at a hypothetical \$300, but probably wouldn't sell at any price. He bought it from a Mexico City antique dealer for twenty-five dollars, duty included.

The bird takes off:
the gun fires a cap.



Oblique glances are exchanged among the seers when somebody ventures to pick the rarest bank of all. Of several types, only one specimen is known. However, general opinion seems to hold that these are either test proofs of banks that never reached the market or hand-fashioned creations of some self-styled Cellini.

Emerine owns one of this unique but fence-sitting group—The Whale-Bank-on-Four Legs (whale's tail deposits coin as Jonah pops out of its snout).

"Don't confuse this with Jonah and the Whale," he cautions with a hint of the perfectionist.

Some of the finest collections are owned by bankers like Emerine and on public display in banking institutions. About twenty years ago, Elmer Rand Jacobs, executive vice-president of the Seamen's Bank for Savings, took the wraps off his budding collection and placed it on view in the bank's Wall Street lobby. Today some half dozen banking institutions in various sections of the country have full- or part-time displays.

Emerine happened across a couple of old banks, then heard about the



Around and around he goes.

Jacobs collection. They began to correspond, circulated a mass of "Banks Wanted" literature among antique dealers, and soon found the hobby had a few followers here and there. Competition was almost nonexistent in those days. New banks rolled in freely, and at low prices. By 1937, the year Jacobs died, collectors were cropping up everywhere and pickings had grown proportionately slim.

Soon the WPA got wind of this new phase of Americana and turned it over to the Federal Art Project for a spot in the Index of American Design.

The Boston Five Cents Savings Bank dusted off a collection assembled by its former president, Wilmot Evans, Jr., and gave it cabinet space. In New York, William F. Ferguson, treasurer of the Bank for Savings, was selected by eight other national top-ranking collectors to serve as a clearinghouse checker on 127 different rare to middling mechanical banks. The idea was to determine where the best—and also the most—banks might be.

Dr. Arthur E. Corby of New York came out on top of the list with some 300 different mechanical banks—including a group of foreign make—



PHOTOS FROM ANDREW EMERINE

He gives a buck for a cent.

and more than 4,000 "still," or non-action, banks.

A Stamford, Connecticut, physician, Dr. Ralph W. Crane, keeps a collection of 150 banks in his reception room, encouraging patients to tinker with the less valuable specimens as a tension outlet. He even furnishes the pennies. Crane's office is notable for clusters of bright-eyed, instead of red-eyed, children.

Crane began collecting twenty years ago, and was the first to advertise for banks in the hobby magazines. This brought a windfall of classy specimens before others got on to it and stirred up competition.

PUBLIC showing of bank collections has led to varied and pleasantly unpredictable experiences. I. A. Long, vice-president of the Mercantile-Commerce Bank and Trust Company, St. Louis, uses his as a feature attraction for bond-buying campaigns. The second day of the Sixth War Loan drive, when both banks and bonds were getting a lively reception, a neatly wrapped box arrived at his desk. It contained a fine Cupola Bank (press a button, out jumps a man to receive the coin) and a card inscribed: "Add this bank, which I owned as a child, to your collection." Long hadn't seen the donor.

In Houston, Texas, the Gibraltar Savings & Building Association reveres its bank collections as an institutional treasure. One hundred and twenty-five banks are exhibited in seven display cases.

Walter Godlove, the association's assistant secretary and spare-time bank curator, has had four of the cases put on rollers. The association plans to trundle them out to schools, civic clubs, and local expositions, now that the war is over. Emerine's collection became widely known in the towns and hamlets of Ohio through such strolling exhibits.

The hobby isn't all play. The important collectors bear down with
(Continued on page 60)



By tradition, the geisha is a genteel entertainer and skilled arranger of flowers—but she's increasing her repertoire now.

Geishas on the Ginza

BY VICTOR BOESEN

ON any afternoon in Tokyo, from two o'clock until the beer runs out, provided it doesn't last beyond five, the men who achieved history's first major conquest by remote control line up for blocks to make a beachhead on a beer hall and a cabaret on the Ginza, Tokyo's Broadway.

The plan is usually to hit the beer hall first, then, given a slightly lightened step, fall back to the cabaret, where numerous Madam Butterflies await as dancing partners.

At the beer place, which has a mosaic tile mural over the bar and looks like a lower-case Spanish Alhambra, the G.I.s draw a chit at the door good for two half-liter glasses of brew at four yen a glass. A liter is about a quart. Inside, they flow around a horseshoe barrier of tables. Excited girls take the chits and bring the beer from the bar at the rear, while loud-speakers give

Militarism may be dead in Japan, but not showmanship. The Jap smart-money boys are going all out to drag in G. I. cash with girls, beer, dancing, girls, jazz, entertainment, girls, and more girls

out with such tunes as With a Song in My Heart.

A little later, in the cabaret across the street, they are received by the dancing ladies, who hang over the railing and make unintelligible little noises as the G.I.s climb the stairs to the second floor. A few weeks ago

these same ladies were hiding in terror from these same Americans.

No time is lost in coyness or language differences. There is nothing that needs discussion. Two bobtailed bands, taking turns in brash assaults on old reliables like Tiger Rag and In the Shade of the Old Apple Tree, keep up a state of common understanding.

Some of the dancing is unidentifiable, but it is all American.

The girls are in costumes ranging from slacks, short skirts, house dresses, and clinging formal gowns (slightly soiled) to Chinese split skirts and bright kimonos with tightly girdling obis. The sweaty soldier in his high-top field shoes picks his partner according to the kind of dance he has in mind. The kimono, he knows, is ill suited to the flailing spasms of jitterbugging. Or he can sit with his girl at one of the tables

Legions of Japanese girl recruits are entertaining the curious (and shoeless) G. I.s. Their English may be lame and their dance steps faulty, but at least they offer companionship to soldiers thousands of miles from their homes.

over a beer, available here at ten yen a bottle.

At five o'clock, the M.P.s, who have been in heavy evidence all along, go around saying, "It's about that time," with a happy leer in their eyes.

In a few weeks, facilities of this and related kinds will have been expanded far beyond the two originals on the Ginza. Japan is rolling with the punch, or, as they would say in the Orient, bending with the wind like the willow, and is mobilizing her hedonist resources to entertain the Americans who have her in a headlock.

Originating with the men who head the pleasure industry in Tokyo, the enterprise is called the Recreation and Amusements Association, sponsored by several ministries of the Japanese government. Membership is open to any guild or individual whose business falls under that heading. Besides beer halls and cabarets, this includes restaurants, dance halls, sports, geisha houses, theaters, games, hot springs, and mountain resorts.

The membership already stands at thirty thousand, scattered through Tokyo and six adjacent prefectures. Others are coming in fast, from wherever Americans set up. The entrance fee is ten thousand yen. One billion is the financial goal, which is decent money even at the new rate of fifteen yen to the dollar.

TO keep the venture under control, there are a couple of provisos to membership aside from the admission fee. One is that possible claim on the applicant's establishment be waived by the occupation authorities, who are planning their own entertainment projects. The other provides that the aspiring member be willing to work in the organization. This last prevents anyone profiting by his investment without doing his stint.

The members divide 5 per cent of the gross income, and the rest, after overhead is taken out, goes to war relief.

Colonel Philip Wilson of Fresno, California, who as Special Service Officer of the Eighth Army at Yokohama heads our own effort to make the G. I.s' stay in Japan a pleasant one, and who is the man the Japs have to see about theirs, has no objection to the scheme so long as there is no infringement of American rules. He emphasized that the Army isn't

(Continued on page 62)





Billy Grady, Hollywood talent scout.

He Sees What Others Don't

Here's a man who has picked some of Hollywood's top stars. How does he do it? It has something to do with color. What's color, you say? Billy has his own formula and it turns up some pretty fine talent

BY INGA ARVAD

BILLY GRADY is Hollywood's No. 1 talent scout. If you have any doubts, Billy will quickly dispel them. He'll tell you, "I am the best in the business because I admit it without beating around the bush."

The man who discovered such stars as Lana Turner, Jimmy Stewart, Van Johnson, Cary Grant, and dozens more, gets \$60,000 a year from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. His job carries the imposing title of Tal-

ent Executive and Casting Director. That permits him to walk unannounced into the office of Metro's biggest big shot, Louis B. Mayer.

Under the first half of his title, Grady determines who will be valuable to M-G-M. His headache begins upon signing a prospective actress or actor. As he says, "I have to correct all their faults, which may be anything from a Brooklyn accent to reducing inches from the hips and

sometimes adding several to the bosom."

As casting director, he is responsible for assigning the 250 players who emote for Metro. To do that, Billy must know the future picture plans of every producer on the lot. Otherwise Lana Turner might be scheduled for two pictures at the same time, and Susie Glotz would have nothing to do but collect her salary check. If other studios want to borrow an actor or actress, Billy decides whether it would be advantageous.

Even with all these responsibilities, at sixty Billy Grady proudly announces he has the heart, liver, lungs, and kidneys of a man of thirty-four. He quotes the reports of his latest physical check-up to prove it. He could retire, but admits, "Somebody else would take my job; then they might find I'm not the best damned talent scout in the business, and I haven't got the guts for that discovery."

At 9 A.M. daily, Sundays included, Grady, as fresh as the white carnation in his buttonhole, reaches his office at M-G-M. It's like any other office, except that it is always full of fresh flowers; has a miniature switchboard which enables forty executives to call him direct, and above his desk is a sign which reads: "A halo has only to fall a few inches to become a noose."

Among his first chores is to look over what is left of the day's movie hopefuls after his aides have weeded out the impossible ones. Hopefuls are not all eighteen-year-old cuties. They may be of all types and ages, for the requirements of the casting department depends on the current production schedule.

As Grady settles down at his desk, some of those forty executives start buzzing, and the three phones ring constantly. He answers every call himself. Meanwhile a hopeful who has managed to reach the inner sanc-

Grady still acts as adviser to Van Johnson—and Johnson still listens.





As Metros casting director, Grady okays all acting assignments. Here he and director Morris Ankrum test Diana Lewis for a new role.

tum is dying a slow death. Billy gives her the cold stare. Finally he pushes a button, and an assistant is told to "Test this girl. She may have something." Then Billy leaves on his morning rounds, usually going to L. B. Mayer's office first. Later he sees Eddie Mannix and Benny Thau. These three big shots spell the power behind the M-G-M throne. He also visits the producers daily to keep schedules moving. If one link in the production chain fails, it may mean the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars.

Billy is still spry at noon when he goes to the gymnasium for a workout. Lunch afterward consists of a bowl of soup and a few crackers generously sprinkled with continuous interruptions. Everybody stops by his table in the commissary. They all want favors. One will ask, "How do you like my hair this color?" Another seeks such advice as: "Mr. X asked me for supper tonight. Should I accept or decline, and if I do accept, should I take boxing gloves or handcuffs?"

During the afternoon Billy looks at tests, which last from thirty seconds to five minutes on the screen, take a day to make, and often cost the studios several thousand dollars.

They are supposed to show what, if anything, a future star has to offer.

He sees test shots from all the major studios, and when asked if talent scouts don't steal prospective stars from one another, he always replies, "There is honor even among thieves."

Some people still believe a movie talent scout is a sort of super-wolf

Billy's booth at Chasens, specially built for him, is adorned with this sassy plaque.



who chases pretty girls, trying to lure them with such come-ons as, "Gee, chick, you sure ought to be in the movies!"

"If any talent scout tells you that old story, he is lying," Billy declares. "Besides, I am no scout; I am a specialist. To determine whether a person has talent or not, you've got to be a specialist, not just a scout. Everybody is a talent scout. The hundreds of letters I get every week prove that. Most of them run like this:

"Dear Mr. Grady: There is a beautiful blonde living in the same house as I. She has everything Greer Garson, Lana Turner, and Esther Williams have. If you do get in contact with her, please don't tell her that I told you. Sincerely . . ."

"I know damn well the girl wrote that herself, but I still make a point of answering," he says. "I even get letters from abroad. Recently a girl wrote from Johannesburg. I replied that South Africa was too far away for me to pass upon her talents, but should she ever come to America, I would be glad to see her. She sent me a cable, saying, 'I am on my way.' Damn it, what am I supposed to do?"

Thousands of persons hang around the gates of every stu-
(Continued on page 86)



What would you do if you heard the Japs coming and had to depend for flight on a Rube Goldberg truck that took seven Chinese to run it? Odd things have happened to OSS men, but few as funny as this

WITH a standing offer of one million C.N. (Chinese national dollars) for every live American turned over to the Japs, and with thousands of the enemy advancing in our area, life was a nightmare of movement.

I was with Detachment Six, an office of Strategic Services Intelligence outfit, made up of both Army and Navy personnel. Through sub-bases and native agents we kept track of Jap activities. Our hunting grounds extended along the south China coast from Hainan Island through the Hong Kong-Canton area to Swatow.

We had been in Hoifung a month and soon would be moving again. The signs were unmistakable. The coolies were unhinging the doors from the houses for stretchers and merchants were boarding up their shops with slabs of teak. But few would leave until the first wave of the fleeing population from the south

reached the walls of Hoifung and imparted motion to that town.

The Chinese general in the area was our pal. To steer his commandeering ways in our direction, we had given him about half of our cigarettes and coffee, and all our rock candy, of which he was fond. We would need two trucks to move our heavy equipment, including the Diesel generator and fuel to run it. Radio equipment was top priority, for without it we would lose our only contact with the rest of world, and our usefulness, too.

I gave General Heung our last carton of cigarettes and broached the subject of transportation. He showed little interest, but next day he promised us four trucks. So the men started packing. Everyone, except Corporal Larson and myself, proceeded on foot to our previously determined haven.

The following morning Jap patrols broke through the last Chinese mountain defenses and the slow

tempo of the evacuation turned to frenzied flight.

We put in an urgent request for the four trucks. "Extremely sorry. Only two available," was the general's reply. Enemy artillery fire could now be heard.

Our two Chinese interpreters tried to hire coolies to haul our gear to the road. The standard rate for coolies was fifty dollars (C.N.) for half a day, but \$150 for all day. This seems confusing, but frequently the coolies spurned a full day's work when a half day's pay was sufficient for more than a day's food. Even at \$250 a day we couldn't get any help. The artillery fire was louder now and time was precious. We offered \$500. In fifteen minutes dozens of coolies were racing up the slope to our camp, for the first to arrive would get the lightest load.

The stuff began moving to the road, and after a long wait a truck was sent by the general. It was an ancient model equipped with a charcoal burner about the size of an ordinary house furnace. The tires were covered with riveted-on rubber booting. I began to regret the gifts of cigarettes, coffee, and hard candy, for the truck was not only loaded with gear but carried about a dozen passengers. I hoped this contraption was not intended for us. The best-dressed and fattest man aboard, who turned out to be the owner, insisted

General Was Our Pal

By LT. T. C. GLEYSTEN, U.S.N.R. with RAY KAUFFMAN



it was. He also informed us the other truck had been sent to Laolung two days ago and perhaps the owner had decided not to come back.

I pointed to a group of about ten persons who were performing various rites around the truck.

They weren't passengers, he said, but essential members of the truck crew. Then the next-best-dressed man chimed in to say he was part owner of the truck.

THE coolies were now pitching the lighter gear aboard. I ordered the work stopped until room was made for our equipment. This provoked a howl from the truck owner, the part owner, and several other characters. A conference was held at which I insisted that one man and maybe an assistant were enough to run any truck.

Just then the coolies refused to move the generator because, they said, it was too heavy. It was agreed to take the generator apart.

But all work stopped as the women and children appeared with bowls of rice and tea. Time off to eat. Small-arms fire was audible. Let the Japs come. I no longer cared. I could even see the citation—"Lieutenant T. C. Gleysten, U.S.N.R., and Corporal John Larson cited for heroic defense of an unnamed village in the outskirts of Hoifung. . . . With nothing but forty-fives and carbines they

shot and killed seventy-five Japs before being overrun."

The truck owner interrupted my thoughts to explain why his truck crew numbered "only" seven. "Myself and the part owner must accompany the truck in these uncertain times," he said. "Then there are the driver and the assistant truck driver, who relieves when the driver is tired, and besides, he is an apprentice. How can an apprentice become a master unless he has experience? Then there is the chief engineer. He once worked for the Ford Motor Company in Shanghai. He is an expert and vital to keep the truck running. Next is the assistant engineer—"

"Why an assistant engineer if the chief engineer is such a competent man?" I asked.

The truck owner looked embarrassed, so the part owner explained: "The chief engineer occasionally takes a drink to enable him to hear better the purr of the engine. But sometimes he drinks too much and cannot hear the engine at all. It is for this emergency that we must have an assistant engineer."

"What about the rest? You have accounted only for six."

"There is only one more member, the brakeman."

"And what in the hell does a brakeman do?" I was really interested.

"He runs behind the truck with a

wedge in each hand when we go up a steep incline. If the brakes do not hold, which is very often, the brakeman puts a wedge under each wheel. This is a very important position, but it does not pay well."

I GAVE up and boarded the truck with the owner to see about getting rid of some of the cargo. But it proved to be super-priority equipment for the maintenance and repair of the truck: odd bits of rubber for tires, chunks of iron, a broken hand-operated metal lathe, planks of teakwood for crossing destroyed bridges, the wedges for the brakeman, rusty tools, cans of grease, bottle of oil in which steel filings floated, extra sets of handmade springs, a pump, odds and ends of rope and wire, drums of water to fill the radiator, baskets of charcoal for the furnace, and a few quarts of low-grade Jap gasoline for emergencies. In addition, there was the crew's personal gear, including bags of rice, vegetables, eating utensils, and blankets.

A Chinese major arrived to say the general had gone and the Japs were now close by. This news dispersed most of the onlookers and accelerated the coolies, who threw stuff aboard until it was piled sky-high. The chief engineer squirted a few drops of gasoline into the carburetor. The assistant engineer turned the crank.

(Continued on page 78)

They have reason to despair, these victims of war's most hopeless injury—a shattered spine that paralyzes from the waist down. Yet through sublime courage and modern miracle treatment

They'll Walk Again

BY EVAN HILL



Volleyball helps build the chest and arm muscles they're going to need.

A MUDDY American ambulance eased to a stop at an Army hospital ramp in France. The patient, a soldier wounded in the Meuse-Argonne offensive, was feeling no pain. His back was fractured. He was paralyzed from the hips down. The prognosis: early death, possibly within a few months, from infection of the bladder and kidneys. This was transverse myelitis, then a hopeless, appalling injury to the spine, almost inevitably resulting in permanent paralysis and early death.

Today, one war and twenty-five years later, more than 1,200 soldiers are being successfully treated for war's most dreaded wound—and recovering.

For the U. S. Medical Corps has found a way to heal some completely, partly salvage many, and turn those who will never improve into confident, self-sufficient citizens.

Even more surprising than the difference between the doughboy of 1918 and the G.I. Joe of today is the degree of recovery now as compared with that of two years ago. Army doctors say that experience gained in the treatment of spinal injuries in the last two years has "greatly increased" the percentage of recoveries.

New drugs? Yes, but in addition,

large doses of determination, understanding, and common sense.

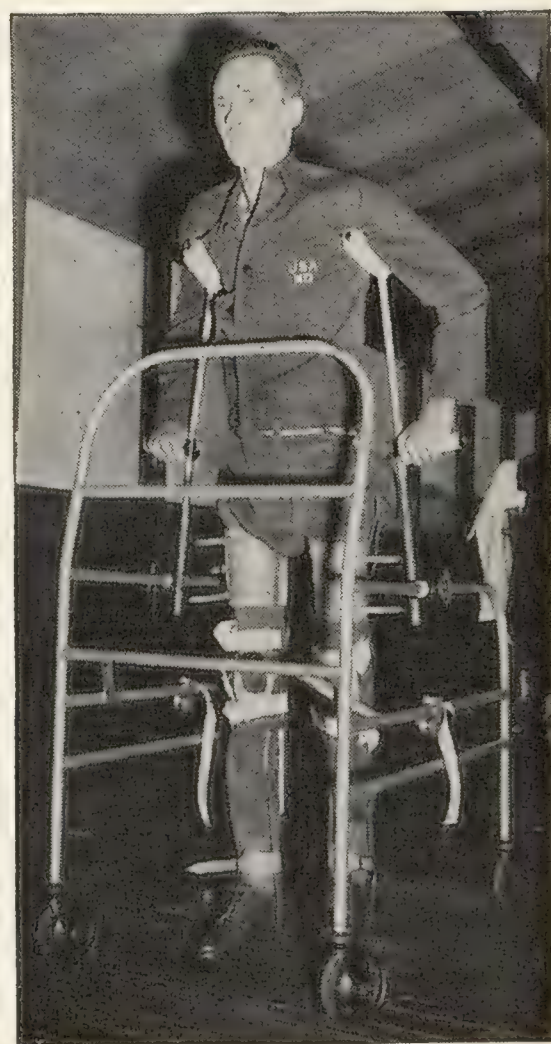
Helping to pioneer this delicate reclamation project is the Army's 3,000-bed Hammond General Hospital in Modesto, California. Situated in the sunny San Joaquin valley, it is one of the Medical Department's neurosurgical and orthopedic centers, and is ideal in many respects for the treatment of transverse myelitis. Progressive medical personnel have taken a personal as well as a professional interest in the sixty-five cases of spinal injury there. They are meeting the challenge with such success that last summer the Ninth Service Command held a conference of thirty-three medical officers from four general hospitals to discuss and exchange ideas concerning the treatment of transverse myelitis; that conference was held at Hammond.

Closely connected with the treatment at Hammond are Major Clyde Bowie and Captain E. H. J. Bors. Both are urological specialists and spend much of their time with the patients. It is because of their understanding that so much is being accomplished.

Transverse myelitis usually causes permanent paralysis of the body and lower limbs as a result of an injury

to the spine and spinal cord. The degree of the paralysis depends on the severity of the injury to the cord. If this nerve center is only bruised, the patient has an excellent chance of complete recovery. If the spinal cord is severed, then the case is virtually hopeless. Although recent advances in nerve grafting and nerve suturing have produced miraculous results, these new techniques do not apply to the spinal cord.

While the spinal cord will not
(Continued on page 75)



U. S. ARMY PHOTOS

He's regaining a sense of balance.

LIBERTY

The Camera Eye



Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



FOR HIM, IT'S A HARD WINTER—Here's what the Army issues in areas where it's colder than bare flesh can stand. It's required wear for the forty-below sections like Iceland, Greenland, and the Alps. Fishing out a cigarette must be a major project.

BRADLEY SMITH



THIS TRIP IS NECESSARY—In Kansas City en route from Missouri to California to greet returning Pvt. Steve Vernoy, his brood included: Gene, 3; Carolyn, 4; Jerry, 5; Charles, 6; Alfred, 8; Marion, 11; Lyle, 12; Ilene, 13; Mother, and Bonnie, 2.

PRESS ASSOCIATION



DON'T FUMBLE, MEN—Adopted by Denise Bellecord, Paris actress, the U. S. Engineers' Seine section team won't let its sponsor down.

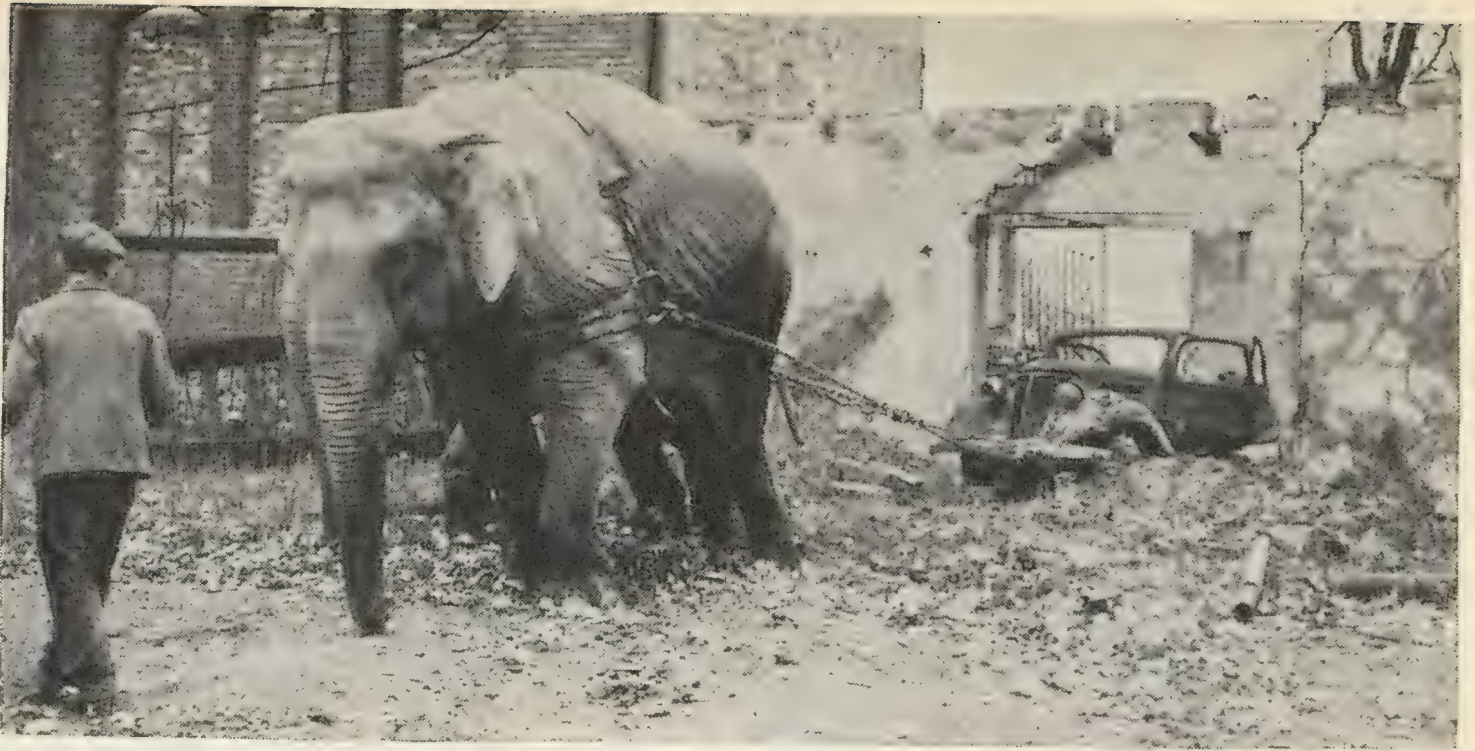
INTERNATIONAL

NEVER TOO LATE—Mrs. Anna M. Moses, internationally known artist at 85, began painting career at 78. She exhibited in New York.

WIDE WORLD

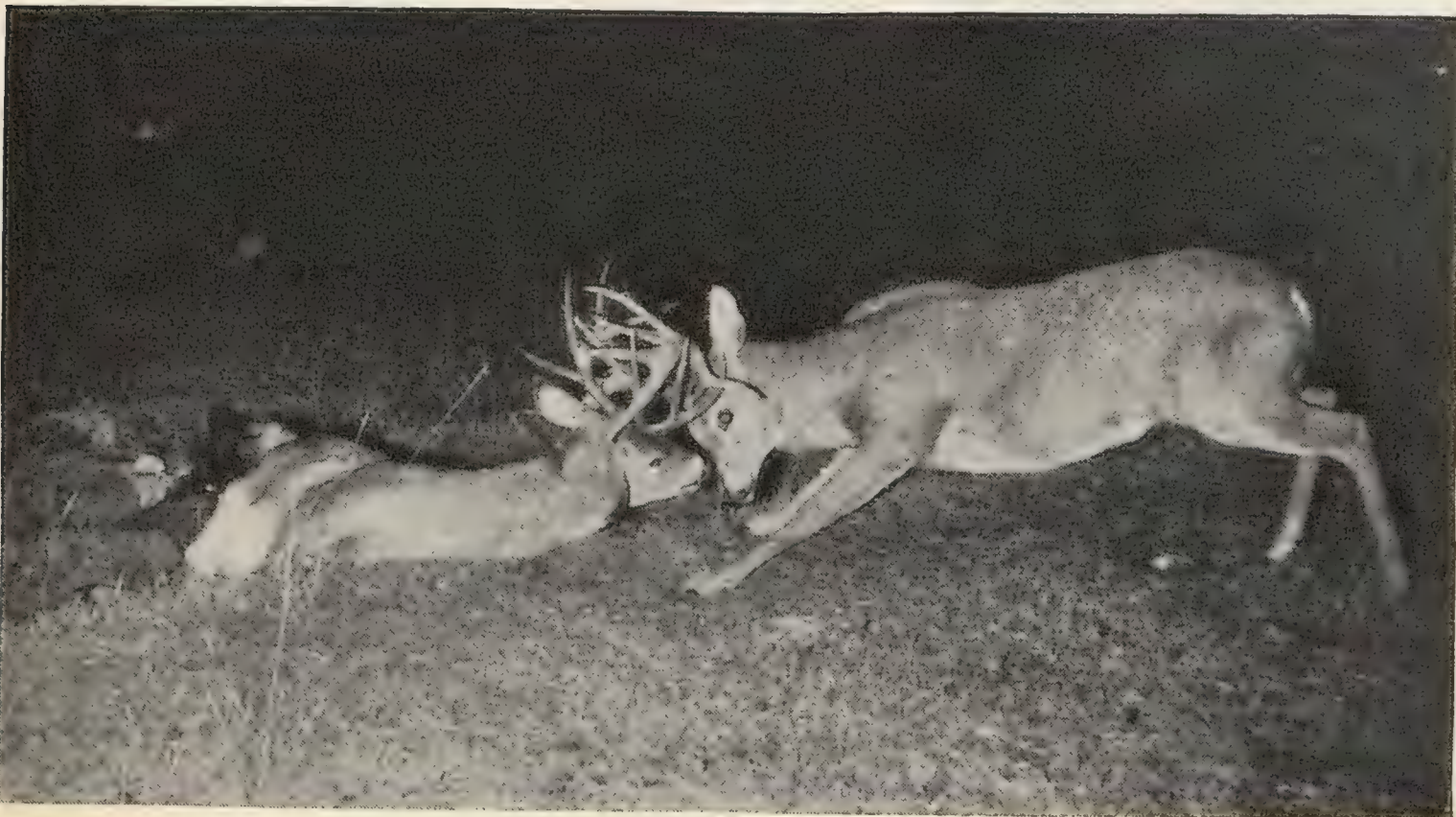
RUBBLE ROUSER—
 Germans cleaning up
 Hamburg's wreckage
 are getting the maxi-
 mum in power on
 very little gas. Lots of
 Americans could use
 this rig when jalop-
 pies balk and backfire
 on wintry mornings.

INTERNATIONAL



STRADDLE-BUG—
 But Bell Aircraft's ex-
 perimental helicopter
 made a convert of
 New York's Gov.
 Dewey when he soared
 over Niagara Falls. At
 the stick, Floyd Carl-
 son, Bell's test pilot.

PRESS ASSOCIATION



LEFT TURN?—No,
 Bruce Parker's only
 practicing for the
 American Water Ski
 Association cham-
 pionships. His sport
 has an edge on real
 skiing, at that: no
 danger of exposing
 himself to frostbite.

WIDE WORLD

**LOCKED IN COM-
 BAT—**Human inter-
 vention rescued the
 weakening victor in
 this grim South Da-
 kota battle. A game
 warden released the
 live buck by sawing
 off the antlers of the
 opponent he had
 fought to the death.

WIDE WORLD

THE THROPP FAMILY

Written by LAWRENCE LARIAR

Illustrated by DON LOU

THREE MYSTERIOUS TRUCKS APPROACH TUBVILLE

HERE'S THE PITCH, BOYS—I SELL HIPPLEBY MY TRUCKLOAD, YOU BOYS SELL OUT TO SMALL MERCHANTS AND STREET SUCKERS. GOT IT?

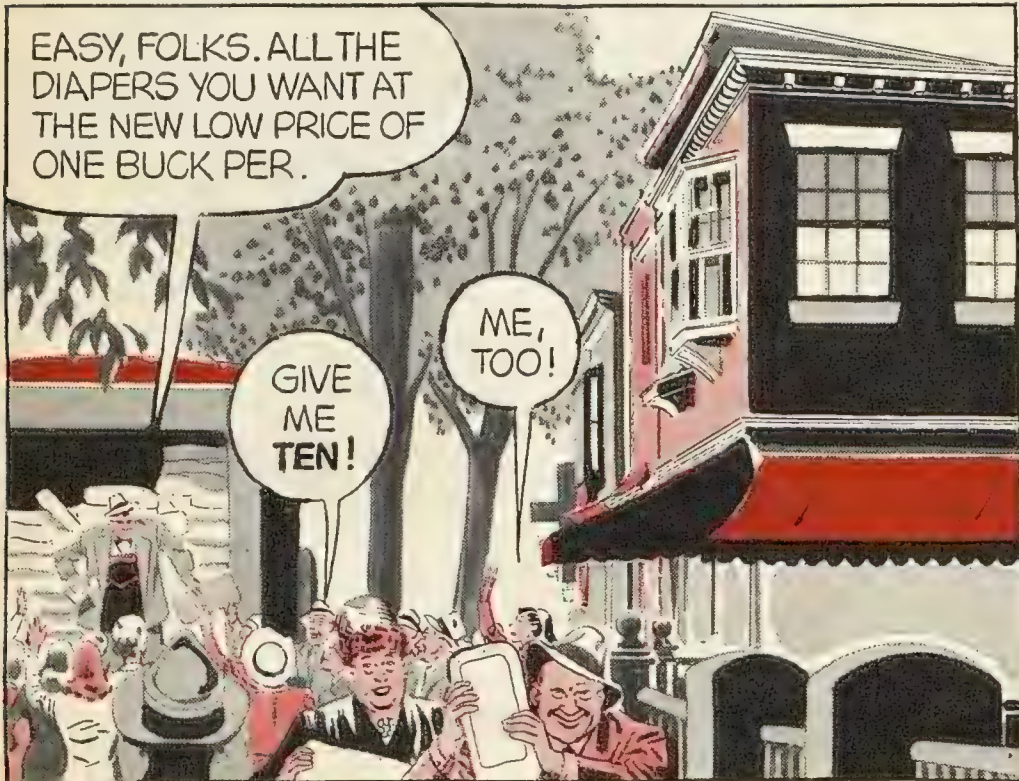
IT'S A PIPE, BOSS.



EASY, FOLKS. ALL THE DIAPERS YOU WANT AT THE NEW LOW PRICE OF ONE BUCK PER.

GIVE ME TEN!

ME, TOO!



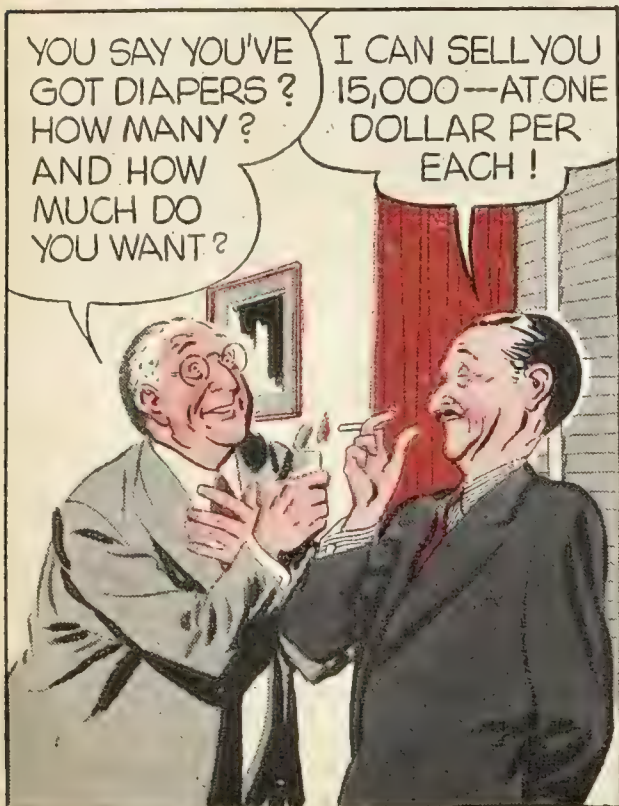
BUT MR. HIPPLEBY WON'T SEE YOU UNLESS YOU HAVE AN APPOINTMENT!

HE'LL SEE ME, SISTER. JUST TELL HIM THE DIAPER MAN IS HERE.



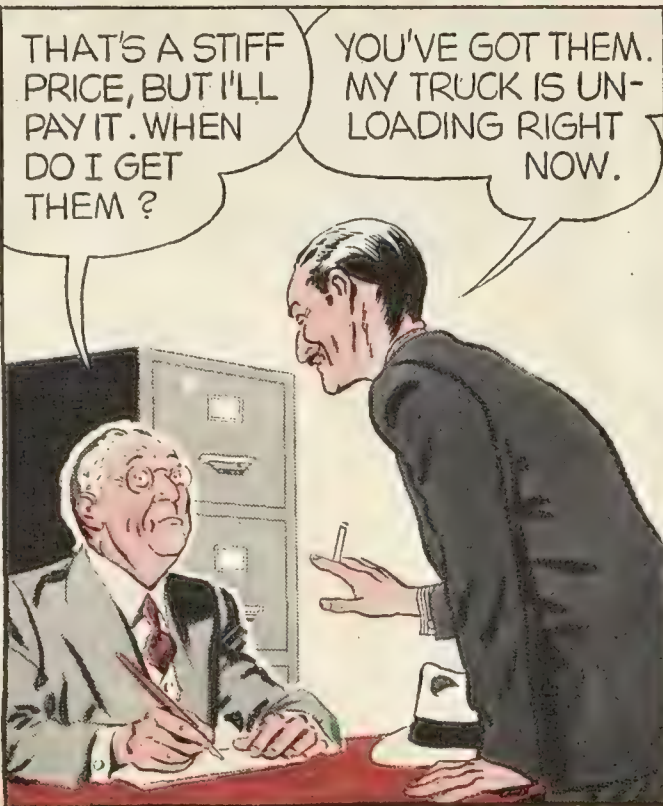
YOU SAY YOU'VE GOT DIAPERS? HOW MANY? AND HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT?

I CAN SELL YOU 15,000—AT ONE DOLLAR PER EACH!



THAT'S A STIFF PRICE, BUT I'LL PAY IT. WHEN DO I GET THEM?

YOU'VE GOT THEM. MY TRUCK IS UNLOADING RIGHT NOW.



THANK YOU, MY GOOD MAN. AND MY BEST TO MR. HIPPLEBY WHEN YOU SEE HIM.





YIPPEEE! \$7,500
PROFIT IN THREE
MINUTES, MISS
FIRCH!

THAT'S NICE, SIR.
I JUST SPOKE
TO OUR NEW
YORK OFFICE.



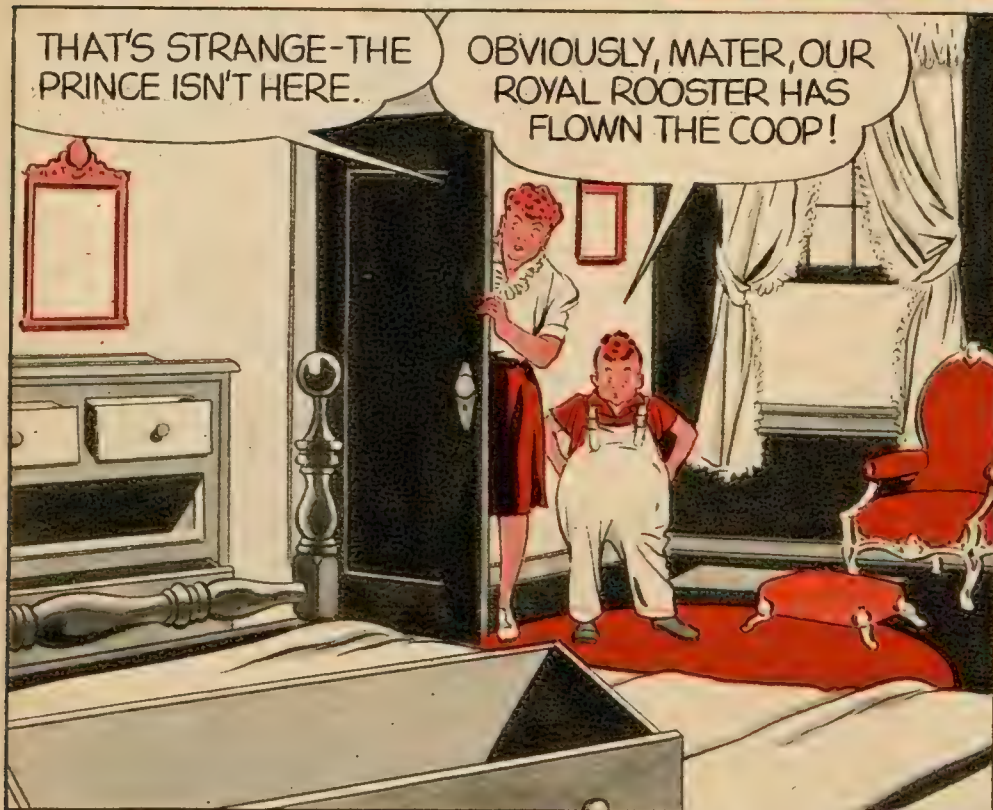
NEW YORK REPORTS THE DIAPER
SHORTAGE ENDED. THEY CAN GET
ALL WE NEED
AT 15 CENTS.

QUICK-MY HAT, I'VE
GOT TO SEE THE
PRINCE BEFORE HE
HEARS
OF THIS.



LOOK, OSWALD-DIAPERS! THE
PRINCE WILL BE DE-
LIGHTED. EVERY-
BODY'S BUYING
THEM FOR HIM.

GADZOOKS,
MATER, I SMELL
A RODENT! IN-
SIDE-QUICKLY!



THAT'S STRANGE-THE
PRINCE ISN'T HERE.

OBTAINING, MATER, OUR
ROYAL ROOSTER HAS
FLOWN THE COOP!



LOOK, OZZIE-
THOSE PEOPLE-

DIAPER MERCHANTS-THOU-
SANDS OF THEM-AND OLD
MAN HIPPLEBY
LEADING THE
PARADE!



WHERE IS THE PRINCE? I'VE GOT
15,000 DIAPERS FOR HIM!

INHALE DEEPLY, MR. HIPPLEBY,
THE PRINCE HAS DEPARTED.

Remember Me, Lord



A

nd so it happened that on the sands of Egypt nearly two thousand years ago, a tiny babe awed and shamed a thief who, like all who repent evil, found his reward in heaven. A seldom-told sidelight of the greatest story of them all



BY CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDERICK CHAPMAN

IN a sheltered hollow in a sand dune they slept, the old man, the two young women, and the little child—but with the first light of dawn one of the women rose quietly, opened the bundle of baggage, and was soon busy sewing.

An hour later, as the sun rose, the other woman waked, rubbed her eyes, and exclaimed:

"Mary, what art thou busy at thus early?" Then, as she looked closer at the cloth, she said reproachfully, "Oh, thou hast cut up thy best garment, thy wine-colored robe!"

"Be not alarmed, Salome," declared Mary. "I have but taken a strip from the bottom, where it was overlong anyway for trudging through this Egyptian sand. Here, do thou hem my shortened robe while I finish this little garment. Dost thou remember what day this is?"

"Yea, truly I do, Mary. The little one is a year old today, and thou art fashioning for him a birthday gift. Wilt thou also give him the little golden sandals which the Magi brought?"

"He will take his first shod step in them today," Mary replied. "No longer will the stones hurt his little feet in his daily walking lesson. We must all be joyful this day and forget our own weariness for the baby's sake. Let us be quiet now, Salome, and hasten, that we may finish the sewing and have food prepared ere Joseph wakes."

"I am already awake," said Joseph, suddenly, "and wondering how thou canst plan to be joyful today. I'm laughing, I am, but not with happiness—laughing to think that the Magi said the child would be a king! 'King of the Jews,' they said, and now we flee almost penniless from the jealousy of Herod, who brooks no rivals. Well, at least the gold and the incense sold for enough to buy food and the donkey, but the beast was stolen leagues back, and the food is near gone. And now, 'where is he that is born King of the Jews?' Ha! Ha! In a desert waste, and like to starve!"

"Shame upon thee, Joseph," ad-

monished Mary, "for thy lack of faith! I know in my heart, where I ponder many things, that the boy is destined to be great. He is no common child. When I suckle him, I hear the angels singing his praises. Look at him now as he wakes with a smile at the sunshine. Salome, let us dress him in his new birthday robe and the golden sandals. There now! Watch him walk, husband, and thine ill temper will vanish."

She set the child upon his feet on a level place. He grasped her skirt and toddled haltingly as she walked backward before him. Then, when she loosened his hold, he walked alone a few steps, laughing and reaching out his arms to her. He soon fell, stumbling from the stiffness of the unfamiliar sandals, but she picked him up quickly, cuddled him close to her, and murmured:

"Oh, my precious, how could Herod be so wicked as to wish to harm such an innocent as thou! Even now his agents are probably on our trail. We must break our fast quickly, Salome, and hurry on. Yesterday I thought I saw two men following us in the far distance."

"So," said Joseph, "that is why thou didst insist that we turn off

suddenly from the main road at sundown into this desert, instead of going into the next town for the night, as I thought wiser. In the town we could have cried for help had Herod's men come, but here no one would hear us. Besides, we might have found an inn where the child would have been more comfortable."

"Thou art thinking of comfort for thine old bones, Joseph, rather than of the child, but I blame thee not. When we get back to Nazareth and thy carpenter shop, thou wilt be happy again. The babe slept well beside me in the sand, and there might not have been room for us in the inn, Joseph. Dost thou remember that on that wondrous night just a year ago the babe's first bed was in a cave? And again, the night before we left Bethlehem, how I hid him under the straw in the manger from Herod's men, and he slept peacefully while they hunted everywhere for him?"

"Yea, Mary, I remember how I feared they would find him. We should have left a day sooner—the warning in my dream was plain enough. But it took time to buy the donkey and the food. I wish we had the beast now for thee and the child to ride upon, as at first. Come, let Salome carry him, and I will carry all the baggage and do thou rest."

"Nay, Joseph, this morning I wish to carry him myself as long as I can, and then Salome can take her turn. What would we have done without thee, Salome? Midwife and nurse and servingmaid hast thou been, and always so faithful. Thou shalt be rewarded some day."

"I shall be amply rewarded if I may but serve thee and this wonderful child all the days of his life. I am happy just to be near him and thee."



BACK to the main road through the sand they went, and toiled on through one town and then another, resting often and shifting their burdens. When Joseph began to
(Continued on page 66)



Strange

BLAST does queer things to you. At the base hospital in Palestine, the physical wounds healed slowly, but my wounded mind never healed.

I could close my eyes and see the crater from the Stuka's bomb. It was full of shadow; quiet now, and cool. I felt the darkness that spread from beneath my hips and knew that it was blood crusted on the sand. The tracks of a Jerry tank were plain in the moonlight; they straddled the weapon pit I had been in. The sides had been crushed in, and now the weapon pit was but a shallow hole, and I knew that the blast had saved my life.

A shadow came warily toward me, and I caught a glint of steel. I was past caring, and the desert was commencing to heave like the sea. I was sick. When I opened my eyes, a man was kneeling beside me. My hip was stinging and I knew there was a field dressing on it.

"Feeling better, sport?" he asked, and grinned at me.

"I'm O.K." I told him, and sat up.

"You're not bad," he said.

"Stopped some shrap in the hip. I got it out. What unit were you in?"

"Me?" I said. "I was in—" And I stopped. I couldn't remember.

"What's your name?" he asked abruptly, and drew away from me a little suspiciously.

"My name's—" I said, and stopped again. For the life of me I couldn't remember.

"It's the blast!" I said, and in spite of myself my voice rose. "My head's as woolly as hell. I'll remember in a minute, and if I don't, it's on my meat ticket."

"Take it easy, son," he said; "you'll remember it later on. But you haven't any identity disk. Everything's blown off you except your boots. They're Australian issue, or perhaps I wouldn't be here with you."

I got up to my knees and struggled from there to my feet.

"I can stand," I said. "Let's get back!"

"O.K., sport. Here, give us your arm."

There were times when the going

I said, "I came to—I want to—" and stopped, and suddenly blurted, "I was wounded and lost my memory. They told me that you—are my wife."

Destiny

He was sent home to a woman they said was his wife and who, strangely, opened her arms to him. Yet, in the blocked-off chambers of his wounded mind he knew there had been a mistake

BY R. WILKES HUNTER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY NOURBEL

was tough that I don't remember much about. Joe was resourceful, and Joe stuck to me, but when we made our final dash to get through, some Ities opened up on us with a Breda. I remember cursing, and next I knew, I was lying on a stretcher at a casualty station.

I was sent back to base hospital in Palestine. There, one day, the doctor brought in an Intelligence officer, a captain.

"This man who brought you in," the captain suggested. "We can find out who you are by the location in which he found you."

"He was killed," the doctor intervened, stroking his chin.

The Intelligence officer said, "Hmm!" regretfully, and shook his head and walked away, talking quietly to the doctor.

WEEKS slipped into months. My loss of memory worried me, so that my convalescence was retarded. I became a curiosity at the hospital. Visitors and patients all had a look at me. Nobody identified me.

Sometimes I would lie, half dreaming, and make up romantic pasts for myself. Usually I was wealthy and had a beautiful sweetheart. One day a new orderly appeared in the ward and came to look me over and say "Hulloa!"

He stood and stared down at me. Always, when curious men or nurses came to look at me, eagerness possessed me, making me tremble with nervous weakness.

"I'll see you later, sport!" he said, turned abruptly, and walked out.

He returned with the doctor and the same captain of Intelligence. The doctor grinned at me. "This man thinks he knows you!" he said.

I tried to answer him, and felt weak; a dryness crept up from my throat onto my tongue. I could only nod. The orderly stared down at me and his brows drew in with concentration.

"Yes!" he said. "Yes. You're very thin and look sort of different. Your eyes don't look the same, but I'm almost sure you're Jim Deakin."

"Jim Deakin," I said. "Deakin? Deakin?" and the name conveyed nothing to me.

He nodded eagerly.

"Worth checking up on," said the Intelligence officer. "Come with me,

orderly." And he walked away, scribbling in a notebook.

I lay still for a long while and thought about it. Savoring the name, Jim Deakin. It recalled nothing. I tried until my head ached. The night nurse ordered me to relax and gave me a sedative. Then I slept, and dreamed of the name.

A week later the Intelligence officer called to see me again. The doctor came and stood beside him.

"Am I—am I Deakin, sir?" I asked.

"Officially, not yet," the officer answered. "Certain facts coincide. Deakin is missing. I will have to forward your photograph to your unit for identification."

"Thank you, sir!" I said, and he smiled and went away.

"I suppose you feel excited about all this," the doctor said, and came and laid his cool fingers upon my pulse. "Does the name 'Ruth' convey anything to you?" he asked suddenly.

"Ruth!" I said. "Ruth?" And suddenly it was as though, tantalizingly, there was something just beyond my

grasp, and I was worried and afraid.

"When you were first brought here, you were delirious," he said. "And I heard that name from you frequently. It conveys nothing to you?"

"No. No—nothing at all!" I answered.

IN the bustle and preparation of embarkation, and through the long trip home, the name Ruth haunted me. Was she wife, sister, sweetheart? I had no way of knowing. I was up and convalescing and getting a healthy coat of sun tan again. But for me the war was over. I would get a "Board" in Australia, take my accumulated leave, and be discharged. I would limp slightly for a long time—perhaps for life.

When we entered the harbor, men pointed to familiar landmarks. To me, it was new and very beautiful, as though I had been born to the harshness of the Western Desert.

There were women and children waiting to meet the fellows. None to meet me!

(Continued on page 79)



"Am I—am I Deakin, sir?" I asked. "Officially, not yet," he answered. "I will have to forward your photograph to your unit for identification."

Some men go to fabulous lengths to exact revenge from their boss—but Ed's scheme topped them all. A modern Aesop fable for all who live in hopes of some day booting Mr. Big in the pants

BY ALLAN PARIS

The



It got so I was afraid to look at Ratford. When I did sneak a glance, I'd see Big Slob sitting there.

WHEN Bill Ratford came in from our Washington bureau to take over as managing editor, one of the first things he did was move Ed Hazlitt off the copy desk into the book department.

Ratford had it in for Ed. For years, while Ratford was the Post's Washington correspondent, Ed cut his copy pretty badly. Many a time I've seen him take a piece of Ratford's copy, shake his head, and go to work on it with a grease pencil. Ed always claimed that Ratford was the worst writer on the paper.

Still, I thought it was a dirty trick, moving Ed off the desk. He was the best copyreader we had; fast and with a talent for sprucing up a humdrum story with a snappy head.

Anyway, I agreed with Ed. Ratford was a lousy reporter. But he wasn't dumb. At least he was smart enough to have married the owner's daughter.

A week after Ratford took over he called Ed to his desk. When Ed came back, he fished out of a drawer his pipes and tobacco and stock of grease pencils and went over to the book department. Over there he worked under old Mr. Fish, one of the Post's pensioners. He'd been on the paper for fifty years, and liked to tell stories of the good old days. He wrote poetry about the first robin, groundhog day, and other seasonal topics.

I never knew Ed well, although I worked across from him on the desk for years. He was the silent type. Following the death of his wife a couple of years earlier, he had been quieter than ever. He had a habit of staring at the clock for five minutes at a time. It made me nervous.

Once in a while he would tell me about his kid. The wife had left him a boy, and Ed was crazy about that lad. A woman took care of him dur-

ing the day, and after work Ed hurried home to be with the kid.

One day something new cropped up in the Post. They were children's stories, the sort known as Bedtime Stories. They were signed with the initials "E. H." I went over to the book department and asked Ed if he had written them. He told me what had happened.

He had been writing the stories for his kid. He read them to the boy before putting him to bed, and the little fellow liked them. One day Ed asked Mr. Fish if he'd be interested in running them in the Post. Old Fish was busy revising his annual poem on the first snowfall, and he referred Ed to Bill Ratford.

Ratford, I guess, had been expecting a squawk from Ed for a long time. Maybe he was a little relieved when Ed only proposed trying out these stories. He read over a couple of them and said O.K. He didn't offer

Quick Brown Fox

Liberty's
SHORT SHORT
STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY RALPH CRAWLEY

to pay Ed extra for them, however.

I read a few and they were good. I mean, they read easily and things happened in them. They had to do with a mythical forest land called "Newdomia" and they concerned the comings and goings of deer, raccoons, squirrels, and other creatures of the forest. They became a daily feature of the paper.

One night, about a year later, I stopped up at Louie's on the corner. Over in a booth, alone, sat Ed. It was the first time I had seen him in Louie's. He motioned to me and I went over and sat down. He was drunk.

He winked. "Do you know who Big Slob is?" he whispered.

I smiled. "No, Ed, who is Big Slob?"

Ed laid a confidential hand on my arm. "Big Slob is Bill Ratford."

Well, I said to myself, Ed is really gassed tonight.

Ed looked at me expectantly. I was completely in the dark.

"Don't you read the Newdomia stories?" he asked in a hurt voice.

I confessed that I did not.

"It's all right," Ed said. "Only, remember. Big Slob is Bill Ratford. Don't tell anybody. It's a secret."

I hurried back to the office and turned to Ed's story. It had to do with some animal called Big Slob, all right, and a couple of other characters named Rudy and Rudykins. I couldn't make much out of it.

I went back to the files and turned to some of the earlier stories. They were routine enough in the Bedtime Story field. Just about animals getting in and out of scrapes.

GRADUALLY, however, there began to appear in the stories an animal called Big Slob. Ed had made quite a thing of describing this beast. It was a big hound-dog. The hound was half blind, fat as a pig, had enormous ears and watery eyes and was asthmatic. About the poorest excuse for a hound-dog you could imagine.

Ed also introduced two other characters, a fox called Rudy and a baby fox called Rudykins.

I went on reading these stories, and it developed that this Big Slob was undoubtedly the dumbest animal that ever lived. On the other hand, Rudy and Rudykins were about the two smartest creatures that ever lived in a forest.

These two made this hound-dog look silly. This dog would be in the barnyard abusing some poor little kitten when Rudy would dash up and nip him on the leg. Then a chase would begin, Rudy dancing along in

front, and Big Slob stumbling and falling all over himself. Out of a bush would pop Rudykins, confusing the hell out of Slob, who would end up piling headlong into a tree. Meanwhile these two foxes would stand near by laughing themselves sick.

It had taken me only a few columns to realize what Ed was up to. It was fantastic.

The description of Big Slob fitted Bill Ratford to a T. Ratford was fat as a pig, had huge ears, watery eyes, and was asthmatic. When he walked he paddled along on his toes, as though the slightest push would send him sprawling. He had a certain shrewdness, and I don't think he ran into trees. Otherwise Ed's description was pretty accurate.

Rudy, of course, the smart cookie, the Robin Hood of the forest, was Ed, and Rudykins was Ed's son.

Ed had done a good job on himself. Actually Ed was a skinny little man with sloping shoulders and a blurred narrow face. But Rudy was about the hottest thing on four feet. Rudy was smart as a whip, brave, fast as greased lightning, and a great clown.

WELL, fantastic or not, there it was.

Ed was having himself a hell of a time getting even with Bill Ratford via the Post's Bedtime Story column.

The strange part of it was that the stories were good. You couldn't help laughing at the antics of those two damn foxes and that stupid hound-dog.

Once Ed fell sick and was off work for a couple of weeks. He didn't keep very far ahead on his stories, because a few days after he left, the Newdomia stories dropped out of the paper and stayed out until Ed returned.

What happened then was the damndest thing. Two days afterward, Chris Handy, who handled the Letters to the Editor column, told me he had received two hundred indignant letters from readers. The following day he got three hundred, and the next day five hundred. Every one of them raised hell because the Newdomia story wasn't in the paper. Some of them said their kids refused to go to sleep until the Newdomia story was read them. You'd have thought, from reading those letters, that the Post had deliberately set out to wreck happy homes.

Bill Ratford learned about it all right. Chris Handy took him over to his desk and showed him the letters, a foot high on the desk and several wastebaskets crammed with them. I saw Ratford look over at

Ed's empty desk. He looked worried.

When Ed got back, he became more and more reckless. When Bill Ratford's wife divorced him, Mrs. Slob ran off with an Airedale. When Ratford fired a man, which was often, Big Slob chased some kitten into the forest to starve. When Ratford got in a wreck and broke his arm, Big Slob fell off a cliff and broke a leg.

It got so I was afraid to look at Ratford. When I did sneak a glance, I'd see Big Slob sitting there.

Meanwhile Ed went around with a smirk on his face.

I might have worked up some sympathy for Ratford if he hadn't been so stingy. It was impossible to get a raise out of him.

RATFORD was quite a social lion, and he'd come down to the office after a party in a tuxedo and fuss around the desk awhile. That always irritated me. None of us on the desk had had a new suit for years on what the Post was paying, let alone being able to buy a tuxedo.

I wished Ed would do something with Ratford's love for evening clothes, but I guess it was expecting too much for Big Slob to appear in tails.

One day Ed motioned to me and I followed him into the washroom. He had a letter. It was from a big newspaper syndicate and they wanted exclusive rights to his stories. They offered him triple what he was getting on the Post.

"Well?" I said.

Ed had a nasty gleam in his eye. "Oh, boy!" he said.

He went out, headed for Ratford's desk. I'd have given a million to watch what happened, but I didn't have the nerve. I've got a wife and two kids to support.

Ed came back into the washroom in a few minutes. I was waiting excitedly. Ed looked funny.

"What did you say to him?" I asked.

"He knows who Big Slob is," Ed said hollowly. "He called me Rudy!"

"My Gawd," I said.

"Ratford said, 'I was sore when I finally guessed what you were up to, Rudy. Then I figured what the hell. You sit up all night writing the most popular feature in the Post and it doesn't cost us a dime. We got two years of good stories for nothing.'"

I moaned softly. "What did he say then?"

Ed looked at me sourly.

"Then he said, 'So long, chump.'"

THE END



An astonishing apparition entered. It was wearing an ancient sweater and flannels. On its head it had an opera hat.

Things looked black in the Courier city room, particularly for the newest and prettiest reporter on the staff — stuck with an impossible assignment. But the Lord moves in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform — especially on Christmas

Everybody Works on Christmas

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

ON Christmas Day the Courier's city room is probably the most poisonous place on earth. A deep distilled gloom hangs in its dingy corners and spreads over to the staff, who are not pleased to be there.

Even the customary sport of staring out the windows is not profitable, since there are no citizens on the streets. Neither is there any news—a circumstance which makes the assistant managing editor more irritable than usual.

Today, the person most acutely affected by all this was Jean Snow, who had not before experienced the delights of Christmas on the Courier and now was beginning to wish she had never become a newspaper-woman.

'She sat there, a small dark, delicate-looking girl with dusky wings of hair spreading from her white forehead, and wondered why she had ever thought the newspaper business was marvelous and that college wasn't. She wondered what she'd look like when she was an old woman and still sitting at this sad yellow desk.

She wondered why she hadn't minded her father, who, after all, was a fishing captain and must know something. If she had, she'd be sitting in the big bright living room on Union Hill in Good Harbor, and there'd be a tall glittering tree, and her mother would be cooking turkey in the kitchen.

She lifted her eyes, and there, on the bulletin board, as a warning to anyone who might have considered it advisable to feel ill on December 24, was a cheery proclamation in large black letters.

It said simply, "EVERYBODY WORKS ON CHRISTMAS."

Far beyond that, the electric clock ticked away disgustedly on the wall, as if it, too, had been cheated out of its holiday.

Beneath it, the assistant managing editor, a small man built like a bantam rooster, was speaking into his phone. "Listen, you damn don-

key," he said. "I want a scroll that says, 'Peace on Earth, Good Will to Men,' all across the top of the front page. And Angels on it. Angels blowing into trumpets."

There seemed to be some dispute about the angels, for the assistant managing editor charitably asked, "Do you want me to come down and wring your neck?"

Nobody paid the slightest attention to him. At the big desk, Bucky Jones, the city editor, stared morosely at a heap of clippings. Beside him, Johnny, his assistant, was occupied in stabbing at his blotter with a huge pair of shears.

The rewrite battery all drooped in utter misery, with the exception of Helen Stanton, who was calmly painting her nails.

And if you only looked long enough at Helen, Jean thought, you could forget how miserable everything was; Helen was wonderful.

There she sat, oblivious of all the gloom about her, a tall girl with upswept hair of silver gold, a girl with smoky eyes that forever seemed to twinkle, a jolly girl whom everyone would always like.

There she sat in her smart gray dress, and she was one of the best newspaperwomen in the city.

She was getting ready to go out tonight, Jean thought, and just because she was Helen, it was bound to be somewhere splendid. For in Jean's eyes, everything that Helen did was shimmering and marvelous.

BUCKY JONES picked up his pile of clippings and came prowling down the room. He slapped them onto Helen's typewriter.

"You might as well start writing Merry Christmas."

Helen smiled, and when she did that she was quite dazzling. "Why should I have to suffer?"

Bucky grinned. "Because you'll make it sound good, darling, and no one else will. Come on now. Lots of holiday cheer and carols and church bells pealing joyously—all for about two columns."

Helen said, "You wouldn't want to get murdered, would you, Mr. Jones?"

She swung about, she shuffled through the clippings with surprising swiftness, and then her typewriter started to tap out the lead, clear and quick and sure.

From where Jean sat she could just manage to read the first few words:

"The cheery spirit of Christmas swept into the city yesterday under soft gray skies—"

As she looked, Helen turned and gave her an impish grin. "Don't be downcast, Jeanie," she said. She made a motion of holding her nose and started her swift typing again.

SHE could stand all the dreariness, Jean thought, if only she could be sure that some day she'd be like Helen, smart and brilliant and assured. But she never would.

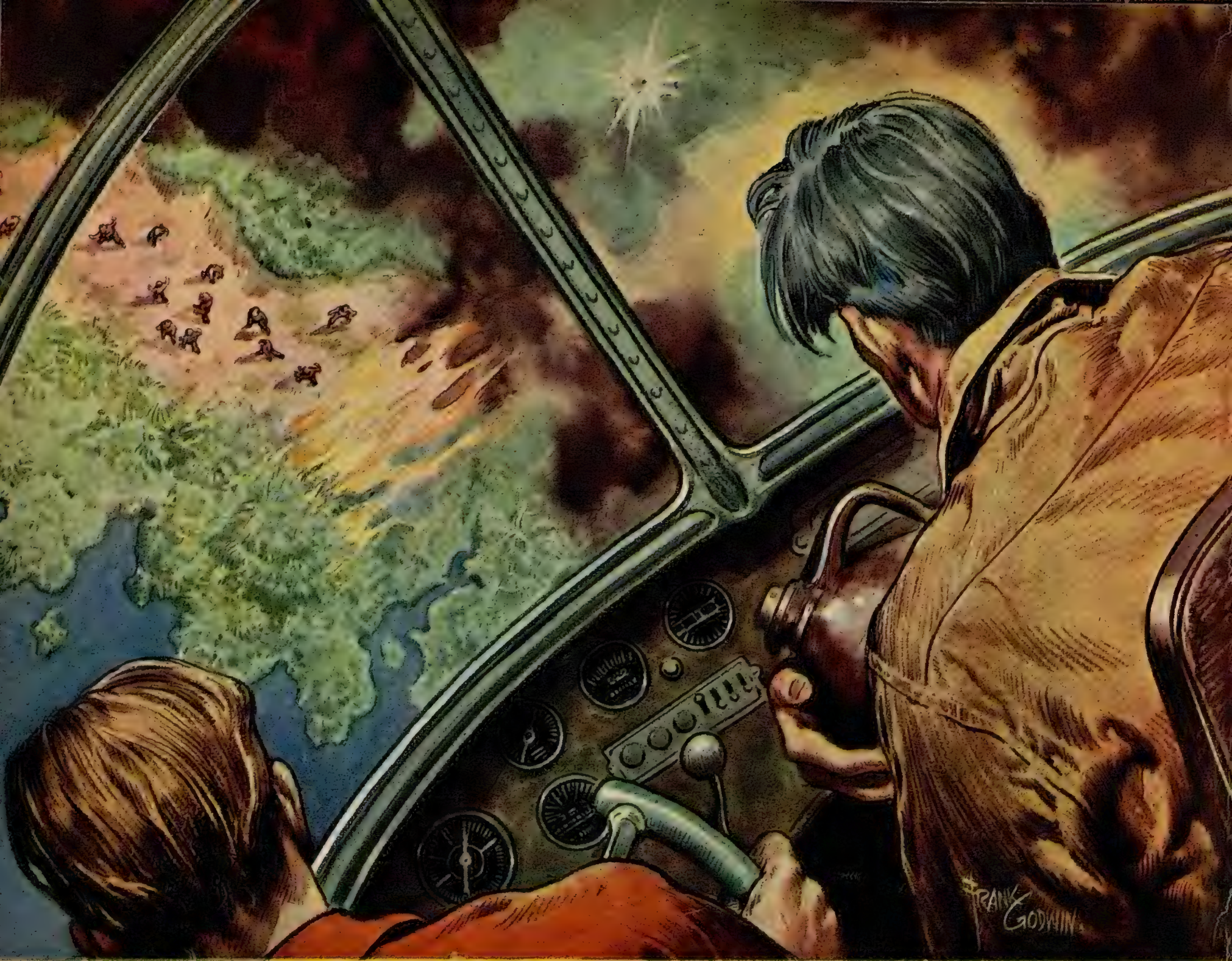
She'd always be a scared young apprentice reporter at twenty-six dollars a week. She'd always be living in what was optimistically called "a ground-floor apartment in a good neighborhood" but was actually two small rooms in a cellar.

And it was her own fault, every bit of it.

She'd been happy growing up in Good Harbor with its gray roofs and the bright sea beyond; a rosy-cheeked girl whose father'd been high-line skipper of the fishing fleet.

The first change had come when Uncle Bob died and left the Snows quite a bit of money, and Cap'n Snow had promptly decided that Jean should go off to college in style. But she hadn't liked college at all, and because her roommate had once worked as office girl on a New York paper in the summer, Jean had developed an irrational and unaccountable urge to be a newspaperwoman.

So, last June, she'd gotten a job on the Courier as office girl herself, and Cap'n Snow had blown up in his finest seafaring fashion. In fact,
(Continued on page 68)



"Enjoy yourselves, gents," said Nick. Then he went into another sudden dive that sent the black ants scurrying for cover.

X. and the Square

MAYBE you don't know that we've honest-to-God cow-hands in Florida—the sort who used the best tricks of puncher and bull gator when I was growing up in the scrub. Course, it's a different country now, what with barbed-wire enclosures and dudes. But it wasn't too long ago when you could ride from Arcadia to the lake without meeting a living thing, if you don't count diamondbacks and buzzards—unless you were riding herd, and Xavier Sanchez happened to want those dogies.

In those days we foremen had orders to pay Sanchez enough to keep

him inside the Cypress. It was a chore I hated, and I knew it hurt old Nick even more to pay that Minorcan cottonmouth good money to stay out of our palmettos. Still, bribery did keep things quiet in our corner of Calosohatchee County. And X. had done a first-rate job of scaring the other thieves away—or taking them in with him.

The year I'm speaking of, our bunkhouse was ticking like a clock. I don't say that to brag exactly, but we did have a big range to cover. In times like those a man in old Nick's boots could ride for days without touching the limits of the

land he owned. When you bossed an outfit like the Square Devil, you got to know what bigness meant.

Old Nick, you understand, had come up the hard way—like the rest of us. But he was a fair man to work for and, if he found you gave honest weight, a kind one too. He never changed, really—not even when he'd locked himself up in a Tampa office and started fighting banks for a change. Not even when he'd cornered his first ten million and gave most of his spare time to carving young Nick in his image—or trying to.

I knew his hope about young Nick

was running out when I got his note:

Dear Bud:

The kid has a plan for beating X. Sanchez. A crazy plan, if you ask me. Will you take him on for a week and see if you can whale it out of him?

Being a son of mine, he probably won't give in. Even though he's sweated out thirty-seven missions against the Japs, he still aims to keep on flying in civilian life—and flying's part of the scheme. This is my last attempt to break him in on the ranch, Bud. If it doesn't work, I won't blame you.

Give him a week, as I said. Then, if he'd still rather fly than ride herd, give him all the help he needs.

The note had come out from Arcadia in the morning with the chow wagons, and I'd ridden in late from the round-up. So I didn't get a chance to think it out—or do much besides line up a reception committee—when young Nick came swooping out of the sunset, low on the lake like a streamlined bat.

DON'T ask me to describe the ship the kid was flying. It was more boat than hedge-hopper, I guess. Looked more like a big silver flying fish with a glass hood—and the pilot's head like a giant fish eye. I saw that much before the shadow zoomed over our roof and came back again by way of the corrals. By that time the stock was milling. Spud Corbett's mare had let out a whinny and done her best to rip out the hitching post. And every cowhand who'd ridden in for chow that evening put his head out of the bunkhouse door to watch Nick bank and swoop down on the lake.

Funny, how natural that big flying fish looked, snoring up to our dock across Okeechobee. It wasn't right,

in a way—'cause that lake is something left over from the age of Adam. It's a mud puddle too wild to have any place in history—oozing away into hammocks and 'Glades and plain brown muckland. Here on the north shore the land was higher. There were pine barrens on both sides of the bunkhouse and a wall of ghost-yellow cypress to the east, where the swamp began in earnest. Nick, coasting that flying boat through the dusk, was part of the picture in a crazy way of his own. That airplane could have passed for a dragonfly that once played tag with dinosaurs.

Then the kid cut his motor and jumped out to the dock, and I was back in the right century again.

With the sunset behind him, he was the image of his dad at twenty: same cameo-bulldog look; same broad-shouldered walk, cat-soft and powerful. When Spud Corbett walked down our dock, spinning his rope and whistling, I all but called him back, even if I had promised him a week's pay for what he was about to do—and a bonus, if he won.

Those hands knew what was coming, all right. They'd already made a half circle at the water's edge when the rawhide settled about young Nick's middle and whipped tight. Spud had jerked him clear of the dock before I could let out my breath. The kid flopped face down in the muddy shallows. But you hardly heard the splash for the whoop those monkeys let out. Course, it's always been part of our system—roping new hands for the hell of it, and dunking 'em in the lake if they got that close.

As Nick got up, Spud dropped his end of the lariat and pretended to be

surprised. If the kid was mad, he was nursing it. You only knew what was coming by the way he spoke.

"Skip it, Spud. I expected this welcome."

Then he took a step nearer and slapped that cowboy with his open hand. Still not mad, you understand. Just proving he'd do his part.

SPUDE is our meanest two-handed fighter—which is why I picked him for the reception detail. I'd given him orders to hold back on biting and gouging, but I saw he was too riled to remember as he waded in with both gorilla arms flailing. They tangled, and I heard a fist sink into flesh—only it wasn't Spud's. Instead, Nick was weaving in and out—rolling with a punch that almost landed and then setting up his target with a one-two just above the heart. Spud swayed and kept his feet, and Nick, setting both heels hard in the dust, threw one all the way, to land flush on the button. My prize cowhand went down, face forward. When they fall that way they don't get up in a hurry.

Nick was hardly winded when he looked around the circle. I guess the Army had taught him how to look after himself. "Any more welcoming to do, gents? Or can I go to Bud for my orders?"

No one moved, so he pushed through the circle and put a foot on the bunkhouse steps. I held him there with my voice.

"You got orders now, son. Find yourself a bunk. The boys will show you where to hang your saddle."

He took a step nearer and dropped his voice. "What about the ship, Bud?"

(Continued on page 56)

Devil

Between Nick and his dream of flying again lay Sanchez, the cagiest swamp rat in the Everglades, and a dad who harbored an old dream. A rip-roaring action tale of cow-punching and nose-punching and a lad nobody could keep down

BY C. V. TERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN



Each cowhand looked solid as a statue against the red wall of flames.

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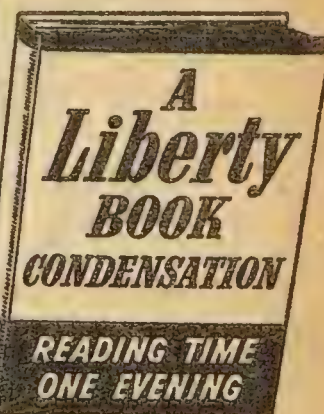
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The HAPPY TIME

BY ROBERT FONTAINE

This chronicle of an irrepressible French-Canadian family found an eager reception as one of the year's high spots of gaiety. You'll love Father, the fiddle-playing philosopher; Uncle Louis, who feared work and butterflies; Grandpa, the creaky-jointed romantic; and Mother, with her genius for dissolving weighty problems into laughter.



ILLUSTRATED BY
THOMAS ATWELL

GOD HIT A HOME RUN

LONG ago when I was very young my mother and father and I moved to Canada, to the lovely city of Ottawa.

We settled down in one half of a double house, next door to my several unusual uncles, my grandfather, and my aunt Felice, all of whom spoke, as we did ourselves, a strange language. It was a mixture of corrupt French, literally translated idioms, and, in time, the salt of French-Canadian *patois*.

There are but few memories of the first years in Ottawa. They are only bright fragments, like the little pieces of colored glass in the small hallway window at the stair landing.

The time, however, that God hit a home run is very clear.

My father played the violin and conducted an orchestra for a two-a-day vaudeville theater; so he had little time for diversion. In what spare moments he had, he turned to baseball. In spite of his sensitive, debonair temperament, he loved the game. It refreshed him, perhaps, because it was so far from his *métier*.

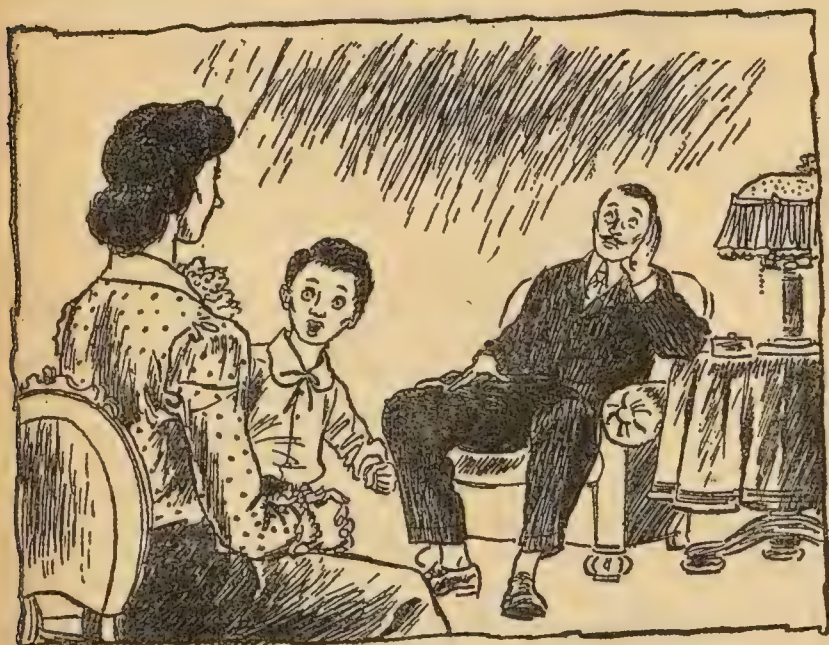
I remember well how many times he begged my mother to go with him to the twilight games at Strathcona Park. There was just time for him to see a game between the end of the matinee and the beginning of the evening performance.

My mother seemed always too busy. If it was not dinner she had to cook, it was socks she had to darn or blouses she had to make for me, or the kitchen floor she felt the need of shining.

All this made my father quite sad, even though, at each invitation, my mother promised to accompany him "some other time." Still, he never abandoned the hope that he would, in time, have the warm joy of explaining the principles of the intricate game to her.

One warm Sunday in the summer, when I was five or six (who can remember precisely those early times of coming-to-life when every week is a year?), my mind was occupied with the American funny papers and the eccentric doings of one Happy Hooligan, he of the ragged, patched coat and the small tin can on the side of his head.

My father came into the room where my mother was dusting the china on the mantel. There was, by the way, nothing else to do in Ottawa on a Sunday in those days but to dust or to read the papers. All stores were closed. All theaters were closed. There was prohibition, too, as I recall, so there was not even a bar where one could sit and dream. True, one could go across the Inter-Provincial Bridge to Hull, in Quebec province, and return with a secret bottle of wine, but it could not be served in public.



But to return to my father. He spoke to my mother with some hesitation: "The Boy and I . . . we . . . we go to a game of baseball."

My mother turned from the plates and regarded my father coldly. "On Sunday?" she inquired.

My father ran his finger the length of his nose, a gesture which always indicated an attempt at restraint. Then he removed the band from his cigar as nonchalantly as possible.

"But naturally," he replied. "Do I have some other time to go?"

"You can go, as usual, to the twilight games."

My father bit off the end of his cigar.

"Bah!" he exclaimed. "Baseball for seven innings only is like a dinner without cognac at the end. It is like kissing the woman you love good night by blowing it from your fingers. No. Baseball in the shadows, when the stars are appearing, is not in the true spirit of the game. One must have the bright sun and the green grass."

My mother looked at my eager, shining face and then looked back at my father.

"What is wrong," she asked, smiling faintly, "with kissing a woman you love good night by blowing it from your fingers?"

My father put his arm around her and laughed.

"The same thing that is wrong," he said, "with making from sour cherries an apple pie."

"You can't make an apple pie from sour cherries."

"Eh, bien, you can't kiss a woman good night this way . . . you can only kiss your fingers." He touched his lips to the back of my mother's neck.

I coughed impatiently at this dallying.

"Papa," I said anxiously, "we go now? Yes?"

"You come with us," my father said to my mother. "Eh? We will stuff our pockets with apples and cheese and make a picnic. Red wine, too, perhaps."

"And an onion," I said, loving onions.

"Some other time," my mother said hastily. "Certainly

not on Sunday. Why," she questioned, as if to soften the blow, "do you not ask Uncle Louis or Uncle Felix?"

"Uncle Louis will be full and will chase butterflies across the diamond. Uncle Felix will wish to measure the speed at which the baseball arrives at the catcher. Besides, they are gone up the Gatineau to bring back the Boy's grandfather."

"Grandpa is coming?" I asked happily.

"Yes. He will stay next door as usual and sleep here."

I laughed. "Why is it that Grandpa stays next door and sleeps here?"

My father shrugged.

"When you are old you sleep where you wish."

My mother was at the window, fixing the small jars of ivy that stood there. "It looks like a thunderstorm coming," she said.

Our entire family was frightened to death of thunderstorms. At the first deep roll in the Laurentian Hills or up the Gatineau we huddled together in one room until the sun broke through, or the stars.

My father spoke bravely, though, on this occasion: "It will probably follow the river."

He did not mention the fact that there were three or four rivers it might follow, all of which came, in the end, almost to our back yard.

"Look!" my mother exclaimed, as a white flash lit the horizon's dark clouds.

"Bah!" my father said nervously. "Heat lightning."

"Maman," I begged, "let us go please, before the storm begins."

"Voilà, a smart boy!" my father said proudly, patting me on the head.

"All right," my mother said. "All right. Only, just be careful. Don't stand under trees or near cows."

"No," my father agreed, "no cows and no trees."

He kissed my mother gently on the lips, and I naturally understood there would be no further discussion. I put on my best straw sailor, a white hat with the brim curled up and with a black elastic under the chin to keep the bonnet from the fury of any possible gales.

My father took me by the hand. My mother put her arms around me and hugged and kissed me. It was as if I were going away forever to become a monk.

"Be careful," she said.

"Yes, Maman," I said dutifully.

"And pull up your stockings," she added.

ON the trolley car going up Rideau Street I was happy. The wind blew through the open, summer seats and the sun was not too warm.

It is true I should have been in Sunday school at my mother's Presbyterian church, learning about the Red Sea turning back. Instead, I was on my way to the very brink of hell. For Hull, where my father whispered confidentially we were going, was well known to be a place of sinful living, and the sulphur that drifted daily from the match factories was enough to convince me of the truth of the report.

"Papa," I asked, "is it true Hull is wicked?"

"Not in the part where they play baseball," my father assured me.

A faint flash of lightning startled me a little.

"Papa. I have fear Uncle Louis and Uncle Felix and Grandpa will be struck by lightning."

"Louis and Felix are too fast for the lightning."

"And Grandpa?" I plucked nervously at the tight elastic under my warm chin.

"Grandpa is too close a friend of the Lord to suffer from such things."

I felt better after this. We changed cars presently and were soon crossing the bridge into Hull and the province of Quebec.

I looked down the dirty, roaring falls that ran the factories. "No sulphur," I observed.

"Not on Sunday," my father said.

This pleased me a great deal. On the one hand, Grandpa and the Lord were good friends. On the other hand, the Devil did not work on Sunday. I was in a splendid strategic position to deal with Evil.

We descended from the trolley on the main street of Hull, and soon we found ourselves in the midst of

hundreds of jabbering French-Canadians, all speaking so quickly and with such laughter and mockery that I could not follow them.

"What do they say, Papa? What do they all say so fast?"

"They say that Hull will beat Ottawa like a hot knife enters the butter! The pitcher of Hull will fan every batter of Ottawa. The batters of Hull will strike the ball every time into the Lachine Rapids, which is many, many miles away. In the end, they say, everybody will become full as a barrel of ale except the people from Ottawa. They will return home crying and drink lime juice and go to bed ashamed."

I laughed joyfully. "It will be a good game, no?"

"*Mais oui*," my father chuckled. "With the Hull and the Ottawa it is like with David and Goliath."

IT had become quite cloudy and dark when we made our way through the grounds to the ancient wooden stand. In the gray distance the lightning continued to dance.

My father patted my head gently. "Heat lightning," he said uneasily.

"I know," I said. I nevertheless felt a little nervous. After all, I *had* skipped Sunday school for the first time. And we *were* so far from home!

My attention turned from the storm for a time as the Hull team began field practice amid great roars of approval that drowned out the rumbling thunder.

The Ottawa team came out on the field. Groans and jeers now filled the air. Bottles, legs of chairs, programs, and bad fruit were thrown on the field like confetti at a wedding.

Two umpires and several groundkeepers cleared away the debris. One of the umpires announced through a megaphone:

"*Mesdames et messieurs*, we are the hosts. They are the guests. They are from Ottawa, but that is not a sin. We cannot always help where we live. It is requested not to throw bottles while the game proceeds as this is not the fair way we shall win. I am born in Hull and also my wife and four children and I am proud of it. But, I do my honest duty to make a fair game. God save the King! *Play ball!*"

The game went on evenly for five or six innings. The darkness of the afternoon turned a sulphur yellow and the air became filled with tension. The rumble of thunder grew louder.

In the seventh inning the Ottawa pitcher singled and stood proudly on first base. The bat boy ran out with a sweater. This is, of course, the custom in the big leagues, so that the pitcher will not expose his arm to possible chills.

To Hull, however, it was a fine opportunity to start something.

"Sissy!" someone shouted.

"Si . . . sssssssyyyyyyyyy!" The crowd made one long sound as if the wind were moaning. Most of them probably did not know what the word meant, but it had a pleasant sound of derision.

The pitcher, O'Ryan, stepped far off first base in an attempt to taunt the Hull pitcher to throw, which he did. O'Ryan darted back safely, stood arrogantly on the white bag, and carefully thumbed his nose.

The crowd jeered. O'Ryan removed his cap and bowed from the waist in sarcasm. Once more bottles, legs of chairs, programs, and overripe fruit came down on the field like hailstones.

Again the umpire picked up his megaphone and spoke. "*Mes amis*," he begged, "they are the guests . . . we are the hosts." A tomato glanced off the side of his head; a cushion landed in his face. He shrugged his shoulders, brushed himself off, and ordered wearily: "Play ball!"

The next pitch was hit and it was accompanied by a violent peal of thunder which almost coincided with the crack of the bat.

O'Ryan started for second base and was forced to slide when the Hull second baseman attempted to force him out. The second baseman, with his spiked shoes, jumped on O'Ryan's hand.

The Ottawa pitcher was safe by many seconds, but the crowd shouted insistently: "Out! Out!" with such anger

that the umpire hesitated but a moment and then waved the astonished and stunned Irishman off the field.

Two thousand French-Canadian noses were instantly thumbed.

O'Ryan stood up dazedly and regarded his maimed hand. He brushed the dust from his uniform and strode quietly to the Ottawa bench. There he picked up several bats, swung them together for a while, and picked out his favorite.

He pulled down his cap firmly, walked calmly to second base, and, with only a slight motion, brought the bat down solidly on the head of the Hull second baseman.

This was the signal for riot. Spectators, umpires, players, peanut vendors—all swarmed across the field in one great pitched battle. In the increasing darkness from the oncoming storm they were as a great swarm of hornets, moving around the diamond.

My father and I, alone, remained seated.

"We are safe here, no?" said Papa. "When the fight is ended we will go home. Meanwhile we are safe. *N'est-ce pas?*"

"And the storm, Papa?" I queried, pulling my sailor hat down over my head as far as it would go.

"The storm," my father announced, as thunder sounded so loudly it shook the flimsy stand, "is mostly wind. It will blow itself away in no time."

I sighed. I will pray, I told myself. I will ask to be forgiven for going to the city of the Devil on Sunday. Then the sky, like the Red Sea, divided in two and there was hurled at us a great fiery ball, as if someone in heaven had knocked it our way.

Before I could get my breath, the dry, wooden stand was in flames.

"Dear Lord," I began again, breathlessly and hastily, "we are not so bad as all this . . . we only . . ." But my father had me by the hand and was dragging me swiftly on to the field.

By this time, the rioters had stopped banging heads and were wistfully watching their beloved stand disappear with the flames.

BY the time we arrived home the storm was over and even the rain had stopped. We had been at a restaurant to eat and rest and had recovered a little when we faced *Maman*.

"I told you we would have a thunderstorm," she said angrily. "You know I don't like the Boy out in thunderstorms! A baseball game on Sunday is just not right. Look how pale and sick-looking you both are!"

My father coughed uneasily.

"Let us call down Grandpa and have some wine and shortbreads. Let us forget the rest. No?" he kissed my mother. She turned to me, relented a bit, and smiled.

"Was it a good game?"

I clapped my hands together excitedly. "It was wonderful, *Maman*! Everything happened!"

"What do you mean, everything happened?" my mother asked, glancing sidelong at Papa.

"I must go up and see my poor father," said Papa. "It is now many months . . ."

"One moment," my mother cautioned. She turned and motioned for me to sit on her knee. My father sank wearily into a chair.

It was too wonderful and exciting to keep!

"*Maman*," I exclaimed, "God hit a home run!" The words came rushing out: "He hit a home run and He struck the grandstand with His powerful lightning and then the grandstand burned to very small pieces, all of a sudden, and this was because everybody was fighting on the Sabbath and . . ."

My mother let me down slowly from her knee.

"Is this true?" she said to my father.

My father shrugged and waved his delicate hands helplessly.

"A small fire. The stand in Hull is made of . . ."

My mother jumped to her feet.

"Where?"

My father lowered his eyes. "Hull," he admitted slowly. "After all, they do not permit baseball on Sunday in Ottawa. If they permit you to breathe it is something. All the world knows that. And, *ma chère*," he said,

trying to be pleasant, "does one always know where a storm will travel?"

"You," my mother ordered, "go wipe your shoes. Look at the mud you have tracked in!"

As Papa and I went our ways, heads bowed, we heard her whisper: "Hull!"

I knew then that she would never go to a baseball game with Papa. The memory of the Lord's home run which so barely missed us would remain, I thought, forever in her mind. She would know one of the places the Lord was going to strike and she would know now that His aim was very good, if not perfect.

THE LOUD PRAYER

The Saturday of the Sunday-school picnic drew near. This day came next to Christmas for joy. It meant all the ice cream I could eat, and all the chocolate bars and cake and lemonade. It meant, in all likelihood, winning a small prize in the three-legged or the potato race. It meant a good deal of fun.

Naturally I knelt down every night and softly murmured a prayer that the picnic Saturday be a warm, cloudless day with perhaps a gentle breeze, enough only to raise a good kite.

Alas, the Saturday in question was not nice. It was cold and miserable. As a matter of fact, it hailed briefly. The picnic was, of course, postponed.

I took it up with my mother one day.

"Maman," I began, "do you think the Lord remembers from the day of the lightning in Hull?"

"I think not," my mother said calmly. "You were punished enough that day."

"Eh bien," I agreed, relieved. "Then why does He not make a nice day when I pray for a nice day?"

"Oh," my mother said easily, "suppose some poor farmer prayed for rain on the same day? Do you not suppose he needs the rain as much as you need sunshine?"

So! That's how it was. There was competition. I stood there in silence, pondering this new development.

"Pull up your stockings," my mother commanded.

I pulled up my stockings automatically and, deep in philosophic thought, left the kitchen.

When my father came home from conducting the matinee I began questioning him, as he sat puffing his large cigar and rocking. My idea in these matters was to question everyone and then make a sort of digest.

I told him of my lack of success with the weather.

"One imagines," he said, "that the Lord has so much to do with the moon and the stars and small babies and sparrows that He does not have the time to grant every request."

"Is there no use in praying for a nice day?"

"To pray for a nice day is a very good idea. It is also well to have an umbrella and raincoat ready."

This, I could see, was getting me nowhere. My uncles Félix, Louis, and the more robust and elegant Desmonde had all gone to Montreal with my grandfather on what they referred to as "business" and what my mother called "another spree." So there was no one else with whom to discuss the problem. Oh, there was, of course, my aunt Felice and my lovely cousin, Yvonne, but they were Frenchwomen and, however I loved them, I knew their answers would only complicate the situation.

THE following Saturday was bright, in spite of the fact that I had not prayed at all. The picnic was held, and I won second prize in the three-legged race. It was a Bible, which I had to share with my collaborator, Egbert LaTouche. I gave him the Old Testament and kept the New for myself, because the New had in it a great deal of red printing and seemed much more colorful than the Old, which was completely black.

The next big test, the ultimate test, was soon arriving. It was the Central Canada Exhibition. This great fair, held annually at Ottawa, was like heaven itself.

There was a midway filled with sideshows, merry-go-rounds, Ferris wheels, and such. There were also steamed corn, dripping with butter, and Canadian apples covered with transparent candy, held firmly on a red stick. There were rows and rows of Canada's prize products: great

golden sheaves of wheat from the prairie provinces, fruit from Ontario and British Columbia, shining minerals from the mining provinces, and furs from the Yukon and Hudson Bay. There were buildings after buildings housing the products of Canada's industrial and agricultural might, as well as her production genius, and in every one, it seemed, there were booths with free samples for little boys.

Best of all was the brilliant show every night before the grandstand. Here, daredevils drove cars recklessly through soaring scarlet flames; motorcycles sped around the dirt track and jumped obstacles at breakneck speed; army cavalry and dragoon guards executed precision drills with horses as well taught as the soldiers; beautiful girls danced and sang like angels; and, in the end, a dazzling display of fireworks, climaxed in a set piece of a huge maple leaf.

I had been before, of course, but we had sat near the top of the stand. Since I was small, and what with people's hats and iron girders in the way, I had missed half the fun.

This year I decided to pray, not only that I ride the Ferris wheel (a pleasure always denied me as too dangerous), but that I should have a front-row box in the grandstand where no one could possibly be in front of me.

The Exhibition was held in September, for the weather then is like a dream brought on by wine. It was still summer when I began to pray.

ALAS, the first day of the Exhibition arrived, a day filled with intoxicating crispness, and I was not even taken. My mother murmured something about the expense and the difficulty of moving through the dense, laughing, pushing crowds.

The second day she came right out and said: "I really don't think you should go this year, bibi. You eat every single sample of everything you can chew. Last year you ate three boxes of shredded wheat, a small jar of pickles, a piece of layer cake, and a Northern Spy within ten minutes."

"Did he die?" my father inquired blandly. "Ah, my poor Boy."

"He came very close to it," my mother retorted. "Especially the time he chewed on the piece of perfumed soap."

"It is not fair," I said meekly, "to make soap in the shape of a maple leaf and in the color of maple sugar."

"Oho!" Papa laughed. "The world is full of such confusion. Soap pretends to be delicious maple sugar and mothers show their love for their children by withdrawing from them the greatest pleasures. We live, these days, in a windmill."

My mother regarded my father with narrowed eyes.

"It is I who must take his temperature and feed him baking soda while you do nothing but make *crincrin*!"

Crincrin is an old French word for a squeaky violin. If one gives it the correct nasal tone it is a nasty sound. It never failed to make Papa hold on to his ears and be silent.

Thursday came and went and no Exhibition for me. I was confused and dismayed.

On Friday my Grandfather appeared, full of good cheer, his mustache waxed even more than usual. We had a gay dinner of frogs' legs he had brought from Montreal. I was permitted, too, a sip of the brandy. This, plus the flavor of the frogs' legs, made me temporarily happy.

Later, when Grandpa was still in a good mood and before he had a chance to fall asleep, I begged him for an audience.

"Is it of eternal significance?" he solemnly inquired, twirling his mustaches.

"It is. It is about me and God and the Exhibition."

He tapped his lips gently with two fingers, like a bishop.

"Hmmm. Very well. Come to my room in ten minutes. Set your watch."

I thanked him and set my watch. In exactly ten minutes I was in his room, standing nervously before him, tugging on my long black stockings and moistening my lips.

"Sit down," he said. "We are longer under the earth than we are above it." He dipped his hand into a box of what I knew to be chocolate with cognac centers.

"Allons-y, bibi!" he urged, licking the melting chocolate from his fingers.

I told him the entire story of the struggle between the Lord and me, from God's home run in Hull, through the Sunday-school picnic, to date.

He threw his head back against the well-cushioned rear of his adjustable rocker and wiped his lips with a white silk handkerchief.

"Aha!" he muttered. "Mmmm. A delicate situation." He put his fingers once more to his lips and pondered. At last he spoke.

"It is because of this reason: *you do not pray loud enough!* Tonight pray as if the Lord were slightly deaf. Now, you may go. The interview is over. I must sprinkle myself with some cognac."

I must say this idea of Grandpa's struck me as somewhat strange. Yet, when it was bedtime I knelt hopefully down and I began in a voice usually saved to cheer hockey players:

"Dear Lord, make my mother take me to the Exhibition and make us have a good seat in the very front row so I will see something and not be prevented by people's *chapeaux* and iron posts, especially the fireworks and other wonders."

I went on bellowing for some time. I warmed to the subject. I painted myself in glowing colors. I noted my friendliness to small animals, my willingness to do errands, my deep love and respect for my parents, my keeping intact the entire Ten Commandments . . . and so forth.

I had arrived at: "Bless my dear, good, very beautiful mother," when I heard her call, "Not so loud, *bibi!* Everyone in the block can hear you. *Mon Dieu!*"

I quieted down and climbed into bed. I was nibbling softly on some shortbreads and reading *The Green Fairy-Tale Book* when my grandfather peeked in the door.

"Well done, *mon chouchou,*" he said.

Would you believe it, my grandfather was absolutely right! The next day I was taken to the Exhibition without a word being said. I sat in a front box and I saw everything. I even rode up close to heaven on the Ferris wheel, *twice!*

THE BUTTERFLY AND MY UNCLE LOUIS

Sometime after the Exhibition was a memory and another summer had arrived, my grandfather, playing at our house (as my father observed) a "return engagement," spoke to me about my uncle Louis.

"Louis," he said, "is having more and more rooms to let in the head. Whole apartments are vacant."

"Ah," I said, noncommittal. Louis, Desmonde, Felix, Papa, Grandpapa—all were considered by the neighbors to be mad. It was not for me to measure one against the other.

"Perhaps you should pray for him loudly," Grandpa said.

Louis was a good friend of mine and often played soldier with me. I did not want to upset him. He had already announced a number of times that he was dying and I felt very sad about it.

"Why," I asked quietly, "do *you* not pray for him?"

Grandpa turned his head a bit and looked at me with narrowed eyes as if I, too, were odd.

"I am too old to pray," he announced solemnly, after some thought. "I have used up, long ago, my quota."

"Me, I wish also to save my prayers for when I am old."

Grandfather sighed and showed me a glass of hot spiced wine, violet in color.

"Look, you may have a drink of my *bischof* if you pray for Louis."

"*Eh bien.*" I agreed. "I pray."

I went next door where Uncle Louis was sleeping on the couch in the front room. Kneeling down by the bed, I pointed my fingers and began loudly: "Louis has gone wrong. He is become a rascal and reddens all the time his nose with white wine. Poor Felice! Poor Yvonne! Dear Lord, make Uncle Louis go to church and save his soul!"

Uncle Louis sat up suddenly. He blinked his puffy eyelids and said: "What's that?"

"Grandpa says you drink too much white wine and are becoming vacant in the head."

"Name of a blue cow! My father is crazier than I am and more often drunk. I do not only say it behind his back. I will tell it to his whiskers!"

I wished I had not taken on the task of saving Uncle Louis.

"You, of all people, my friend!" Louis exclaimed, almost in tears.

"A thousand pardons," I said anxiously. "Forgive me."

"Ah, well," Uncle Louis sighed, pouring himself a large glass of white wine, "let us get on with the war."

I went to his bureau and took a set of cardboard French soldiers and a set of English ones from it. One set I lined up under the window; the other I placed some distance away. Then I arranged two wooden cannon with springs and small wooden shells.

Uncle Louis groaned as he stretched out on the floor and took aim with his cannon. It was then the butterfly came in the window.

Uncle Louis was deathly afraid of butterflies. He had,



in his youth, collected and stuck pins through them. Now, he insisted, they were after revenge. They fluttered all the time in his stomach and his head.

He saw the butterfly just as he was about to shoot. He aimed the cannon at it, pulled the piston, and missed. Tossing aside the cannon, he seized a gnarled walking stick and began to chase the small yellow creature, lashing out at it now and then, and succeeding in breaking a window and two vases.

"I am bit!" he bellowed, as the butterfly went out the window. "I am bit." He showed me his hand and, sure enough, there was a small, red swelling.

My aunt Felice ran from the kitchen. "What happens here?" she asked crisply.

"No sympathy, please," Uncle Louis insisted grandly, "no pity. No woman's tears."

He flung himself on the couch.

"A butterfly bit him," I explained.

"Watch," my uncle warned. "Watch! She will laugh!"

"Butterflies do not bite," Felice stated firmly.

"You see? In the face of all proof." He rested his head on a pillow and folded his hands across his stomach as one was laid out in state.

"I die," he said quietly.

"You die every week," Felice said. "You cannot die now, anyway, since Alfred is waiting to speak to you."

"Alfred? Alfred? Who is Alfred?"

"Alfred, the fiancé of Yvonne—he wishes to speak to you of something important."

"Yvonne has a fiancé?" Uncle Louis inquired.

"How many times do I tell you?" Felice asked.

"Not once—not once." Louis turned to me. "A man's dearest possession—his only child—is to be stolen from him and no one apprises him of the fact. Believe me, we live in a strange world."

Felice went quietly out of the room.

"Do you die?" I asked, a little worried.

"I do not die until I regard Alfred," Louis replied. The young man soon entered. His hair was shiny and he smelled of lavender. He wore a dark, stiff suit and a very, very shiny white collar. He looked like a gentleman.

"How are you?" Uncle Louis asked.

"Very well," Alfred replied formally.

The poor sweating fellow stood there in silence some moments.

"Come, come, speak up!" Uncle Louis commanded him.

"I am Alfred Crattin," the boy said hurriedly. "I am filled with love for Yvonne. I work in a bank . . ."

Louis opened his eyes wide.

"A bank, eh? *Bien!* Tell me, my boy, about your salary."

"It amounts," Alfred recited, "to fifteen dollars weekly with a small increase each year until it reaches twenty-two. There, one understands, it is stabilized."

"Ah. Mm. Yes. Stabilized, eh?" Uncle Louis stood up and pointed a finger of scorn at Alfred. "You wish to live on fifteen, twenty dollars weekly. Very well. Children are born, no? They must be fed and clothed. They will grow up. They are through Collegiate now and it is time for them to go to the University. But how are you going to send five boys to the University on twenty-two dollars a week, stabilized?"

He smiled triumphantly at Alfred and brought down his gnarled cane on the table with a crash.

"We do not intend to send the children to the University," the boy said meekly.

"What?" Uncle Louis said. Alfred edged back from the raised cane.

"WHAT?" Uncle Louis repeated. "Here is a man with five grown boys and he wishes to deny them what he owes them most—an education! Tell me, *mon ami*, why did you have these children if you could not afford to send them forth into the world the equal of any man? What have you been doing all these years with your money? Have you saved nothing? Have you taken, perhaps, to drinking and gambling at the races?"

Here, Uncle Louis swiftly gulped down a good helping of white wine.

"Have you," he went on, smacking his lips, "been carousing while Yvonne, now pale and thin, waits at home for you to come spinning in, hoping you will have left at least a few sous for a bone with which to make soup for the children who have not tasted food in two days?"

Alfred, by this time, had reached the door.

"Pardon!" he said nervously. "Perhaps some other time we shall speak about it. Now, I am a little mixed. *Bon jour.*"

He bowed hastily with fear in his eyes, put on his black derby, and vanished.

Uncle Louis flopped down on the couch and sighed. He turned his head and looked at me inquiringly.

"Since you are bit by the butterfly you are cruel like the ogre in my fairy book," I announced calmly.

"Me?" Louis shouted. "Me, cruel? I am sweet as the hummingbird! I love my daughter."

"Me, too, I love her. Also Alfred loves her. Alfred will work hard for Yvonne and be rich," I added.

Uncle Louis sat up and regarded me for some time. Then he began to laugh.

"Oho, *bibi*. You are the son of your mother, believe me. He will work hard and be rich! Name of a blue sheep! If hard work made one rich, *bibi*, a donkey would sleep in a bed of gold! Oho!"

He took another glass of wine and then fell back. Soon he began to snore.

WHEN Alfred appealed to Aunt Felice to intercede with Uncle Louis for Yvonne's hand, Aunt Felice's tactic was simple.

"You will give your consent to the marriage or you will go to work," she announced.

"Me," Uncle Louis repeated, thunderstruck, "go to work?"

"Yes, you."

Uncle Louis sighed and lay down on the couch.

"Impossible," he said. "I have lost the habit."

"You will make a new habit."

Uncle Louis turned to me. "You see what life is like? Never marry."

"Do not listen to him," Felice said. "Get married all the times you wish."

"Later," I agreed.

"Well," said Felice to Louis, "do you go to work or does Yvonne marry this sober, dependable 'usband?"

Uncle Louis groaned.

"I have no choice," he whispered. "I must either lose my daughter or kill myself with hard labor. Go, give my daughter to the first rascal who comes down the street. Go!"

Aunt Felice set her jaw and muttered: "Hmmp!" Then she went out.

THE wedding was of great beauty, and even I cried.

When Alfred was asked if he took Yvonne to be his wife, he exclaimed excitedly: "*Ah, oui, oui. Mais oui!*"

"One *oui* is sufficient," the minister reminded him.

Afterward I kissed the bride many times and with such enthusiasm that Alfred inquired: "Are you sure, Yvonne, this child has but eleven years?"

Later, at night, when they were all tired, Papa played a long piece on the violin. It was very gentle and sweet and everyone's eyes were a little moist.

"He is a great man," I whispered to *Maman* while Papa was bowing and bowing and bowing to the great applause he received.

"Yes," *Maman* agreed, smiling. "He is a great man. And he knows it, too."

Then we both laughed. It was nice to laugh like that



with my mother. It was the first time I realized that someday she might also be my friend as well as my mother.

THE NIGHTGOWN OF THE QUEEN

Maman was stricken with inflammatory rheumatism, as it was then called. For a time it was necessary for her to go to bed, and I remember well the sounds of pain and the smell of hot liniment which was forever being rubbed on her arms and back.

I insisted I stay home from school for a while and be a nurse to *Maman*. When I was sick, I observed, or had a black eye from baseball, or a twisted ankle from skating, *Maman* had always been ready with kisses and medicine and bandages. Now that she was ill, I felt it was my turn to care for her.

So I said good-bye for a while to my adventures and my romances and sat mostly in the parlor, reading once more the books of fairy tales and the volumes of adventure.

Now and then, I ran to the kitchen and prepared hot soup. Often, I fixed the pillows behind her weary head and told her *histoires abracadabrantes*, incredible tales of daring, always featuring myself as the modest hero.

I was sad, of course, at *Maman's* rheumatism, but I was happy I had grown up enough to be of help. I told myself in bed, with fierce clenchings of my fists, that there was nothing in the world I would not dare to ease her agony

and make her well again, that she might laugh and tell me to pull up my stockings or take my elbows from the table.

Alas, one day I learned that when we love we often estimate too highly the strength for fine deeds this love will bring us. Our hearts are stronger, sometimes, than our spirits.

Papa, this day, was at work. The uncles had gone up the Gatineau with Aunt Felice to see Yvonne and her husband. Uncle Louis, of course, would not budge from his bed and wine for anything short of an earthquake. There was no one about.

"Bibi!" my mother called in a weak voice that always made my heart seem to crack a little.

I put down the *Red Fairy-Tale Book* I was reading and ran swiftly into her bedroom.

"Will you do something for me?" She seemed pale and weak.

"*Mais oui, Maman, anything!*"

"It is something hard for a little boy to do. Perhaps you will be shy."

"*Pas moi!* I am not any more a little boy. Besides, I wish you to be well again and to laugh and sing and make pies."

My mother smiled and drew me to her, muttering as the exertion pained her arms.

"All my nightgowns are stained with balm. Maybe I am foolish, but I think I would feel much better if I had a nice new clean nightgown. Will you go to Poulin's and buy me a new one? Pick out one you like. I will leave it to you. You can put it on Papa's bill."

I backed slowly away and sat down in a chair, worried. For a while I sat silently, biting on my knuckles.

"Maman," I said at length, "I would be very, very nervous to go into a woman's store and buy a nightgown. I would blush and be a fool. I would be afraid, too, that someone from the school would see me and there would be jokes forever. I would have to go, perhaps, to a new school to begin again. *Maman* . . . I will do anything . . . but, please . . . not to buy a nightgown in the big ladies' store."

My mother sighed and leaned back, shutting her eyes.

"All right," she said. "Never mind, *bibi*."

I went slowly back to the parlor and my book of fairy tales. I tried to read, but it was impossible. I was very unhappy and ashamed.

"*Maman* is sick," I spoke to myself, "and you who are always telling her how brave you are, you are as weak as soup."

I took a deep breath and crossed my fingers—all of them on one hand. I had to force the small one over, but I managed.

Then I got my cap, tucked in the string of my blouse, pulled up my stockings, and went into my mother's room.

"I am going to play ball," I told her. "I will be back soon."

Half asleep, she murmured: "Be careful."

IT seemed a long, long way to M. Poulin's great store. I was hot and nervous and kept pulling my cap down, trying to hide part of my face.

I walked past the store entrance once and peeked in at the mysterious pink and white articles that hung on racks or stood on iron crosses on the counters.

Looking up and down the street like a crook in a cinema serial, I observed no one I knew and walked into the store, my knees knocking. At a counter, a pretty girl was folding things and putting them away. Ordinarily, to deal with a pretty girl made me feel warm and comfortable. But not in this case. All around me were women's pants and shirts and stockings, and many other strange objects I had never seen before.

"Can I do something for you?" the girl asked.

I gulped. I tried to speak, but no words came. There were only whispers, as when one has a hoarse throat.

"I wish," I said huskily, "m . . . my mother, who is sick, wishes . . ."

I took hold of the counter with my small hands and put my head high above it. I thought hard of dear *Maman* and it gave me strength.

"I wish a nightgown," I explained rapidly. "For my

mother. To wear in bed. She has the inflammatory rheumatism. A pretty nightgown."

"A nightgown. Yes!"

The girl said it so loudly I was worried. I looked around again to see if there was anyone about.

The clerk drew a gown from a large box and held it out, full length, against herself.

"Do you like this?"

To myself, I thought: Name of a name, does she have to wave it around like a flag?

I blushed and glanced down the aisle. *Sacre!* A Mrs. Framingham whom I knew was approaching with her little boy. I saw them first and went quickly behind the counter, crouching down beside the astonished clerk.

The Framinghams passed by without noticing me, and I came out of hiding, blushing.

"What's the matter?" the girl asked, laughing.

"Nothing," I replied hastily.

She held out the nightgown again.

"Do you like this one, then?"

"Yes. No. I don't know," I said.

THE girl shrugged and brought out another box. From it she took a beautiful blue gown with blue ribbons and lace.

"What size is your mother?" she asked.

"Size?" I muttered. "Name of a blue cow! I did not ask the size . . . she is not big . . . she is not small . . . she is . . . in the middle."

"About my size?" the girl inquired, standing up straight and posing for me.

I regarded the girl carefully. I almost forgot my shyness now that I was busy estimating and appreciating.

"Yes. Yes . . . but in the front . . . the . . . she . . . she is not so far ahead. *Comprenez-vous?* And in the back . . . there, she is not so far behind."

The girl laughed as if I had made a wonderful joke.

"Is she pretty, your mother? What kind of a gown would she wish? Something simple? Or something wonderful, with lace and all?"

"Ah," I replied solemnly, "*Maman* is very beautiful. *Mais oui!* Papa says she is a queen."

"A queen, uh?" the girl smiled. "Then I have just the thing!"

She took a black nightgown from a box, one with bows and lace and so thin that when she held it before her I could see her face through the black material.

"Ah, *oui!*" I said joyfully. "There we have it!"

"You like that?"

"Oh, yes. That is wonderful!"

"Will you pay cash?"

"No," I said, feeling very grown-up now, "you will charge it, please, to my bill."

I gave her Papa's name, and she wrapped the gown. When she was finished, she patted my head and smiled.

I picked up the large box and trudged slowly home with it. I was hot and tired, but I felt triumphant, too. I had done something I thought I was afraid to do, and I had done it for *Maman*.

When I arrived home and my mother opened the box she was astonished and delighted.

"What a surprise, *bibi!*" she exclaimed.

She slowly drew out the sensational black nightgown, and her eyes became as big as black cherries with wonder.

"What a wonderful thing!" she said. "And you picked it out all by yourself!"

"*Oui,*" I said modestly.

"How did you happen to choose this one?"

I hesitated a moment and grinned a little foolishly.

"Well," I explained, "it is because you are a queen and this is the nightgown for a queen. In the books of fairy tales the nightgown of the queen is always one which is high up at the top and very long at the bottom, and it is always full of lace!"

My mother hugged me to her for a long time, and I felt a small tear come down her cheek.

"Does it hurt, the rheumatism?" I asked.

"No, *bibi*. Nothing hurts just now. The tear is for happiness."

The next day she was much better, sitting up in bed in the queen's nightgown, while Papa made jokes.

"I myself," he laughed, "am having made by the custom tailor a suit of ermine. Double-breasted. I am expecting to buy soon, too, a carriage with four white horses."

Maman put her arm around me.

"We will have quite a palace here, eh?" she said.

GRANDFATHER AND THE WIDOW-TRAP

Grandpa might plague Louis and Desmonde as if they were small boys, urging them to stop drinking, to forget women, to consider the serious aspects of life. But he himself was forever on the go.

When Papa would mention casually that a man of Grandpa's one hundred and five pounds should be careful of his adventures, Grandpa observed: "It is all muscle, you understand."

That Grandpa himself was not so confident in that muscle became apparent when he began to court the Widow LaChance.

He appeared, one evening, in the dining room, as dapper and bright as a bowl of Maman's pansies. His skin was pink from rubbing and sparkled like the imitation diamond attached to his cravat.

He wore a white linen jacket, with only one slight stain from a brandy chocolate on it. He wore immaculate pale blue trousers. And he wore a sailor straw with a blue-and-white band.

The hat was tilted at an angle that seemed to ignore gravity. He carried a yellow cane, which he twirled like the drum-major of the Governor General's Foot Guards.

He announced to the awed assembly in the room that he was en route to make love.

We all laughed at this boast. Grandpa's eyes twinkled and he executed a little dance step.

"You will knock your legs together and crack them with that dancing," Desmonde laughed.

"I am two of you in every sense," Grandpa snorted. "On, then, to the beautiful Widow LaChance."

"The guillotine," Felix observed, "awaits."

Later, by discreet inquiries and some listening to confidential whispers, I learned something about Grandpa's affairs with the Widow.

He had a rival, it appeared, one Gunboat Hodge, a man who drove a team of brewery horses and who often won prizes for the largest chest expansion in Ontario.

Bending a crowbar was a pleasure to Gunboat, and frequently, at Sunday-school picnics, I had seen him lie on his back and permit large boulders to be broken on his stomach with a sledge hammer.

My grandfather, apparently, did not know of his rival when he first began to court the Widow. My grandfather was, above all, wise. He was not a man to encourage violence, especially to his own delicate person. He was, in short, not the type for any sort of duel.

I asked Maman one day how Grandpa had met the Widow.

"It was at a church minstrel," she said soberly. "Grandpa sang *On the Road to Mandalay* and Mme. LaChance was slightly moved. But when he danced the buck-and-wing, his sprightliness captivated her, even though he was in burnt cork."

"Ah, then," I surmised. "It is a good thing to know, this buck-and-wing?"

"Yes," Papa joined in, "it will be a comfort to you in your old age."

"But why," I asked, sincerely puzzled, "does Grandpa wish to love the Widow LaChance when, already, he loves . . ." (here I began to count on my fingers) "Mme. Frechette, the modiste; Mlle. Cocteau, the teacher of the ballet; Mme. Pernod, the chanteuse; Mlle. McPhail . . ."

"Enough. Hold!" cried Papa. "You will be all day at that!"

"Is this, after all, something to discuss with a young boy?" Maman asked, a little upset.

"So," said Papa, "if he does not discuss it with us, he will discuss it with others less intelligent and with minds perhaps more evil."

"But why?" I persisted. "Why does Grandpa . . .?"

"With some people," my father explained, "it is butterflies. With your Uncle Desmonde it is ornate garters;

with Felix it is useless information; with Grandpa it is beautiful women over fifty."

"That," said Maman, "will be enough, dear."

After this discussion I sought an appointment with Grandpa in order to understand his attitude more completely. We spoke of many things as he sipped his violet wine and rocked in his chair. At last we came to the point.

"It is like this," Grandpa explained. "I love the women in full bloom."

"Big?"

"Not big," Grandpa corrected. "Complete."

"Ah."

"It is as if one held up a rose to the light of the sun!" Grandpa raised his wine to the electric light. "Nothing more, you understand."

"Nothing more," I agreed, not knowing precisely what more there was.

"At fifty," Grandpa went on, warming to the subject, "a woman is perfect."

To me, it seemed a long time to wait, but I offered no comment, being satisfied at the revelations.

"At forty-five she is not yet fully developed. I am speaking now, of course, of the heart, the spirit, the mind. After fifty . . . let us say at fifty-five, she wilts. Do you understand?"

"Oui," I agreed. I saw in my mind long rows of women of fifty-five, their heads drooping like sunflowers.

"Now," Grandpa continued, "we have in Ottawa many women of fifty, at their choicest year. And we have so few men to give them appreciation. And why?"

"Why?"

"Because men old enough to appreciate them are already married and so have lost their sense of the appreciation of beauty. Or if by chance they are still single, they have ulcers of the stomach. There has never been a romantic man with ulcers of the stomach. It is impossible. I speak not with cynicism. I speak with compassion. My stomach is as cast iron."

Thus spake Grandpa.

WELL, it was only after he had been at tea with the Widow LaChance several times, admiring her Limoges and her Courbet, that he realized he had pointed his cane into a nest of hornets.

Gunboat, having taken a day off from disturbing the peace, rolling beer barrels noisily into cellars, called on the Widow as a surprise.

He appeared, according to Grandpa: ". . . in a tight-fitting seersucker suit which caused him to look like a large ox tongue which had been wrapped hastily in wrinkled brown paper by the butcher's small son. An oversize ox tongue wearing twelve D shoes. He had around his neck a bow tie attached with a band of elastic. His face was bright and rough from scrubbing, like a kitchen floor. In his hands, which were like bunches of long, wilted carrots, he carried pussywillows and chocolates.

"When he saw me he placed the gifts on the table and shouted like a bull: 'Who is this?'"

"The dear lady replied: 'This is a charming raconteur who amuses me enormously.'"

"'A what?' bellowed the bull."

"'Pray be seated,' Mme. LaChance requested graciously."

"For the next two hours" (Grandpa is still speaking) "I talked rapidly and for the most part in French, which M. Gunboat does not comprehend except when it is profane. I spoke about the painting of Monet, the music of Debussy, the arrangement of the French Chamber of Deputies, and so forth. I imagined this would cause M. Gunboat to fall asleep. It did not, alas. He is possessed of an amazing resistance. In fact, listening to my own buzz, it was I who began to doze."

Not so long after, we learned that Gunboat had become very jealous and had sworn on a barrel of Black Horse Ale to remove Grandpa from competition, if not from the very face of the earth.

When I mentioned the matter to Grandpa, his hundred-odd pounds quivered slightly, but his face remained calm.

"Men have died," he quoted mysteriously, "and the worms have eaten them. But not for love."

Gunboat, however, apparently realized that he would

have no thanks from Mme. La Chance if he broke Grandpa's brittle bones. Gunboat's approach was subtle. He caused to appear at our house one day a belle whom Grandpa had once courted briefly. This belle claimed loudly that Grandpa had promised, in legible writing, to marry her.

Grandpa, whose memory was poor and whose imagination, when penning billets-doux, was excellent, did not deny the charges. Instead, he served Mlle. Finklewort a fine champagne, showed her his collection of military buttons and his ribbon of the French Legion of Honor.

He inquired if Mlle. Finklewort had ever considered displaying her radiant beauty to a larger public than her circle of friends, by appearing on the stage. He kept referring to her, casually, as "Comtesse," as if he were confusing her with some highborn lovely.

In the end, the object of her visit completely forgotten, Mlle. Finklewort bade Grandpa *au 'voir* as he kissed her hand, his back creaking audibly.

Gunboat did not relent. In a few weeks Grandpa



found himself gaily defending his reputation in the District Court.

A gaudy young thing, on whom, Grandpa insisted, he had never set eyes, was the plaintiff. Grandfather enjoyed himself thoroughly, proving to the judge that the charming young lady in question was the mother of two children of doubtful origin and that she had twice been arrested and convicted: once for stealing chickens from a neighbor and once for lifting pies from an unattended baker's rig.

In the end, Grandpa emerged victorious, his photograph appearing eventually in the *Ottawa Citizen* and *Le Droit*.

Gunboat, in his frustration, now became psychologically morbid. In what was intended to be a war of nerves, he began mailing Grandfather various weird and frightening objects.

The gifts included a dead mouse, a live owl (Gunboat's mother, bewitched, Grandpa said), the shrunken skull of a cannibal, and a number of other choice relics. Grandpa was merely amused. He had owned a life-size skeleton for years.

Presently he began to receive telephone calls from a gypsy with a wavering, gloomy voice and a cockney accent who predicted dire happenings to Grandpa if he did not leave the province immediately.

Up to a point, Grandpa thought all this rather entertaining. But he was, after all, a man of taste and refinement. He was not used to long-drawn-out adventures. His true delight was in the crisp, the incisive, the subtle, and the spontaneous.

"To tell the truth," he explained to us one night at supper, "I am become bored with this rhinoceros. Were Mme. LaChance not so lovely I might give her up for some less difficult beauty. Unfortunately, I am terribly attached to the Widow. Also, I have not met any other beauty lately. There seems, then, nothing to do but eliminate M. Gunboat!"

"A duel, eh?" Papa said.

"Champagne corks at ten paces," Desmonde suggested.

"A champagne cork," Felix said, "will not travel ten paces with any effect."

"I have my own methods," Grandpa said darkly.

"I do hope you'll be careful and not hurt anybody," Maman said.

"Not myself, anyway," cackled Grandpa.

NOW, Gunboat was a man of strict habits, Grandpa had discovered. He knew Gunboat always came to Mme. LaChance's by the same route through a dark woods in Ottawa East, and at the same hour.

Grandpa, thereupon, planned to trap Gunboat—literally.

He took me into conference, without appointment, one day, making me draw a cross with the blood pricked from my thumb and swear not to tell a soul the things which were to be revealed.

I swore and became an accomplice.

Together we journeyed to Ottawa East shortly afterward and constructed a beartrap. It was, of course, really a mantrap.

We dug a pit, as I had learned from books on hunting big game—a very, very deep pit. A pit which, my book of jungle lore and adventure told us, permitted no escape.

Its final triumph was a firm mesh of heavy wire, followed by enormous iron bars, both of which we had carried to the scene in a borrowed truck.

The entire weight of the bars and the wire came down after the trap had closed and made escape impossible without aid.

Fortunately, Grandfather had sense enough to place food and water in the pit. He intended, he explained, to leave Gunboat in the trap for a few days until he was sufficiently frightened never to bother Grandfather or the Widow again. Then the rival was to be released.

WE waited in the darkness beside the trap.

"Does this hurt your conscience?" Grandpa whispered.

"Not if it works," I replied solemnly.

It was pitch-dark when we thought we observed Gunboat. Unfortunately, as it proved later, we were so eager to spring the trap and watch our masterpiece work that we did not have our wits sharpened to their keenest points.

But spring the trap, we did.

Then we drove the truck hastily back to Ottawa to establish an alibi.

It was three days later that Grandfather, rather jumpy, telephoned the police in a high falsetto voice, squeaking that the brewer's missing man could be found in the woods near the Rideau in Ottawa East.

Grandfather, of course, had been too nervous to go near the Widow during Gunboat's absence. It was just as well. He would not have found the Widow home.

She was down in the pit with Gunboat.

A MONTH later it was announced that the Widow LaChance and Gunboat were to be married. When we told the news to Grandfather he was philosophic. He twirled the waxed ends of his mustache and said: "After all, when a man and woman spend four days together in a cave—four days and four nights—without a chaperon, there is nothing much they can do but get married."

He reached for one of his brandy chocolates.

"You know, of course," he observed casually, "that she wore a wig?"

THAT SYRIAN KID

One day in the early winter I was sitting on a kitchen chair, removing my skates and warming my feet.

"I don't want you to play with that Syrian kid, you understand?" Maman said.

"Pourquoi?" I felt the edge of my skate and noticed a dullness.

"Because he is . . . well, let us say, he isn't nice. He's a foreigner." She reddened a little.

"Tony is born in Canada and his Papa is a citizen even if he speaks mostly Syrian."

"His manners," explained Maman, "are foreign. His customs."

Papa, who was restringing his violin, wandered to the kitchen. He blew dust from under the instrument's bridge and said casually: "Tony is perhaps not so bad. His father sells the best apples in Ottawa."

"His father," I added eagerly, "polishes each apple separately."

"Apples or no apples, no good will come of associating with him. He is wild and uncontrollable, the teachers say. I forbid you to play with Tony. I forbid. Comprends-tu?"

I sighed. "Oui," I said.

"Now go and wash your face. Your hands, too."

I went to the bathroom, my loyalties divided. To have



dear friends who do not understand each other is an unhappy thing.

For a week I kept away from Tony. But he caught me one day as I was skating home from school on the hard-packed snow of the sidewalk. He looked very much like a small-boy Rudolph Valentino: dark eyes, dark, good-looking face, black, shiny hair, and white, white teeth.

"Hello," I said weakly. I hurried on.

Tony hurried alongside me.

"Did I do something? Did I say something?" He spoke humbly and with the sweet, strong confidence of the truly humble.

"No. You did nothing. You said nothing."

He put his hand around my shoulder and stopped me.

"I know," he said with a little wrinkle of pain between his black, thick eyebrows. "Your mother say: 'Tony, there's a bum. He don't speak good. He don't dress good. He don't look like a citizen.' Is that Tony's fault? Tony doesn't have no mother. Tony's old man don't speak good English. Is that Tony's fault? Look, if your old man spoke Syrian he would find out my old man knows everything in the world—in Syrian: poetry, jokes, songs. Tony's got a king of Syria in his family way back. A king! You got any kings in your family?"

"No," I said, "no kings."

I quickened my pace. I did not want to talk about it. It was so difficult to be loyal to *Maman* and to Tony at the same time.

"I'm sorry," I said solemnly.

Tony bit his lip for a second and then smiled again.

"All right," he said. "Someday, you know what we do? We grow up and we do what we like. We be friends and go to Syria. We eat dates and olives and wild licorish. We have dancing girls in our tent and big white horses to ride. I will be a king and I make you Prime Minister. Someday, huh?"

"Yes," I agreed sadly. "Someday."

TONY was in trouble a few weeks later. We had, in the school, a rotary fire escape. It was a great red silo attached to the side of the school building. Inside the silo was a metal, spiral slide. Trapped in the dark cavern, curved and mysterious as it was, Tony had kissed the girl behind him.

She had gone crying to Miss Grey, our teacher.

The kiss could not have been anything of great passion. Tony had only found something that was more fun than dipping pigtailed into the inkwell. But Miss Grey conceived of a most painful punishment for Tony. She forced Mr. Cone, the principal, to remove Tony from the Ogilvie Street Hockey Team. She forced Mr. Cone, I am certain, because the principal loved hockey.

Without Tony, we were no good. With his wild, exultant, savage war cries and his crazy jokes, we used to be inspired. Now we continued to lose by immense scores.

The final game of the season was with a British boarding school which had the best of coaching and the most expensive of equipment. The only reason Yarborough ever condescended to play against us was that Mr. Cone had been graduated brilliantly from there.

The Yarborough team had sticks taped like professionals'. They had expensive, tubular hockey skates and thick woolen jerseys, heavily padded. We had skates with flat blades, cotton sweaters, and warped sticks, untaped.

A great tittering arose as we stumbled out onto the ice. We were funny to see, I know. We were worse, in fact, than usual, frightened as we were. We did not skate well. We bumped into each other and tripped over our own sticks in practice. Our shots were many times buried in the snowbanks.

My hopes were as low as they could go when *le bon Dieu* rolled up His sleeves and effected a miracle.

For it surely was miraculous to see Tony skating across the ice in his curious, wild, pigeon-toed fashion, shouting savage war whoops and waving his stick furiously above his head like a tribal chieftain's spear.

"Oho! Wa-hooooo! Eeee-yi!" he yelled, throwing his arms around me. "I fix it all up. It was not me who begged, you understand. It was Mr. Cone. He said if I go to Sunday school I can play. I said, good. I said I go to Sunday school and when I grow up I become the Mayor and I make Mr. Cone Superintendent of Schools. Now we lick the pants off those roast beefs! Remember, I got a king in the family! Wa-hooooo. Eeeee-yi!"

Believe me, the tattered army fought nobly under its ancient monarch, and it was Tony who won the game in the last period with a deft shot he took on a pass from me.

Together, we had triumphed, and that was as we would have wished it.

THE VERY LITTLE SYMPHONY

Toward the end of my grammar-school career there began being introduced into theaters mechanical monsters known as "pipe organs" which swept orchestras almost out of existence and placed Papa for a while in the position of what he called "a lonesome dove."

He had quit playing for vaudeville to play for a cinema theater, and the introduction of an organ left him without an orchestra to conduct—a bird without a sky in which to soar.

A touch of gloom entered our usually madly alive household, a rare gloom, because ours was a life which ordinarily bounded, soared, and sang all through the day and most of the night.

There were two reasons for seeing the world through the blue glass. One was, of course, the knowledge that my father was ill at ease. The other was the manner in which our funds slowly vanished.

We had never thought of money in any way except to get rid of it as quickly as possible and with as much pleasure. Banks, Papa assured us, failed. Happiness did not. At least, not the sweet, tasty, musical memory of it.

I determined to keep my small, sharp eyes open for a suitable outlet for his magnificent talents.

At school, one day, I overheard the teachers speaking of how wonderful it would be if the school system had a symphony orchestra made up of students from the various schools. Mr. Cone, who played the cello, agreed it would be an excellent idea if it could be worked.

I mentioned the conversation casually to my father that evening.

"Name of a name," he exclaimed, regarding me with narrowed eyes and a faint, sad smile, "in school already

they teach you nearly everything badly. Now they wish to add music to the list of those subjects in which your interest will be permanently ruined."

"If the school is so bad," I inquired with some logic, "why is it that I have to go?"

My father drummed nervously on some sheets of unfinished music. "It is the law," he offered.

"*Eh bien*," I countered, "Uncle Louis says the law is only for lawyers and virtuous women."

"Don't speak to me of a man who drinks wine from a water cooler," my father retorted.

I knew then that Papa was truly upset. He dearly loved Uncle Louis and at any normal time he would have stoutly defended his brother's right to drink wine from a water cooler.

I dropped the matter here because I felt any further discussion would only serve to make Papa firmer against the project. I waited.

By the next month the Board of Education had decided to form a sort of choir of music and to teach all who wished to play an instrument and to function in an orchestra. The Board reminded pupils that money they had placed in the bank weekly might be profitably used in purchasing instruments. A checkup, however, showed that a goodly number already had instruments in the family.

I dutifully relayed this to Papa, who had become increasingly gloomy and was composing sad nocturnes in a minor key all day.

My father grunted. "So! Everyone is to make music and all are to play in a great symphony, eh? When?"

"Mr. Cone says a good teacher can teach pupils to read music in about three weeks."

I brushed aside his scoffings.

"If they offer you the job, though? How will that be?"

"It will take," Papa said with a sigh, "a conductor with a magic wand, not a baton, to lead such a group."

"You are the one," I said, trying flattery.

"I am a genius, but not a magician. I am not so sure I am even a genius. No. Not me. Name of a pig, no child can learn music truly between geography and freehand drawing, like a sandwich."

"They do not have to learn it truly. It is only to make them and their parents happy to see them on a stage. It is only so they are exposed to music and that they find in it excitement. This is the theory of Mr. Cone."

MAMAN had come into the room with a duster and was quietly flicking bits from the bureau.

Papa looked at her in annoyance.

"No," he said to me. "No."

"Tell him, *Maman*," I said with a sigh.

My mother pointed the feather duster at my father.

"We are no longer rich, you know."

"When," Papa asked sadly, "were we rich?"

"Up until recently we had enough," *Maman* said, not unkindly, "which is to be rich."

Papa shrugged and picked up his music.

Maman continued: "We are now close to nothing. We have spent freely. The many uncles and aunts and cousins have been fed well: frogs' legs, trout, grapes, *crêpes Suzette*, many kinds of wines, some very expensive. . ."

"So," said Papa nervously and a little ashamed, "we will sell something. The piano! Eh?"

"No! No!" I shouted. "Not the piano." Each roll from the pianola was to me a memory: Avalon, Stumbling, Tales from the Vienna Woods, My Wonderful One, By the Sea.

"The bed, then, with the cupids carved, eh? The bed six feet wide and nine feet long."

My mother smiled gently at him and waved the duster under his nose.

"The bed?" she said solemnly.

"Ah, well. . ." Papa blushed faintly, ". . . no, not that bed. On the honeymoon we slept in that bed and we bought it from the hotel to have forever. Yes, I remember. No, not the bed."

We ran through everything, and there was nothing that did not have a memory or a dream covering it, and so there was nothing we could sell.

I returned to the subject of the schools.

"They do not ask to play well, my schoolmates. They

ask only to play, or only to look as if they play, so their parents will be proud. If they play badly, even, at least they play. And if they only make motions they are learning the correct motions and they are hearing good music."

"To play badly is worse than anything in the world. Except to pretend to play. To impersonate an artist is a sin."

"To be a beggar is not such fun either," *Maman* said.

IT was not difficult to convince the teachers of my father's worth. His reputation was enormous in Ottawa, and his personal oddities were part of the city's lore. I personally explained his merits most solemnly, and I arranged, as his manager, to have him meet with the Board.

The day of the meeting Papa and I walked toward the office of the Board in silence.

Neither of us spoke until we had almost reached our destination. Then my father looked at me and grinned.

"You will expect a commission, I suppose, for your efforts?"

"A small fee," I said. "A new pitcher's glove, perhaps."

The Board was already gathered when we arrived. I introduced Papa and took a good seat where I could hear everything.

The head of the Board glanced at me nervously.

"Ahem. . ." he observed. "The . . . uh . . . boy . . . here . . . ahem . . . rather unusual? What? Schoolboy at Board meeting. Ha! Odd, what?"

"He is my manager," Papa said with such solemnity that the head of the Board ahemed once more, smiled weakly, and sat down.

One of the Board members now arose and spoke. My father's fame, he acknowledged, was as that of a rajah.

Papa bowed, clicked his small heels together, and winked at me when the others were not looking.

Since, the member of the Board continued, my father was above the matter of silver and gold, of coin of the realm, of specie, the member hesitated to suggest the humble terms of the Board. Times in the schools were hard. Appropriations were not, under the present government, what they should be. In consequence, the Board had decided unanimously to make the salary in the form of a good-will offering from the pupils, each of whom would contribute in proportion to the joy and learning he or she had derived from contact with my father and with music. As a result, the Board felt, neither my father's dignity nor the school system's budget would be injured.

It was all so beautifully done, my father observed later, and so well phrased, that he did not really know what was going on. It was only after he had accepted, flushed with flattery, that he saw his error. Even then he was too upset.

"These ones who make an art of talking," Papa said, "are very wonderful. While they are speaking they steal your watch, your teeth, and your wig. Afterwards you stand there bald, toothless, and without the correct time, and you applaud them. It is a mad world, *bibi*!"

At the end of a month my father had collected, in free-will offerings (much to our astonishment), almost sixty dollars!

I knew this was possible only because the students had given, out of their hearts, money which should have been spent for carfares, lunches, tablets, pencils, and such.

But the Board soon called my father to task.

"It is obvious," the head of the Board observed, "that the children are not learning anything about playing in an orchestra. They are having too much fun to be gaining any knowledge."

"I think," Papa surprisingly retorted, "they have learned a great deal. It may not show at present. But in the years of confusion which lie ahead, *mon ami*, it will count for much. It is well to know that one and one makes two and that London is in England, and many other dull but necessary facts. Knowledge is a good thing. But it is also well to learn what to do with knowledge. Knowledge without emotion is like the pretty cardboard wedding cakes one sees in the window of the confectioner. They are only fairly attractive and not at all nourishing."

After this speech, Papa swept out of the Board room to meet what he felt was the last class. That day the

total of the heartfelt offering was twenty-five dollars and eleven cents.

My father, on the verge of tears, refunded the money, explaining that he and the Board had agreed the classes be discontinued.

There were loud protests from all the pupils. They begged and shouted for him to reconsider. Papa rocked back and forth on his small feet for a long, long time, running a long finger up and down his aquiline nose. Suddenly his eyes brightened as if with a vision.

"Wait!" he exclaimed excitedly. "I have an inspiration! A stroke, one may say, of genius! Aha! Name of a large blue cow! I have it. Yes, *mes petits amis*, you shall all play in a little symphony in a month. A very little symphony, but a symphony still. I shall be the featured soloist, and together we shall make a triumph. Arrange your ears to hear the cries of 'bravissimo!' In a month we shall be ready.

"All of the families of all of us will make a large audience. Plus, of course, friends and godfathers. *Bien!* We shall have a great concert of the Very Little Symphony Orchestra."

I looked at Papa with curiosity.

"Is it that you are ill?" I whispered.

"*Mais non*," Papa laughed. To the pupils he said: "You will all return, please, the collection which was refunded in error."

SINCE Papa's reputation as a virtuoso would add considerable prestige to the educational system in any concert given under its auspices, it was not difficult to persuade the School Board to permit us to go ahead with the project.

I inquired of Papa how he expected to effect this miracle.

"Play everything slower so that the pupils will be able to both read and play. They will have plenty of time to think. Each quarter note I will make a whole note, and so forth. Everything will be four times slower, but it will still be pleasant."

"And the solo? Who will accompany?" I asked, still unconvinced.

"The orchestra, of course. We will give to one violin one note; to another, another note; to a third, a third note—these they will play together, and *voilà*—a chord. What is the difference whether one violin plays a whole chord? Or three violins play each a third? The same with other instruments."

I did not believe such a thing possible, but Papa himself worked out simple marches, Irish airs, and one or two hymns, slowed down so that the most worried child could manage to play.

A few weeks later the auditorium was jammed with brothers, sisters, fathers, mothers, aunts, uncles, and godfathers.

The music was melodious, even if it was slowed down somewhat. No one cared if things were not the best. Each child was, after all, playing *something* and with great enthusiasm.

In the solos, the accompaniment, as Papa predicted, was adequate in the matter of shared chords, and Papa's violin soared in and out and around everything, tying it together in such a bundle of sweet sound that the audience was entranced.

Papa's share of the proceeds was well over three hundred dollars.

This, alas, ended the Very Little Symphony Orchestra, for my father's success was so great that he was hired immediately by the Chateau to form a chamber-music trio for the dinner hour.

He was, oddly, a little sad about it all.

"You know," he commented, "perhaps it is better to have a little music singing badly in one's soul than to have none at all." He was thoughtful awhile. "Yes, everyone should learn music. We should all be able to play as easily as we do the multiplication tables, which, in the end, have no melody at all."

He reflected a moment.

"What am I saying?" he exclaimed. "Things are not bad enough. Where would I be in a world full of musicians?"

THE CROWN RELENTS

When I had finished grammar school and went into my first year of high school there occurred the adventure of the unrolling puttees. This was to be the first time in my life I met an adult on even terms and battled out a matter of principle with him.

We had cadets in high school as part of compulsory military training and we were drilled two hours every day by a stern soldier.

Ordinarily we marched in our regular clothes, but with the approach of the opening of Parliament, we were given old army uniforms which we wore at extra drill sessions after school.

These uniforms were the garments of standard-sized soldiers who had fought in the war of 1914-18, and while they were a fair fit for most of the cadets they were much too large for me. I was very small for my age, anyway, and much younger than most of my companions. Such is the penalty of academic agility.

At any rate, the bulging tunic with the extra-long sleeves and the cap which was too large by three sizes bothered me a little. What filled me with agony was the puttees. Mine were forever unrolling and tripping me. I wondered, sadly, if I would ever, ever learn to roll them right.

At night, in my room, I would practice until the sweat poured off my wrinkled brow.

"Name of a name!" I would mutter through a tight mouth. "I, too, can do this!"

Unfortunately, I could not.

The importance of learning to roll the puttees correctly lay in my young desire to be a hero to *Maman* and Papa. The cadets were all to march in the parade at the opening of Parliament: to follow the great bands and the coach with the white-wigged coachmen, and the Governor General's Foot Guards, and the Dragoons with spears.

In short, the cadets were to be a part of Canada's greatest pageant and to steep themselves thusly in the British tradition.

It was not tradition that was on my mind, however. It was the great fear that my puttees would unroll in the midst of the parade and I would be laughed at by the throngs who lined the streets. No hero would I be then to my father and mother.

I began to have bad dreams. I saw my puttees unwinding during the parade. I saw myself tripping over them and rolling down the Parliament Hill into the Rideau Canal. I saw the Governor General waiting, as scarlet as his coat with impatience, while they fished me out.

FINALLY I had to speak to Papa. "I am worried," I told him.

"Ah, you have fallen in love," he assumed.

"No. Worse. I am worried because of the puttees which forever unroll."

"You make an elephant of a fly," Papa said quietly. "It is not necessary to march in the parade."

"Oh, but it is!"

I waited awhile as he watched me with gentle eyes, knowing I had more to say. He sipped on his *gloria*. The smell of the coffee and the cognac encouraged me.

"It is because I wish to be a hero for *Maman*," I said.

"Ah. So. This is a noble ambition."

"But if the puttees unroll and everybody laughs I will appear a fool to all the world."

My father thought for a while, sipping slowly. He drummed his fingers on some sheets of music that lay on the bed.

"Well," he announced in the end, "since you wish to be a hero, it is only you who can solve the problem. To have someone else make you a hero is like a romantic woman dancing with a broom to the music of a phonograph. I am right, *n'est-ce pas?*"

"*C'est vrai*," I agreed.

The next day I formed a plan. I went to the commanding officer before drill.

"*Mon commandant*," I began nervously, "*je suis* . . . I am . . ."

"Eh? What? How's that?" he said, bored. His red face

was redder than usual and his great blond mustaches were stiffer at the ends.

"*Mon commandant*. . ." I began again.

"What is it, Private? Speak up!" His tone was gruff.

"Sir, I would like to request. . ."

He looked down at me and away from the teams playing soccer on Cartier Square.

"What," he demanded, "is that you are hiding in your tunic?"

"The rest of my tunic, *mon commandant*."

He laughed unkindly.

"Eh? Too large, what, old boy? You will grow into it, what?"

"Yes, sir," I promised.

Mon commandant straightened my military cap.

"Might walk the wrong way, following your visor, eh? Could lose a war that way. For want of a nail the shoe was lost and all that, eh?"

He bent his head to examine my legs. My puttees had unrolled completely from the motions of tagging after *mon commandant*, who had been striding in circles.

"What's this?" he asked, astonished. "Not regulation, you know—black puttees!"

I looked about nervously and observed that the other boys were beginning to gather for drill. I knew I must hasten or lose courage. I did not wish my companions to know of my secret weakness.

I spoke rapidly: "These are my stockings, sir. The puttees do not stay rolled. It is something to do with the shape of the legs, perhaps. I wish to request the permission to wear stockings instead. I wish further to roll inside the stockings, the trousers. In this case I will not trip and fall and look foolish. Give me permission, please, *mon commandant*!"

Mon commandant puffed out his cheeks and drew himself up to the stature of military nobility.

"Rubbish!" he blasted. "Poppycock, old boy! Remember Balaklava! 'Theirs not to reason why. 'Theirs but to do and die!' Remember Nelson at Trafalgar!"

He delivered to me then and there a condensed version of the history of the English from Boadicea to Vimy Ridge, full of heroism and, I imagine, correctly rolled puttees.

I listened patiently, gazing listlessly at my stockings.

"Then," I said as he concluded in a whirlwind of jingoism, "it is necessary for me to wear puttees?"

Scornfully he stared at me.

"Unless," he observed with a faint sneer, "you secure a special dispensation from the Crown. I am sure His Majesty will be very happy to hear from you."

HE started toward where the boys had formed lines, and I trudged after him.

After the numbering and the roll call, the commandant spoke to us.

"At ease, men," he commanded. "We have here in the ranks a private who is not aware of the need in any army for military discipline! This private has so little faith in the glorious Empire that he cannot learn to roll his puttees correctly in order to defend it someday!"

His voice rose and my spirits sank.

"This private wishes to wear *black stockings* instead!"

A titter swept the ranks.

"What," *mon commandant* bellowed, "would have happened at Trafalgar if Nelson had worn stockings?"

I knew that Nelson *had*, but I did not dare to speak.

His eyes turned to me.

"Private," he said, overly gently, "I understand you have great success reciting at veterans' entertainments and such. Eh? Would you be kind enough, old boy, as to step forward and favor us with a ripping patriotic selection? Eh, what?"

I stepped forward wearily, my throat dry, my heart in my heels.

As the cadets chuckled, I took a deep breath and recited without my usual dramatic gestures:

"It's only an old piece of bunting.

It's only an old colored rag.

Yet thousands have died for its honor,

And shed their best blood for the flag!"

I went on for two more lifeless verses and then stepped back into the ranks.

There was a deep silence while *mon commandant* regarded me as if I were a prisoner of war.

"Now!" he boomed suddenly, "which is more important, men—which is going to preserve His Majesty's glorious Empire? Patriotic recitations in a changing voice? Or military discipline?"

"Military discipline!" my comrades shouted to a man. They were, I am afraid, convinced they would be shot if they spoke otherwise.

This was all bad enough, but the *coup de grace* was yet to be delivered.

"AAAAAAAtennnnn-shun! Any soldier of His Majesty's glorious Empire, large or small, in this company of cadets which I have trained so well—any soldier who does not wear his puttees correctly rolled does not march to the opening of Parliament. Puttees dragging will be permitted in drill, but at His Majesty's great spectacle there will be none of it. I will personally examine each puttee before the parade starts! God save the King!"

OH, the days and the nights I spent feverishly rolling puttees which almost immediately unrolled! I prayed for the intervention of *le bon Dieu* or the Crown. Nothing happened.

Maman and Papa tried to roll the puttees for me, but without success. There was something about my spindly legs that seemed to make puttees, properly rolled, an impossibility.

A few days before the opening of Parliament I went with my mother to recite at one of the entertainments for disabled and hospitalized veterans of the war of 1914-18. This was the sort of thing *mon commandant* had found so distasteful.

I took with me my best costume for courage. It was a Zouave uniform my mother had made because I had wanted something vivid and showmanly.

It was most impressive, consisting of long, baggy blue trousers, scarlet tunic, and many other bright features of the French Colonials.

Before we left for the entertainment I tried on the uni-



form, since I had not worn it in some time. To my dismay the trousers seemed loose around the waist.

"Maman," I cried, "I am become too small for my bloomers!"

"*Va donc!*" Maman laughed. "You are just nervous."

"*Mais non. Regardez!*"

I wiggled, and the pants slipped downward a little.

"Nonsense," my mother chided. "You mustn't wiggle so. We will have to get you the skirt of a hula dancer."

She felt carefully about my waist and reassured me.

I was still, however, not convinced when we reached the crowded auditorium, but I forgot all about my worry when, to my astonishment, I saw the Governor General himself passing among the veterans and chatting good-naturedly. I had never before actually seen His Royal

Highness, and my determination to impress him overshadowed all my other troubles.

After a soprano had sung: "We've all come up from Somerset where the cider apples grow. . ." it was my turn.

I came out of the dressing room in my bright uniform, mounted the steps of the small stage, bowed, and began:

"It's only an old piece of bunting.

(Right hand out.)

It's only an old colored rag.

(Left hand out wide.)

Yet thousands have died for its honor,

(Both hands clutching at the heart ready to die.)

And shed their best blood for the flag!"

(Taking out a flag and waving it furiously.)

The flag waved furiously, indeed. Too furiously, for as I waved the flag with one hand, I caught at my falling trousers with the other.

It was too late. The big blue pants fell slowly down my legs, and I dashed down the stairs into the dressing room. There I tripped over my bloomers and fell on my face, where I lay blinking back the tears and beating my fists on the floor.

Far away, I could hear the audience chuckling.

In a while I opened my eyes and looked around. I found I was surrounded with sympathizers. *Maman* soon was beside me, consoling me.

Behind her, I realized suddenly, through a haze of tears, was His Royal Highness. The Governor General stepped up to me and waved the others to leave.

I jumped up immediately and stood rigidly at attention, bloomers or no bloomers.

"I am sorry, Your Highness," I said.

He smiled. "In spite of the unfortunate accident, I enjoyed your offering tremendously. Someday you may grow up to be the Prime Minister. One must not worry about small things. It is the recitation which counts, not the trousers."

"Thank you," I said.

"I should like," the Duke went on, "to reward you in some way for your services to the Empire. We all serve in our own way. The ringing words of the poets have an importance no less than the strength of soldiers."

"Yes, sir," I agreed heartily. A plan was forming in my mind.

"Kipling," the Governor General said, "was worth a million of infantry."

"Your Highness," I said, after a quick glance at *Maman*, who was smiling in a secretly amused way, "there is something you could do for me which would mean only the stroke of the pen."

His eyes twinkled as I told him the entire story of the puttees. When I had finished, he stroked his chin thoughtfully and, smiling at my mother, said gravely: "I shall consider the matter."

THREE days later, on the morning of the day of the opening of Parliament, I received an official envelope, bearing the engraving: *On His Majesty's Service*, the coat of arms, and the words: *Government House, Ottawa*.

I could hardly believe my eyes when I opened the envelope. There, on heavy paper, was the statement in formal and heroic language that, in view of my services to the nation, I was given the Crown's permission to dispense with puttees for the opening of Parliament!

When I appeared for the parade with my khaki trousers rolled into my long, black stockings, *mon commandant* looked at me with deep disgust.

"Private," he bellowed, pointing at me, "step forward!"

In a moment a look of satirical benevolence crossed his furious face.

"Have you," he purred, looking at the cadets for admiration, "have you, by any chance, obtained a royal dispensation?"

He thrust his chest out and his chin in. For a moment I said nothing.

"Well?" he shouted. "Have you? Eh?"

"Yes, sir," I replied quietly.

He turned suddenly. "What was that?"

"I said, 'Yes, sir.' I have obtained permission from the Crown."

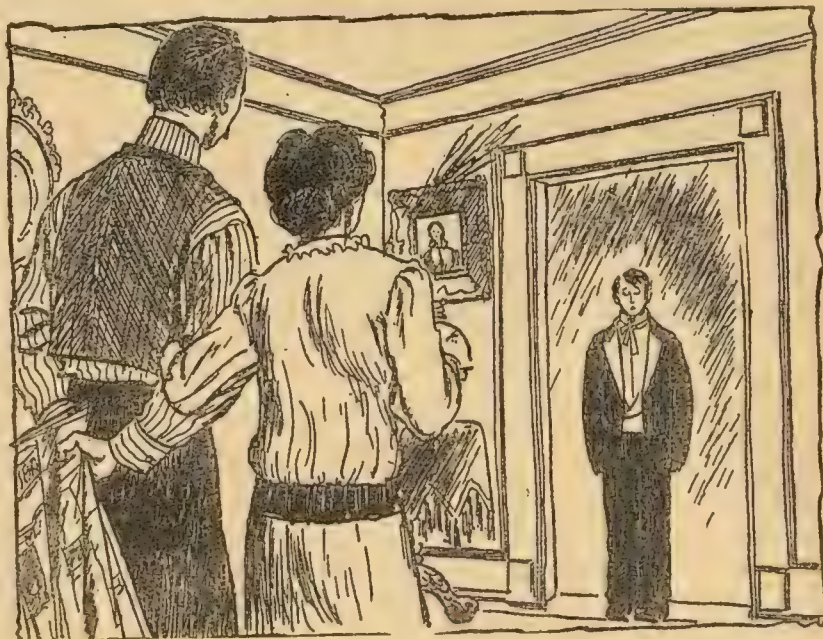
His eyes widened. His mustaches wilted. His chest sank.

"I am going mad!" he shouted. "Repeat that!"

"I have obtained permission from the Crown to wear my trousers inside my stockings."

I took the letter from my pocket and handed it to him.

He read it slowly three times, the blood going from his



face. At the end, he handed me back the message, a beaten man. He looked at me sadly.

"It was not," he said, wearily, "like that in Victoria's day."

THE ROMANTIC TROUSERS

Miss Cornwall, who spoke to me of geometry every day in my second year at high school, was as beautiful as a star.

I sat at my desk, my legs curled around each other, my pen dipping aimlessly in and out of the inkwell, watching, enraptured, as she wrote on the blackboard.

She wrote only of the hypotenuse, perhaps, but to me it was a love message.

My love for Miss Cornwall was utterly pure, mainly, it may be, because I was not very inventive. All I asked was to be where she was, to hear her, to see her, to smell her fragrance.

I longed to tell her of my gallant love, to assure her that it would not be long before I was grown up and ready for a brilliant marriage. She had but to be patient awhile. The fact that Miss Cornwall was some fifteen years my senior scarcely occurred to me.

I wanted to pour forth my love as if it were a brutal bird beating against my heart. But each time I was near her, even to hand her the blackboard compass, I trembled and became as red as a beetroot. My knees knocked in my knickerbockers like my beloved's ruler rapping on the desk, and when I spoke, the sound was like that of the chalk in her compass squeaking along the blackboard.

There came, eventually, a bright day when the Junior Dance was announced. It was rumored that Miss Cornwall would be among those attending this elegant Lower School function.

I was, of course, wild with hope. To dance with her! To speak to her! To hold her in my arms!

Eh, well, what if she was several inches taller? I could dance with my head high and my shoulders straight. If she bent her head a little, we would be even.

In bed at night I fashioned in my mind the lines I would speak to her. They would be great, burning, singing lines, so sincere, so lovely, so impassioned she would almost faint in my arms with the strength of my adoration. After that, I had no plans.

Then, one morning when I awoke, I realized I still wore short pants. In the delirium of loving I had forgotten how foolish I would look dancing with the most beautiful

woman in the world while she wore a black lace evening gown and I wore gray-checked short pants.

That day I begged my mother for a new suit with long pants.

"Why?" she asked.

"Why? But, *Maman*, I am now a man."

"No, *bibi*, you are not a man. You are still too young for long pants."

I sighed and could not eat my dinner.

"Long pants," Papa said, "are fine if you have the length for them. Ah, what is the difference, eh? It is the boy, not the pants."

"It is the pants," I muttered sadly.

The next day *Maman* raised my hopes to the sky.

"Come," she said, "after school we will go and have a suit made for you."

My mother had made all my previous suits. I was, consequently, almost certain the new one would have long pants since I was to go somewhere to have it made. I whistled all day and sang and jumped in the air, clicking my heels together.

I did my geometry with such ease Miss Cornwall singled me out for praise from her soft, red lips and I was as drunk with her words as the thrush with the grapes it eats at vintage time.

Ah, my lovely flower, I thought. Wait! Wait! You do not know me truly, yet. You have seen only the geometric side. Only the hypotenuse.

When I arrived at the house, *Maman* was ready to go and we walked together a long, long way until we came to a row of dark houses. During the whole journey I did not once mention the long pants. I was afraid to break the charm.

We rang the bell and a middle-aged woman with gray hair opened the door and led us into a parlor as dark as a convent seems from the outside. I sat nervously on an uncomfortable horsehair chair. Glancing around the room, I was startled to see the dummies one uses to make women's clothes.

The middle-aged lady reappeared. "Stand up, *s'il vous plait*," she said.

I stood up, puzzled, and the lady took out a tape measure and put it around my waist.

"*Maman!*" I exploded, "this is a dressmaker and she is making for me a suit? *N'est-ce pas?*"

"Yes. I am getting you the best suit possible."

"But from a woman! What will they say at school if they know a woman makes my suits? They will think I am a baby. Think! Think, if it is discovered!"

"You wanted a new suit," *Maman* said quietly.

"Will it," I asked grimly, "have long pants?"

"You are too small for long pants," the lady said.

"Come, *Maman*," I urged. "Grace! I wish no suit. I wish nothing."

We walked home in silence, like two strangers, my mother and I. It picked at my heart as a bird picks at a cherry, but I had my dreams, too, and I knew I could not forever be part of hers.

I SPOKE no more of the long pants. I went to school and came home like a man who has been condemned to death and who has gotten used to the idea.

The night of the dance came at the end of the week. *Maman* had gone next door to chat with Aunt Felice about stretching curtains.

Papa had gone to the Chateau to play for dinner, and I was alone.

I walked about the house, wishing the walls would close in and crush me as they did in the cinema serials. I opened and closed doors loudly, muttering oaths bilingually.

By chance I opened the door of my father's closet and, just as I was ready to slam it shut with angry *patatras*, I observed, hanging there, his beautiful black suit that he wore for special conducting events.

I pulled the trousers down and quickly put them on. Glancing at myself in the full-length mirror, I saw that I had already grown taller and was now almost a fit companion for the most beautiful woman in the world.

I found a dress shirt and put it on. It was too large and bulged, but that did not matter. It was a man's shirt, and that was all I cared about. The tie took me a half-hour to get in place and even at the end one side was larger

than the other, like an abnormal butterfly. Even this did not bother me.

The coat was too large, of course, but I discovered that when I threw out my chest and stretched my arms the coat was almost a fit.

ONE remembers when one is older a night here and a night there in the rose garden of youth. One remembers each detail as one might recall each petal of a rose.

Such was the night I danced on pink clouds with Miss Cornwall in my father's full-dress suit.

I spoke in her coral ear of how I loved her and she did not laugh or call me a foolish boy. She acted as if I were her equal.

She thanked me graciously for a glass of punch. She spoke to me of her life and told me I was very handsome in my new suit and that my geometry was excellent.

One word, one gesture, making me a foolish schoolboy would have broken my heart. She knew it and she did not say the word or make the gesture.

Even when I begged her to permit me to escort her home she said merely that it was such a pity she had already made a previous engagement, and she sounded sincere.

Ah, well . . . I would take her home, anyway, in my young and foolish heart.

I told her as much as the band began to play *Home, Sweet Home*, and she blushed faintly, which delighted me.

It was only after I had summoned up courage enough to kiss her hand and say good night that I realized Papa would soon be home and I must rush to replace the suit.

Dizzy, happy, a man with his head brushing the stars, I skipped joyfully over yard and lawn, my long coattails flying in the breeze like a victor's banner.

It was raised too soon, that banner. They flew too proudly, those coattails. Those stars were not so close as they appeared. I tripped awkwardly over a small wire enclosing the beginning of a lawn and I went sprawling, seeing only, as I fell to my face, a small sign reading: PLEASE KEEP OFF. It was, of course, too late for such a warning. My hands were already cut and my face and shirt covered with dirt.

"Name of many blue pigs!" I muttered. "Regard me!"

But the dirt and the cuts were not the worst. I felt, blowing behind me, a cool wind, and reaching with fear around the back of my trousers, I found a large rip.

Arriving at the house, I did not dare go in. I kept walking around in circles.

In a short time I was so tired I could walk no longer. I went into the house slowly and walked down the hall like one asleep. In the parlor, my mother and father stood side by side, regarding me. I stood before them in silence.

To my astonishment, Papa smiled gently.

"Ah, so! The dance was too vigorous, eh?"

I could barely believe my red ears.

"Comment?" I asked suspiciously.

"In my time," my father went on with too much joviality, "we did not dance so hard we tore our clothes. Of course, at that time it was mostly waltzes, which are easier on the fabric."

"Come," *Maman* said kindly, "you had better wash yourself and change your clothes. Then you may have some brandy-and-coffee and shortbreads. You must be tired."

With love and wonder I looked at them.

"I am a fool," I said loudly. "I am a schoolboy who wishes to become a man suddenly."

"No," *Maman* contradicted. "It is not so."

"Ah, *mais non!*" Papa agreed. "You are becoming a man and we do not wish it in our hearts. We have so much love for you that we wish, hardly knowing it, to keep you forever a small boy with hair that does not comb and stockings which fall down. It is we who are stupid!"

"But, Papa," I said, bewildered, "I stole the best suit. The suit of many concerts—the wonderful suit—and to be selfish. You must forgive me."

My father put his arm around my shoulder and said wistfully: "No, young man, it is *you* who must forgive us."

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Joseph Anthony

DAISY KENYON, by Elizabeth Janeway, is a sophisticated story, as bright as the chromium trimmings on a brand-new car. It's a surprising follow-up to the author's first novel, *The Walsh Girls*, which achieved its effects by quiet studies of character.



Elizabeth Janeway

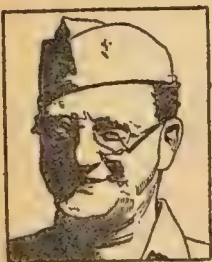
Daisy Kenyon, a magazine illustrator, is in the throes of a love affair with a burly, aggressive, high-powered lawyer when we are introduced to her. Then along comes the right man for her—an equally aggressive and high-powered editor. Their adventure in matrimony is an exciting one. Daisy's discarded lover refuses to call it quits, and the plot thickens, though stirred briskly by some of the season's cleverest dialogue.

Miss Janeway describes her book as "an historical novel, 1940-42." To justify this, we are given a lawyer's eye view of the prelude to Pearl Harbor and some expertly etched scenes of action on the Washington front. However, the romance is always in the foreground, and the war is pushed into a discreetly minor role as the force that prevents the path of true love from running smooth.

Some day a novelist will come along who will really capture the spirit of present-day life with the synthesizing force that is characteristic of a good historical novel. That writer may well be Elizabeth Janeway, for she has insight and exuberant energy. But for the present the one point she has proven is that she can write entertainingly and intelligently even when uninspired.

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., N. Y. Price \$2.50.

WELL DONE! by Morris Markey, takes the reader aboard the aircraft carrier *Essex* on her way to decisive action. By virtue of a wealth of shrewdly observed and honestly reported detail, he brings into sharp focus one of the most dramatic phases of the war.



Morris Markey

Explaining that the hazards of a carrier plane pilot aren't over when he has dropped his bombs or fought off an attack, Mr. Markey says: "I have come in for landings on a flight deck, and it is a rather forbidding thing to circle, and look down upon a floating matchstick moving very fast into the wind, and know that your life depends upon timing such as no stop-watch can calculate."

The author quotes one of his shipmates as telling him: "It isn't really slang to say that a man has guts." His explanation (which, incidentally, is backed up by the writings of psychiatrists) is: "The human mechanism has a sixth sense. . . . It isn't psychic at all. It's visceral."

Well Done! is a distinguished piece of reporting, terse and factual but crowded with stories more exciting than you will find in fictional thrillers.

Published by D. Appleton-Century Co., N. Y. Price \$2.75.

A BOOK that will be standard equipment for expectant fathers is *Stork Bites Man*, by Louis Pollock, and deliriously illustrated by Carl Rose. None of the beloved old gags have been forgotten. This safety-pin saga should help reduce the traffic jam created in hospitals by corridor-pacing males.

Published by World Publishing Co., N. Y. Price \$1.

COCKEYED CROSSWORD

By Ted Shane

STOIC	REEFER
AURORA	UNDINE
GRENOBLE	ESSE
ANS	WEEDS
HUD	NU
ASTROLABES	STUNS
RILES	ODE
CBI	CRISP
SKINK	SAMOTHRACE
ET	ONE
SOUGH	PRO
WINK	OBEISANT
ENTIRE	SCALES
DESTRY	KELLY

Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

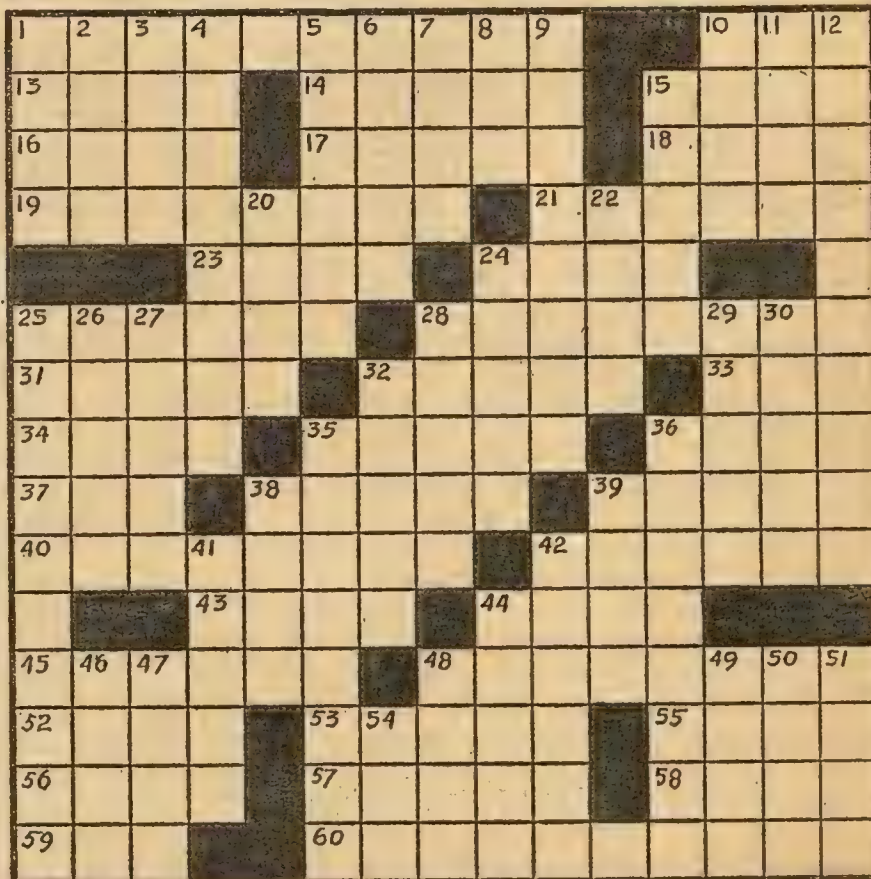
- 1 Ten men running around in circles in their underwear, trying to toss a bladder through a bucket
- 10 Lecture opening
- 13 You'll find a big Buffalo standing next to this
- 14 A bused zebra
- 15 Poor fellow, it gets panned every Friday
- 16 Posthumous posy
- 17 The halitosis apple
- 18 Separation center
- 19 Creamed the chops prior to scraping them
- 21 He finds business pressing
- 23 Snow possessively (anag.)
- 24 Welcome signs hung out in Honolulu
- 25 Fishy things about musicians
- 28 They'd never give you a bum steer, these prairie meat manufacturers
- 31 Many old nags are wearing theirs over one eye à la Veronica
- 32 Hind quarters of sub-athletes
- 33 Dummy lunk
- 34 Gold containers
- 35 This gets flushed, then goes all up in the air
- 36 The one-eyed-what-frogs-do Indians
- 37 Know, good Scotch
- 38 Crystal ballistic experts
- 39 Tossing
- 40 Turkey's heart

- 42 Stagger again
- 43 Hind quarters for honored guests
- 44 Gives the absent member the once-over lightly
- 45 Carrot corral
- 48 A practical doodler
- 52 Complete: Land of the —, home of the brave (Indian)
- 53 Put out emotional banners
- 55 Geometry's gift to ice cream
- 56 Dehydrated
- 57 Shortsnappy
- 58 Preposish
- 59 Spare part for child spoilers
- 60 Highway robbery's committed on motorists caught in these (two words)

VERTICAL

- 1 A ringer
- 2 She whoops it up at the opera
- 3 River bedding
- 4 Gossip apertures
- 5 What Rose left him, with (pl.)
- 6 Flesh hangers
- 7 Favorite adjective for W.C.T.U.s
- 8 Love Softens Oysters (abbr.)
- 9 What war criminals plead for
- 10 The sheriff's hunk
- 11 Anglo-Saxon minority member
- 12 She kicks and squawks to bald-

- headed gents while making a living (two words)
- 15 College nitwit (slang)
- 20 Lambamas
- 22 If you ever get this, will you lend me \$50,000?
- 24 Highway jockeys always keep in the wrong ones
- 25 The Stinker (two words)
- 26 Wrinkle manu-facturers
- 27 In respect to
- 28 Binge
- 29 Never take your ma when you do this, girls!
- 30 Indian moolah
- 32 Phony
- 35 President kibitzers.
- 36 Two-hosspower vehicle, ran on Hay Card
- 38 Frozen Scotch mist
- 39 G.I. Ritz
- 41 Summed up
- 42 Stool-pigeoned
- 44 Wrist ticker
- 46 Jason's seagoing jalopy
- 47 This waves at you from swamps
- 48 Kind of gal that's also simple
- 49 Caesar's old stamping ground (Ital.)
- 50 Upside-down pine (anag.)
- 51 Molotough guys
- 54 Xcess Empties Pockets (abbr.)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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X. AND THE SQUARE DEVIL

Continued from Page 37

"Leave the water bug where she is," I said. "The stock will get used to it in time."

He dropped his voice again. "I'll try to stand up to the hazing, but hazing doesn't include the ship. The old man will back me on that."

"The boys won't touch your puddle skipper. I've given my orders."

"Do they know why I'm here?"

"They know I'm short of hands for round-up. They know the boss's son learns the business the usual way."

"Will they back us when we go after Xavier Sanchez?"

"Pass your test, Nick," I said. "We'll talk about Sanchez later." Then I brought my voice up to a bellow. It'd never do if those cowhands thought that young Nick and I had gone into a huddle so soon. "Scatter," I said. "And you, Tony, show this man where he sleeps and what he'll be riding tomorrow."

Then I took up a dipper and went down into the dust to rouse Spud Corbett from his coma.

ORDERS being orders, I kept the outfit on young Nick's tail all that week and drove him twice as hard myself. I'd had my answer after he took that first swing at Spud. But I knew the boss would want details.

We tried everything, from burs in his saddle to a rattler in his blankets. Spud fought him again and so did three of the younger hands, with a little extra urging from me. We drowned him in mud to bring back strays from the hammocks, and choked him in dust on the barrens. Twice I had him camp in the scrub

overnight to watch an outside corral, and sent the boys to haunt him with catamount coughs and hoot-owl spooks. But young Nick just didn't haunt. Nor did he tire of mud and dust and red bugs. And when it came to trading punches with that outfit, he was a one-man hurricane.

Who was I fooling but old Nick? Who but a bull-headed father could miss seeing that the kid had carved out his own idea of a future? I decided that, the morning I sent Spud into Arcadia with a broken jaw and a message for the boss. With round-up just ending, I couldn't go on teaching young Nick indefinitely, specially since young Nick was learning about life according to his own rules.

The boss sent me his answer the next day by special courier:

Dear Bud:

I still think the kid's crazy. Maybe that's what made him such a great combat flier. But people have said I was crazy too at his age.

Hear him out, and if you think he can bring in X., stay with him. I'll rely on your judgment. What's more, I'll let him sprout wings from now on if you two can rid the scrub of that blood-sucker.

You know I'm still stubborn enough to want Nick to take over when I'm gone—and old enough to give a young bull his head when he's made up his mind.

THE kid was deep in the Cypress when the note came—chasing a heifer I'd lost on purpose, if only to keep him from putting more of my boys in sick bay. So I went down to the dock with a jug and thought it over. This was the week for my fall bender. The last of our stock was safely in flat cars now. I had nothing to do but pay off my peak-season hands and put my old-timers out to pasture. Everyone at the Square Devil would feel unhappy if I didn't

go to bed crooked. And yet here was old Nick's note, with its talk of unfinished business I couldn't ignore. It purely spoiled the first bite of that corn and made me go slow on the second. And when young Nick came ghosting out of the lake and put a wet hand on my arm, I all but dropped my jug.

I saw now that he'd swum in from the plane, with his clothes in one hand. He was still black with swamp muck when he stood up in the shallows below me and started to soap himself clean—a young Hercules for anyone's money in that lazy afternoon heat haze.

"Hands all in and money on its way to the bank," he said in a slow, easy voice that made me feel uncomfortable again. "You've a right to feel happy, Bud."

"Don't butter me when you've got a job in mind."

"A real job, Bud," he said, grinning through the lather. "This afternoon you're going into the swamp with me, and Sanchez is coming out ahead of us."

IT DIDN'T register right away. Taking my ease with good white mule, it had been easy to forget about X. and the thousand we'd paid as our share to keep him off the range. Now I saw that Minorcan all too clearly, big as a rat in a nightmare and just as sharp around the jaws. I remembered the sour smell of him, and the hot black sparks he had for eyes, and the way he carried a squirrel gun slung high in one armpit. He'd be squatting in the Cypress right now—making his split among his outfit, planning his next holiday in Havana between our round-ups and our spring branding.

"So we're going after Sanchez?" I said.

"Just you and me," said Nick.

He grinned and vaulted up to the dock to towel himself dry. "How much has dad told you of my scheme?"

"Nothing, son. Just that I should hear it and decide."

"After I'd proved my right to the family name, of course."

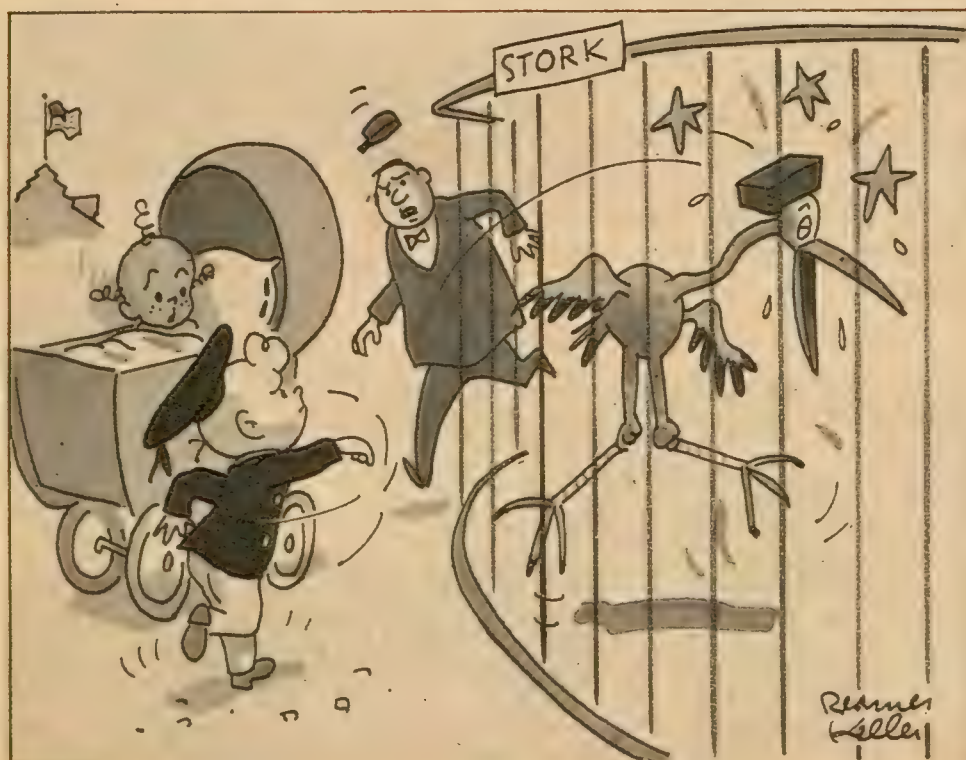
"That takes no proving with me," I said.

He slapped my back hard on that, and I took me another charge of Florida lightning. "Spill it," I said. "We're going to catch us the worst outlaw who ever sat out perdition in Seminole country. Just you and me. This'll have to be good to stay down."

Young Nick said calmly, "I went in yesterday to check on his camp. He's there, all right, Bud. It's a chance that may not come again."

I'd seen that camp just once—when the Sanchez gorillas took us in to make our annual deal. They said he changed it every year, just in case the sheriff had the guts to wade that far. The thought of young Nick ghosting up on that hideaway alone didn't jolt me too much. It was the sort of thing a kid would think of

HARDTACK



LIBERTY

doing when he was sent to bring back a stray heifer.

"Dad said I could bring in Sanchez, if you'd do your part."

"I'm still listening."

"Suppose I said the sheriff's on his way here now, ready to deputize every hand in your bunkhouse?"

This time I really blinked. "You do move fast, son, once you've made up your mind."

"They're hired to kill off catamounts," he said, "why not Sanchez?"

"That Minorcan has thirty men in his outfit," I said. "Most of 'em can shoot off a squirrel's ear at a hundred yards. D'you think old Perry would wade through muck just to be their target?"

"Sheriff Perry can sit right on this porch and wait for them," he said. "So can your cowhands—if they'll spread out a bit when the time comes."

I put down the jug and stared at it; Palm Valley champagne had never affected my hearing. But young Nick went right on and ignored my manners.

"Have you ever looked at a map of the Cypress—and thought how nicely it'd burn in the dry season, if you could set fires right?"

He was grinning like a cat with a conscience, now that he saw I'd caught his point. "Where do I come in?" I asked. "Why can't you do it alone—supposing it *can* be done?"

Young Nick jerked a thumb at the bunkhouse. I could hear Tony's accordion going now, and knew, by the sort of whooping that accompanied it, that half the hands were celebrating round-up, same as me.

"Sheriff'll be here inside an hour," said Nick. "All you need do is tell those boys to stay put and take his orders. They'll stay, provided you and I start this job together."

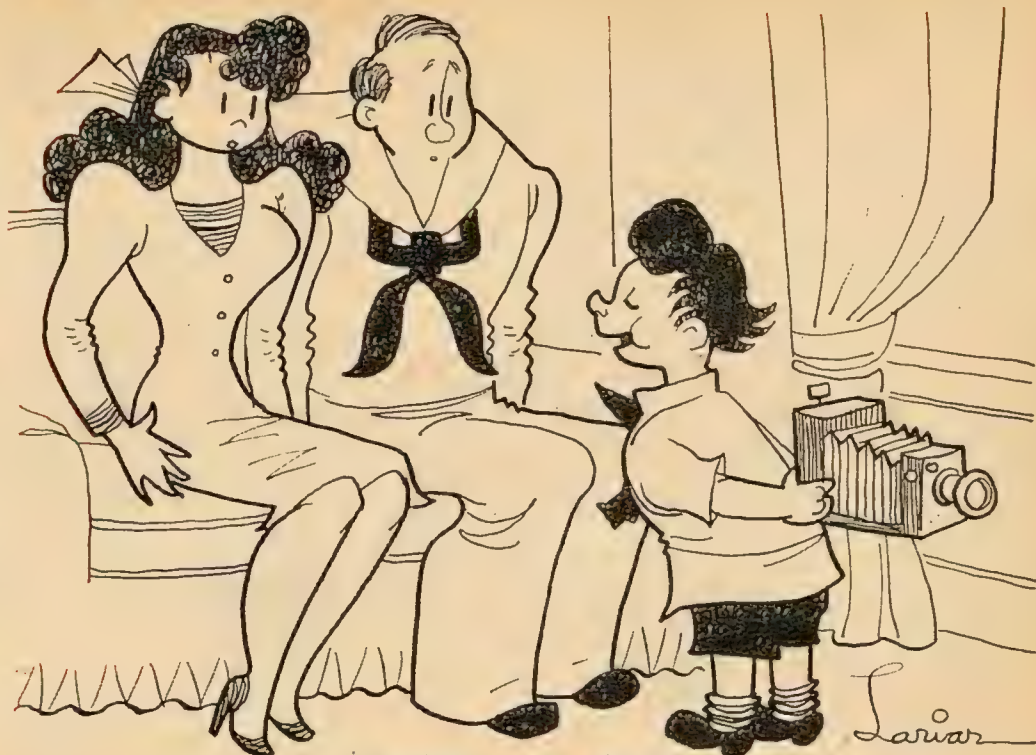
He dived cleanly from the string-piece without waiting for my answer. I sat quiet while I watched him tune up his motor and bring that flying bug up to the dock. Then he stepped out beside me and got into his blue-jeans. I took one more consultation with the jug to make up my mind. Then I steadied myself with a hand on his shoulder and yelped those cowpokes into the open.

Praise Katy, Florida lightning bothers my legs but not my voice. I knew they were listening from the first word I spoke. But I was ready for anything by that time. Even for the cheer they gave us, when young Nick dumped me into his cockpit and gave his prop its first trial spin.

DON'T ask me how we got into the air. When I looked again, the lake was a blue mirror under our pontoons.

From that height the shape of the Big Cypress was more like a bloated bottle than I remembered from the maps. Then Nick pushed the ship into a steep climb, and I could see nearly all of Okeechobee, big as a sea in the hot afternoon.

THE HOME FRONT



"Wanna buy a negative?"

LIBERTY

There was the sweep of buzzard-haunted swamp under our wing tips now. There—in the haze to the east—was the Atlantic ground swell, and Palm Beach, full of Willie-boys and the sort of women with nothing to do but drink Martinis for breakfast and paint their toenails. There—in between—was the Square Devil Ranch.

Nick leveled off again and then took the ship into a barrel roll that all but shocked me sober.

"See that dead blue gum?" said Nick. "Sanchez's camped on an Indian mound not a hundred yards beyond. If I'm not mistaken, there's a lookout in the crotch."

Sure enough, I saw the swamp monkey plain as day as we roared over, a six-foot cracker with a face like an ax blade. Only he looked too scared right then to do much about the rifle on his knees. I didn't have to look back to guess he'd skinned down to report. All that X. could hear, in that nest of dog fennel, was the banging of our motor.

Nick pulled up his nose a bit. The cypress heads below us changed from trees to a yellow mat again, as unreal as a painting in a geography book.

"That's a break for us," Nick said. "When he spreads the alarm, X. will pull in his pickets. We'll have 'em bunched tight in that camp when we get to work."

Nick looked at his instrument board and chuckled. "An east wind, too. That's what I was really praying for. Did you ever do any bombing, Bud?"

I'd given up being surprised long ago. "Lead me to it."

"There's a pedal under your seat. Find it with your foot and bear down hard when I give the word. It's a gadget I invented, just for practice."

Then he went into a screaming

dive. I was hugging my demijohn with both arms now, and had given up praying long ago. The cypress heads rushed up to meet us like spooks that had come alive. Already I could see a buzzard's empty nest in one of those high crowns and wondered if that's what we were aiming for.

"Now!" said Nick.

Reckon my foot was already on that pedal. I watched the bomb drop as Nick leveled off—exactly as though that flying boat had laid an egg in mid-air. Only it wasn't a bomb, as the papers use the word. It was a round can of tow-soaked kerosene that burst into flame as it fell and hit that powder-dry land.

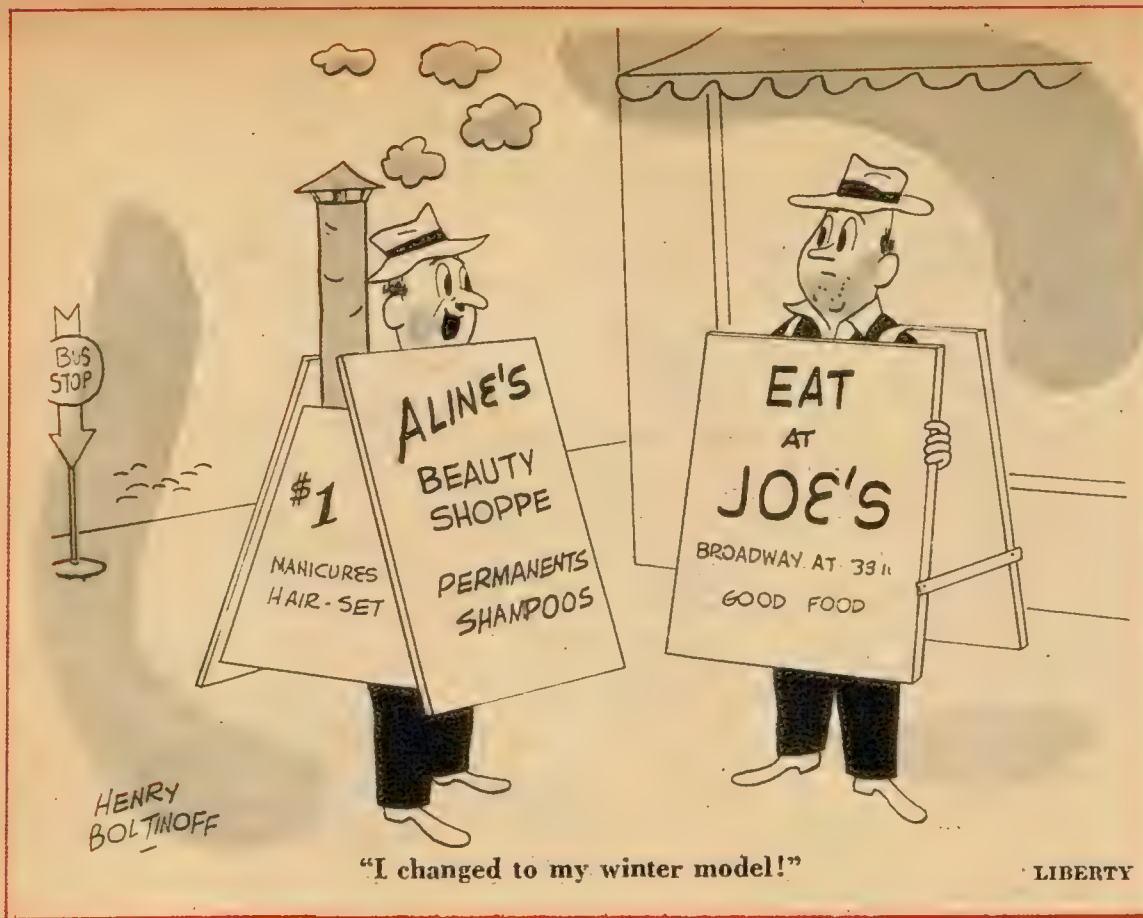
I watched the orange flare as we banked and wheeled away. Even from that height it looked real enough.

"Now!" the kid barked.

IN all, we laid six of those kerosene eggs before we circled out of the smoke they raised. By that time the six fires had made one blended arc, with that dead blue gum at its center; the sort of flaming half circle that seemed to grow under its own power. I watched the lazy Atlantic breeze fan it higher, as it ran on into the dry heart of the Cypress—jumping from dog-fennel thicket to bay grape, running like crazy through a tangle of old water oaks that had been dead for years and burned now like an inferno in Technicolor.

At least, that's how it looked at two thousand feet. When Nick spiraled down again for a look-see, you could feel those heat waves bouncing off his wings. A tree cracked wide open under us, rich with boiling sap, and I hunched down my head, thinking that X. was taking a pot shot at us after all.

Nick said, "They'll run for the



"I changed to my winter model!"

LIBERTY

lake, of course. We've plenty of time to head them off." And he banked again—so low that a wing tip seemed to brush the black oily smoke below. Next thing I knew, we were streaking south like a bat with all hell popping behind us.

LIKE the kid said, we caught up with X.'s outfit halfway to the lake shore—thirty-odd black ants scuttling like mad down the middle of a dried-out slough. Funny, how inhuman they looked from that height—and how pitiful, even when they pulled up short and started blazing away with all they had.

"Enjoy yourselves, gents," said Nick. "You'll be throwing those guns away before you're through."

Then he went into another sudden dive that sent the black ants scurrying for cover. We flew so low this time that I saw the grass along that slough flatten under the airstorm of our propeller. A few of those swamp dodgers were still firing. At least one bullet ripped through our tail, and I wasn't at all surprised to see a crazy-angled star form on the glass bell when another went into a ricochet. Somehow there wasn't time to be scared before Nick nudged me again. My toe was beginning to get numb now, but it still worked. This time the fire bomb landed spang in the middle of a dry palmetto clump. The flames were crackling like machine guns gone berserk when we zoomed up and away. Through the smoke I saw the black ants were running again—back to the heart of the swamp and the fires they'd tried to dodge in the first place.

"They've just one way to go now," said Nick. "Have I got to draw you a diagram, Bud?"

I let out a long-drawn yell and hoisted the jug to celebrate. Something in his face told me that we'd turned the trick as of now. He

nudged me now and again until we'd dropped the last of our tinder load in an arrow-straight line just this side of the lake, but he was smiling now and only half noticing the way the new fires spread and joined.

"Where are we going now?" I asked.

"Back around the circle. Just to be sure it's joined."

Believe me, brother, we'd set those fires by the book. When we flew back to our starting point, the whole heart of the Cypress was jumping and throbbing with living flames. The blaze was feeding on everything in sight now, and funneling west and south with each push of the wind. Already it had begun to spread out to the palmetto prairie. I knew it would burn there for days, until it petered out in the fire lane we always cut to the north just after the fall rains. But that was in the books too. In those days we always burned the scrub in winter to make new grass for the yearlings in the spring. As for the bunkhouse and the corrals—well, I wasn't too worried about them either—now the stock was out. There was nothing left to stampede but the cowhands' ponies, and I knew that Sheriff Perry would have them working by this time.

Just as I tucked that thought away nice and cozy, the motor gave a cough and died.

RECKON I'd been expecting something like that all along. You just don't round up varmints *that* easy. Nick took it like I'd expected, too—cool and easy, nursing all the ceiling he had until the propeller stopped turning. Then he threw the ship into a series of banks, letting it drift down as lazy as a falling leaf. But the ground was drifting up to meet us too, and the ground looked more like a live volcano every second.

An air pocket took a hungry swipe

at us, and I thought we were gone. The way that sea of flame opened to swallow us is something I still see in my dreams. But Nick rode the edge of that blast of heat as smooth as a roller coaster. When we hit the next down grade, I saw what he'd been aiming for ever since his engine conked—the thin black ribbon of the slough, framed in hell-roaring fireworks. Even from five hundred feet it didn't look too wide. But there was enough water for a landing, though a lot of it was going up in steam as the fire boxed us in.

We made it, with inches to spare, skimming the tops of a half dozen blazing cabbage palms and hitting the water with more wallow than splash. I heard a snag grate along our pontoons, and held my breath. But we were still watertight when we skated to a stop, with a mere hundred feet of boiling bog between us and the main line. The heat wave that slapped us back when Nick wrenched open the plane door was a combination of Turkish bath and blast furnace.

Nick went overside instantly, ignoring the steam that was beginning to rise around us in clouds. So help me, he was still grinning. I swallowed my heart and started to climb out to help, but he pushed me back.

"Bullet," he said. "Split the feed-pipe. Think we've time to splice it, Bud?"

I TOOK what comfort I could from my jug and watched his fingers fly. When he asked for 'em, I handed him out a wrench and a length of copper wire. I could even look over his shoulder at the flaming swamp and count the wild critters heading for open country—bobcats and jack rabbits and a sidewinder that must have been nine feet from head to rattles, moving too fast for once to worry about one another. Cottonmouths and gators swimming for dear life and splashing our wing tips with live steam as they barged on by.

The pontoons were bumping on mud now, as the fire behind us sucked the water away. The last cottonmouth had gone by long ago, but we still had thirty-odd human snakes to hear from. Even if Nick could fix his gas pipe now, even if there was enough wet mud for a take-off, those swampers would make short work of us if they got within rifle range.

"Kick the starter, Bud," said Nick. He was plastered with hot mud and sweat now, but his grin hadn't changed a bit.

Don't ask me how I got into the pilot's seat and found the right gadget. Next thing I knew, the prop kicked into action with a roar, and I was slithering across that mud, exactly as though I knew where I was going. Nick ducked just in time to keep his head on his shoulders when I sashayed back—and grabbed a wing tip in time to spin me away from the fire. We were pointed right

again—with an acre or so of boiling gumbo in front of us—when he vaulted into the cockpit and shut off the power.

"God help us if you've flooded her, Bud," he said.

I knew what he meant all right, long before I heard the first varmint whoop from the dry bed of the slough. They were coming on fast now, not minding whether they had dry land underfoot or a sinkhole. I heard the first shot rip through our struts before Nick could push me out of the driver's chair and kick his motor.

"Get out there and turn her over, Bud," he said, easy as ever. "It's our last chance."

Once more I knew what he meant without a diagram. I don't remember sloshing into the mud and grabbing that beveled propeller blade. I do remember yelling "Contact!" like a born grease monkey just before I gave her a whirl. The airstorm I created laid me out in the mud for a second, but I was on hands and knees again when the motor went into a deep, sweet roar. Another wild shot from behind us laid a streak of mud down my cheek, neat as a pocket rule. Then I was scrambling over a pontoon and rolling into my seat beside the pilot. So help me, Nick had been holding my demijohn on his knee while he waited. There was a bullet hole in the windshield now, not an inch from his head; but he paid it no mind as he handed back my snake juice and taxied into his run.

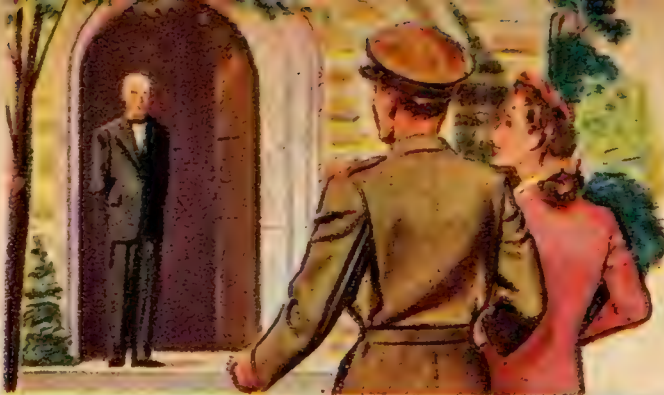
JUST to be moving again was enough for me. I didn't even notice the crease between his brows as he fought the ship from mud to water, and from water to air again. The swamper were shooting at us from two sides now, but I didn't even bother to wave when we'd cleared the wall of fire with whole feet to spare and bat-winged for the lake again.

At that, I guess I was cursing in more'n one language when I saw blue water ahead at last, instead of smoke. Nick put an easy hand on my arm.

"Catch your breath, Bud," he said. "I think you've earned it."

I listened to my heart thud back to normal while the motors throttled down. There was blue water all around us when the spray cleared from the windshield. Nick had taken that ship miles deep into Okeechobee; the shore line was only a black pencil smudge to the south, with a great plume of smoke to show how well the Cypress was burning. I wondered how thick the traffic was now in that wet bottleneck that emptied on the bunkhouse doorstep. No living thing could skulk there for long, with the fire teasing him from behind.

Nick's grin hadn't changed a bit while I shook myself back to normal. "That was near enough, Bud. Closer than I ever came to getting it



Two doors—and a Man's Heart!

"This old door leads to happiness," said Bruce. "Very important to us." And we entered the church we'd attended since our nursery school days.



Our lifelong friend, Rev. Edwards, tied the knot. His motherly wife doubled as witness and Matron of Honor. Then she said, "Children, you're coming next door to your wedding breakfast. Just for old times' sake."



"Speaking of food, darling," said Bruce, "remember a man's tummy is the door to his heart—something like *that!*" He opened Mother Edwards' refrigerator—there was a lot of food filed away on shelves built right in the door.



"That's my Shelvador*," smiled our hostess. "It's the most convenient thing I've ever seen. It's just like opening the doors of two refrigerators." Bruce winked at me and said, "Put that name Shelvador* in our kitchen plans, darling."



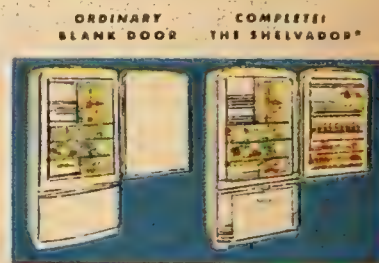
YOU'LL BE WELL REPAID to see the Crosley Shelvador* when it returns to dealer stores. You'll find it offers every modern improvement in home refrigeration—*plus* the exclusive patented Shelvador*.

Twice as much front-row food—twice the convenience—much less searching for the things you want—and only Crosley has it!

Start saving for *your* Crosley

now.

*REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



TWICE AS MUCH FOOD TO THE FRONT WITHIN EASY REACH

CROSLEY

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RADIOS • RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS • F M • TELEVISION • SHORT WAVE • ELECTRONICS • RADAR REFRIGERATORS • HOME FREEZERS • HOUSEHOLD APPLIANCES • HOME OF WLW, "THE NATION'S STATION"

in the Pacific. We can admit it, now it's over."

I gave him a long look. So he'd been just as scared as I.

"We'll want to be at the bunk-house for the pinch," he said. "After all this trouble, I don't want to miss it."

AT first you couldn't see the bunk-house for smoke. I prayed we'd cut our fire lanes wide enough when we swooped over the roof at last. But the Square Devil was all there when the breeze lifted the curtain enough for me to study the landmarks.

The fire was still hissing down that wet bottleneck of swamp to the east, and building to a solid red wall beyond. The dog fennel in the bottleneck itself was burning like sixty and sending up clouds of steam from the bog beneath.

Every so often, as the smoke billowed, I could see the shape of a cowhand. The sheriff had placed them well, all down our side of the fire lanes.

Each of 'em had a rope coiled on his saddle. Each of 'em looked solid as statues against the red wall of flame. Revenge on horseback, daring the devil—or Sanchez—to show his face.

Nick sat us down on the water in a neat pancake landing. I was over-side and wading for the dock before we'd quite stopped coasting. When he tackled me from behind, we went down in a smother of foam.

Then he carried me up to the stringpiece, a tom cat with his favorite kitten.

"Sit it out, Bud," he said. "We're early."

The smoke had hidden us from those watchers at the entrance to the Cypress. The smoke kept coming over for a good half hour while Nick sat there beside me, with one hard

hand anchored in my galluses. For awhile—remembering what had happened to us in the slough—I thought that the fire had caught up to X, after all, and hated myself for hoping that it had.

Then, as the smoke thinned at last, I heard them coming and yelling for mercy as they ran.

Nick had been right about the guns; they'd dropped everything long ago in that race with death. Now they stumbled rather than ran, clawing at the cypress knees as the gumbo sucked them back. Someone fired a shot far down our line on horseback, and the cow ponies moved in like clockwork.

Believe me, I'd never watched those boys handle cattle any easier. A lariat snaked into the thinning smoke, and then another. I saw a cowhand drag a half-fainting swamper across the lane, slapping out the fire in his hair as they moved.

So help me, I didn't know which of 'em was Sanchez until Sheriff Perry hustled up with his handcuffs—and a flourish he'd been practicing for ten years.

I knew I was running the Square Devil again—that thirty-odd thieving cottonmouths were waiting the sheriff's pleasure. I also knew that I felt better than I'd ever felt—and it had nothing to do with white mule.

OLD NICK feels pretty proud too. You can tell that by the way he trains his eyes on the sky about the time the kid is due to come winging over the Square Devil on his regular Miami-New York flight for the air lines.

Sometimes the kid will dip his tail just a little—I guess in memory of X, the devil who helped him sprout wings.

THE END

PARLOR PANHANDLERS

Continued from Page 15

scientific fervor in the search and study of government patent records, early novelty manufacturers' catalogues, and other background data. Emerine has gathered copies of patent on fifty or more banks. He owns a half dozen illustrated price lists of old wholesale firms which originally marketed the banks as low as three dollars a dozen, done up smartly in individual wooden boxes. John D. Meyer, vice-president of the First Blair County National Bank of Tyrone, Pennsylvania, is busy gathering material for a handbook which will consolidate much of this sort of information.

High adventure in a collector's life comes with the finding of some long wanted bank. Many years ago Emerine had his sights set for a Circus Bank (clown and cart ride the ring, knocking coin into the box). He had almost given up hope when one day his wife suddenly remembered a mechanical toy she and her brother had played with in Clyde, Ohio. It was the Circus Bank. Emerine has since located four more and traded off three to other collectors.

Crane once found a rare Goat Bank (billy butts the coin into a tree stump) in an antique shop while motoring through New England.

WITH the war over, bank hunters will take to the road again, but Emerine estimates that 95 per cent of all available banks already are in possession of collectors. This figure considers only perfect specimens. There might be quite a few around that would qualify for cabinet space after a little repair work. A few collectors do their own repairing, chiefly in basement shops equipped with small lathes and miniature iron foundries. Using a sound part—often on temporary loan from some friend-collector—talented hands can produce a duplicate, relieve the crippled bank of its imperfection, and give it a new lease on life.

A. W. Pendergast, a retired optometrist of Terre Haute, Indiana, who first began mending specimens for himself and his friends, has built up quite a business and has restored 2,000 broken banks so far mostly for other collectors and at prices which hint only faintly of commercialism.

Some banks that come to Pendergast are in a general state of chaos. He once charged twenty dollars—his highest price on record—to restore one of these.

"It was sure sad," he remembers. "Everything was wrong with it."

But sad banks, happy banks, healthy banks and ill, all have their places in the heart of a collector hankering to add a new act to his miniature penny-cadging hippodrome. And rare banks, like gold, are where you find them.

THE END



VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

A Veteran in His Own Home State

UP for notice on the Bulletin Board this week is posted a memo on state aids. Most of us thought the G.I. Bill of Rights, discussed and dissected in previous issues, had encompassed all veteran benefits—there weren't any others.

But investigation reveals that, aside from unemployment compensation, the veteran may add a variety of less publicized state benefits to his federal aids. State laws vary



Concession

greatly, of course, and so far as veteran legislation is concerned, there is continuous revision. *Investigate the situation in your state immediately*, as application for some of these special grants must be made within a specified time after discharge.

The list of state benefits—depending upon your state—includes: state civil service or job preference for veterans and for widows of veterans, as well as for dependents and wives of the disabled; educational benefits, sometimes including free tuition at state schools and universities; home and farm loans; exemption from low-value real and personal property taxes; reviewing of certain professional licenses without fee; homes and rest camps; vocational rehabilitation; financial aid to dependents of deceased veterans; educational scholarships to children of vets; yearly pensions for the totally blind; bonuses; and minor state concessions which range all the way from help for temporarily destitute veterans to the issuance of free licenses for driving, hunting, and fishing.

We mention this because a vet-

eran friend once asked whether it would be better to take a chance on obtaining a state scholarship or cash in on the G.I. Bill, which would give him a four-year tuition allowance. This incident inspired the Bulletin Board to post the fact that any benefit under the G.I. Bill will be deducted from any future "adjusted compensation" (bonus)—but money received in the state program will not affect the federal bonus, if and when given.

Unfortunately, many states have not adequately publicized their veteran benefits. As a result, many ex-G.I.s are in the dark as far as up-to-date information on state help is concerned. The Bulletin Board respectfully suggests that, as a matter of pride, no state allow itself to be outdone by another state in repaying its veterans for their sacrifices.

And, equally important, states must take every step necessary to publicize proudly what their returning vets have coming to them.

* * *

Mrs. J. L. M., Austin, Tex. Yes, I have received many letters containing the same thoughts as yours with regard to compulsory military training. Look at it this way: "Compulsory" tooth-brushing was forced on all of us at an early age. Why? To guard us against agonized moments in the dentist's chair later on. It is the sincere wish of our President, and of the military strategists who led us to victory, to guard against a recurrence of the necessity for calling boys direct from their homes to war with not the faintest idea of how a gun is held, let alone fired. Call it a form of education. Surely you want your son to be prepared to meet any eventuality. War is one possible eventuality. But a well-trained citizen reserve, in addition to the "professional" armed forces and organized national guard, is a force toward mediation rather than aggression.

* * *

Cpl. A. J. Friedkiss, Brooklyn, N. Y. Yes, the wife of a veteran may receive preference in civil service appointment, provided her husband is disabled to such a degree that he is unable to qualify for any civil service appointment. Passing score is 70 points (including 10-point preference credit) in whatever examination she chooses.

Mrs. J. L. Reynolds, Palm Beach, Fla. Your family allowance will go on as usual when your husband reenlists. This is covered in WD Circular 310, which says that "the dependents of any enlisted man in the Army of the United States shall be entitled to receive a monthly family allowance during any period of enlistment contracted prior to July 1, 1946."

* * *

Allen Joyce, Canton, Ohio. No, you can't be forced to report to the U. S. Employment Service, but if you have no job, it is advisable to do so immediately. Only by enrolling with the USES can you become eligible for your readjustment allowance. The sum involved is \$20 a week for a maximum of fifty-two weeks.

* * *

Max Vaughn, Y1c, Olathe, Kans. You are entitled to wear the American Campaign ribbon even though you have not been overseas. All U. S. military personnel who served honorably on active duty in the continental United States for an accumulative period of one year, including permanent and temporary duty, from December 7, 1941, until a date which will be announced later, are now eligible.

* * *

Arthur Hoskins, Bronx, N. Y. Forewarned is forearmed, Arthur. I'd suggest you read carefully the Better Business Bureau's pamphlet, *Facts Veterans Should Know Before Starting a Business*. Any Vet-



To guard us

erans Administration office should have one. The booklet warns discharged servicemen to beware of swindlers, outlines schemes to avoid, and ways to check on doubtful ventures.

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is your department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

GEISHAS ON THE GINZA

Continued from Page 17

promoting the RAA, merely approving it.

"If they want to make an honest dollar on this basis while benefiting us, I have no objections," Colonel Wilson said. Having fought the battle of recreation ever since New Guinea, and at home before that, he knows that the demand always exceeds the supply.

Wilson specified to the Japanese that sanitation must meet U. S. Army medical standards, and such places as beer halls are kept under the eye of spotters from the Army medical department. The Japs had never bothered much with cleaning beer glasses; now the glasses are sterilized after each use.

But it took more than an approving nod from Colonel Wilson to clear the tracks for the Japs. The B-29s had put several problems in the way. In Tokyo, few undamaged buildings remained, and the owners of those still available, wise to the economic advantage of possession in the midst of scarcity, have shown marked restraint in releasing them.

AT RAA headquarters, on the third floor of a badly burned-out building, this matter received welcome discussion.

A balding mite of a man in a shabby suit, who flashed an "Interpreter" badge, led the way to a big fellow with a Bismarck haircut. The big man proffered his card. It read, "Masaji Watanabe, Chief Manager of Main Office, Recreation and Amusement Association."

But it was the interpreter who did the talking. Mr. Kiyoshi Kurosaki had spent twenty years in New York. His cards of the time showed he had

been a vaudeville actor and dancer in the States. He had also run a dancing school and produced shows. "Professor Kiyoshi Kurosaki, Dancer and Vaudeville Productions," he had billed himself then.

The point he wanted to make was a delicate one. It was this: If the American authorities would indicate to property owners—not order, just indicate—that they favored compliance with RAA requests for rental, things would go much better.

There is, for example, the seven-story Isetan Building, only slightly damaged. It's outside the heart of town and on the best spot in the Tokyo area. A main thoroughfare, lined for miles with U. S. installations, passes the front door. The property is on the railroad coming up from the Atsugi airfield, and on the loop of the city's belt-line railway.

The RAA people want this spot. They expect to fill it with all manner of amusement—skating rinks, cabarets, dance halls, shooting galleries—and handle 15,000 American customers a day. The Isetan management, however, is in no hurry to make a deal. RAA headquarters men laughed heartily at the suggestion that the Americans should have stopped bombing sooner.

Meanwhile other space is opening up. Several floors have been obtained in the Matsuzakaya department store, in the midtown Ueno district, for purposes covered by the name Oasis of the Ginza; and a branch of the same store has released a mezzanine section for conversion into The Cherry Blossom Beer Hall.

Near the harbor, and accessible by land or sea, the association has acquired the home of a baron. The baron's abandoned diggings are an Arabian Nights fantasy of sliding panels faced in silk, polished parquet

floors in a dozen patterns, marble inlay, lacquer, mother-of-pearl, and silk tapestries. In one upstairs room two panels slide back, revealing a stage suitable for the dance of the geisha. This place will be for officers only.

Less delirious spots secured so far include a beer-snacks-and-phonograph emporium at the Tachikawa flying field, restricted to officers, and a beer pub in Akabane, Tokyo suburb. Such locations are turned up by the metropolitan police, who are delegated by the government to ferret them out whenever a Yank outfit arrives in a given area.

The organization could do with more beer. The B-29s, shortsightedly, left only two breweries in operation, and small ones at that. But this is being corrected. Until the Americans have been provided for, the Japs are denying beer to themselves. Hard liquor there is none, but they don't want it anyway—too intoxicating.

Lack of musical instruments is the despair of Mr. Minoru Tsuji of the RAA's cabaret and dance-hall section, found sitting on the floor of his office. A Chaplinesque character with black-rimmed spectacles, he exclaimed, "Oh, we have so much trouble! All burned out! Musicians have their bodies safe, but instruments, no—burned out."

AS to girls, a basic ingredient of this undertaking, Tsuji pointed out that although the local supply was greatly thinned by the city's evacuation, they are coming back in response to newspaper appeals that read, "Those women who understand the tasks of our association . . . come to us, give us your assistance." Tokyo alone wants 5,000. The vanguard of these is being temporarily housed in a barracks provided by their employers in the upstairs section of a former restaurant.

"Home" girls are wanted most. They are considered more typical of the Japanese woman than are geishas and other professional entertainers, so that the strangers from overseas won't get the wrong impression. "The professional girl," said Mr. Tsuji, "is"—he held his hand close to the floor—"low. She not bright."

A fair specimen of the type wanted was Miss Hatsumi Murayama, presented at the cabaret. Prim and ivory-skinned but marred by the abominable gold which the Japanese use for dental repair, she was a farm girl and had worked in the district agriculture agent's office during the war. She admired Americans for what she knew of them from her schooling, American movies, and imported American goods.

A second lady had worked in the office of a war plant. The B-29s destroyed her home and, when she moved, destroyed that home too, but she wasn't bitter. None of her numerous family was lost.

Mr. Masanao Kanechika, serving the RAA in an advisory capacity, (Continued on page 64)



"Here's where I puncture the Santa Claus myth."

LIBERTY

for the New Year!

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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Gosh, it's awfully cold in Jan.;
Smooth Hot Toddies warm a man!

Mar. - Apr.							
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21	22	26	27				
28	29	30					

*In March, when winds begin to blow,
Kinsey Highballs cheer you so!*

*Here's to May and lovely Spring
And Whiskey Sours full of zing!*

July - Aug.				
S	M		F	S
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25	26	27	28	29
			30	31

*Time goes by—up comes July
When Kinsey Juleps cool a guy!*

Sept. - Oct.					
S	M	T	T	F	S
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27	28	29	31		

Thirty days all through September
Bring Manhattans you'll remember!

Hang the holly—toast the season
With Old Fashioneds smooth and pleasin'!

*In '46 . . . the whole year through,
Kinsey is the blend for you!*

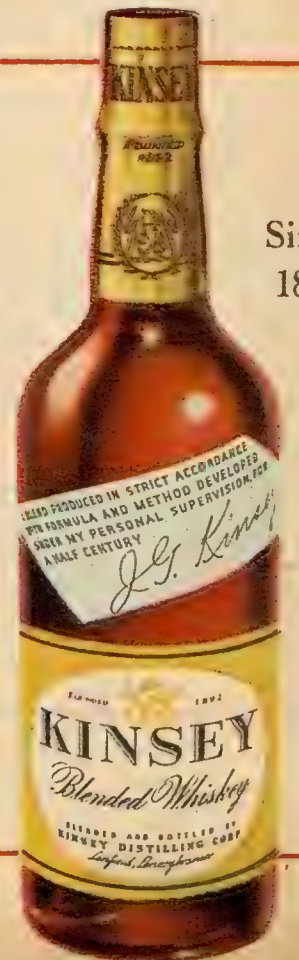
KINSEY

the unhurried

WHISKEY

A BLEND

Since
1892



86.8 Proof • 65% Grain Neutral Spirits
Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.



"I saw it in Vogue."

LIBERTY

(Continued from page 62)

was dapper in a late '20s suit and a large carved ivory cigarette holder. A little man who looked younger than his sixty years, and speaking English with an Italian quality, he said they called him "Small Tokyo" during his sixteen years in New York, beginning in 1903. He attested that the girls speak well of the Americans even when there are none around. "They say everyone American is a nice a fellow. I say why? They say nice a clean, nice a shave"—stroking his chin.

Small Tokyo attributed his youthful appearance to "no secrets inside—American style." He beat his chest. A much prized possession is a megaphone given to him by the U. S. Navy for his astounding vocal output in announcing a sports event in Shanghai some years ago. That he still is able to give out was evident one day when he addressed the G.I.s at a beer hall somewhat as follows: "Sorry, boys, no salted peanuts today. But we gotta shredded cuddlefish, frozen tangerines—maybe roasta peanuts tomorrow."

As an authority on America and Americans, Mr. Kanechika listed the things about which he had advised the RAA. One was the need for cleanliness. "That's a most important thing." He outlined the postwar attitude everyone should have. "We lost the war. We gotta show up a good loser—be good sports. That's a most important thing." He told how, with the Americans in charge of the country, there would be a new freedom. "Jap government nothing but law. Now be outspoken—make it a frank. I am a specialist because Kanechika has been in America. His opinion very fair."

In accordance with these recommendations, the girls are learning to speak English and to dance American style. This is being done with

assembly-line speed. The day begins with lessons and ends in practical experience. First thing in the morning is dancing instruction in a burned-out second floor auditorium on the Ginza. The girls keep an eye on the demonstrations of the vastly outnumbered instructors and work it out among themselves. Syncopation of an ancient flavor issues from an asthmatic gramophone or is beaten out of a reluctant piano, with occasional interspersals by a small orchestra. It went to work now, peeling off Diane and In a Little Spanish Town.

The girls do well, considering that most of them grew up during a time when there was no dancing in Japan.

During rest periods, the girls are dosed with English. A teacher first writes an English phrase on a blackboard, then the nearest Japanese pronunciation and meaning. Consuming about four hours daily, this instruction is primary and the course lasts three days. By the end of that time, with hundreds of new girls coming in each day and hundreds going out, the class turnover is complete, and the course begins all over again. The graduates go on to an advanced course, likewise lasting three days.

WHILE English in twenty-four hours may leave something to be desired, the girls do pick up enough for close inshore navigation. They are not concerned with grammar, only words and phrases with strong utility. One girl's notebook showed these samples:

"All beers are sold out," "Relax yourself," "May I have some drunk?" "Let's get a fresh air," "Shall we sit on the sofer?" "Take your hands off from me."

Miss Kiro Kutsuda, the primary teacher, who returned home at war's outbreak after twenty-five years as a



"Quit jawing with him, Ed—what do you care what he calls you?"

LIBERTY



LIBERTY

seamstress in London, explained that they were slightly handicapped by having to start from scratch, for there was no English taught during the war. Ordinarily the language is a required subject in the schools.

After the day's dance and English lessons are through, the scene shifts to the beer hall, where the girls get a chance to road-test what they have learned lingually.

To help them in case of breakdowns, Miss Kutsuda circulates among them as a roving trouble shooter. She is particularly useful when a pupil's limited speech, as often happens, acts as a one-way ticket and gets her into a situation that she isn't equipped to get out of.

If, to take a farfetched example, a G.I. is emboldened by an English greeting to remark in asking for chits that his buddy isn't able to stand in line and that therefore he (the G.I.) would like doubles, it obviously is inadequate to render him a phrase like "Relax yourself." This is where Miss Kutsuda comes in.

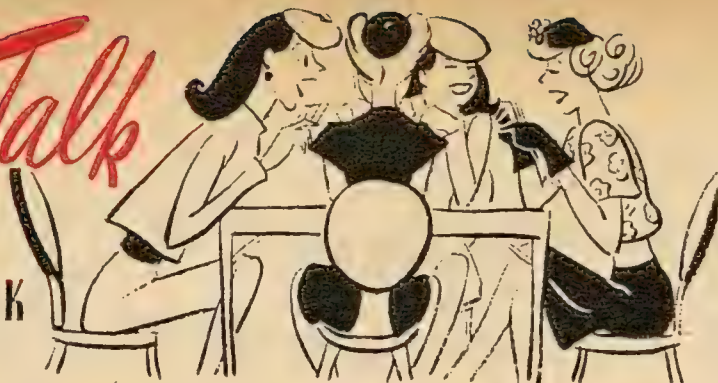
She says the girls are much taken with the Americans, who in most cases are probably the first foreigners they have ever seen. This, she explains, is because the Americans proved to be gentle instead of "tough," and treat the girls on a basis of equality. The Japanese woman is fascinated by such strange chivalries as being surrendered a seat in a public conveyance.

And for their part, the Yanks are far from downhearted about it all. Phrase books come out on both sides of the bar; notes are jotted down. There is shy laughter, and by the time things move over to the cabaret for a test of the day's dancing lessons, you would never know anybody had been mad at anybody.

THE END

Woman-Talk

BY
MARGARET FISHBACK



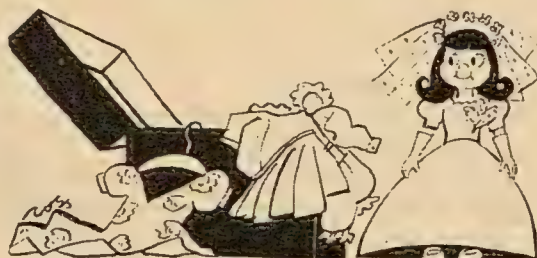
"HEAT AND EAT": I recently met one of the world's foremost humanitarians in Samuel Slotkin, who has spent thirty years preparing, processing, and perfecting a variety of foods to ease the homemaker's job of planning and cooking meals for her brood. Though he has no flowing white beard, Mr. Slotkin's genial face appropriately suggests Santa Claus, and his Hygrade Food Products Corporation offers the harried housewife a wide assortment of cheeses, sausages, canned stews, spaghetti, chile con carne, luncheon



meats, corned-beef hash, and party loaves that merit the slogan, "Heat and Eat." These precooked foods are a blessing to busy women during the Christmas season when their homes are swamped with unpremeditated guests of all ages. Momma stops fretting over extra mouths to feed when she has shelves stocked with grub that makes hospitality easy. And for hostesses who like to dazzle guests with more elaborate delicacies, this food concern's array of more than 1,000 items offers the basic materials for complicated and delectable hors d'oeuvres and dinner dishes. Many of the endless possibilities presented by the all-beef frankfurter were lavished upon food editors at a luncheon in New York's Waldorf-Astoria. Not only were the appreciative food experts plied with sliced turkey, roast beef, and ham, produced by the same company, but they also wolfed several fanciful concoctions, as knackwurst sliced thin, then rolled into cornucopias and filled with cheese garnished with pickles. The luncheon itself ran the gamut from a magnificent lobster cocktail and filet mignon to coffee ice cream bright with a sauce of frozen strawberries. It was a field day for gourmets, who were further enthralled when invited at the end of the luncheon to take the boxes handed them, and help themselves to any of the gallery of hors d'oeuvres still on display around the room. There were dolls whose paper ballet skirts barely concealed the fact that arms, legs, body, and

head were made of franks. And there was a Christmas tree whose frankfurter limbs were attached to the pickle trunk with toothpicks, while the trunk was moored in a large hunk of feast cheese.

STUFFED WASHABLE CHRISTMAS: Before the war, Dora Zarovich was an architect; her husband, Joseph, a motion-picture producer in Czechoslovakia. One weekend, when the stores were closed, Mrs. Z. had to make a birthday present for a small relative. So cunning was her first modernistic dog that friends besieged her for duplicates. As she was building up her new career as a toy designer, the Germans arrived, with their customary lack of tact, and the Zaroviches fled to America. Together they started the Dorzar Toy Studios, which now produce some 5,000 dozen washable stuffed toys a month. Colored with pure vegetable dyes, they are safe in the hands and mouth of Junior. There are no sharp corners or pins. "In a baby's toy," says Mrs. Zarovich, "the most important consideration other than safety is the ease with which it can be grasped."



LUSH AND LAVISH: Among the more lavish Christmas gifts that are obtainable this year are bride dolls with their trousseaux and bridesmaids; and ski toboggans. . . . The housewife would consider one of the new Eureka "Complete Home-Cleaning Systems" both beautiful and practical. It consists of a lightweight colorful upright vacuum cleaner for floors and floor coverings; a tank-type unit for walls, draperies, and furniture; and a combination of interchangeable cleaning devices for both units. . . . And who wouldn't welcome a new piano? Winter & Co. has made the "first revolutionary change in pianos in years." They vow their Alumitone plate weighs only forty-five pounds as against the 125 pounds of the older type, thus "making the piano an easily movable piece of furniture and saving wear and tear on the rugs as well as the housewife."

The gift I thought no one could give me



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Listen . . . they're singing Little Town of Bethlehem, and I can actually hear them! Me, who thought I'd lost the priceless gift of hearing forever.

I'd grown to hate the very thought of Christmas. While others would be happy, I'd feel out of it . . . alone, resentful, imprisoned in a world of silence.

But tonight, I'm as thrilled as a child that Christmas is coming. For I'll be part of things, again.

And, I'll offer a prayer of thanks for a husband like David. It was he who overcame my foolish fears about wearing a hearing aid and induced me to try a Zenith. That's his Christmas gift to me . . . hearing . . . the gift I thought no one could give me.

* * *

If you have friends or relatives who are hard of hearing, take them to a Zenith dispenser for a free demonstration of the Zenith Radionic. If they can be helped—make the Zenith Radionic your Christmas gift. You'll be giving a lifetime of better hearing! Mail coupon today for name of your local dispenser, plus free literature.

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COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

PAPOOZE: Damp Indian baby.

NICOTEENS: Age when kids start smoking.

LEERICS: Sung with double meaning.

HAIRYTIC: Unbeliever with a beard.

STIRCH: Starch, after stirring.

SINNED-ERELLA: Naughty glass-slipper girl.

HOCKULIST: Specializes in lending money on specs.

BAA-TH: Sheep dip.

SELDUMB: Almost always talking.

F-INN: Goldfish bowl.

REMEMBER ME, LORD

Continued from Page 29

complain overmuch, Mary, in the plea of her own weariness, begged him to carry the child. And as soon as the hand of the child was laid on Joseph's breast, the old man took the little hand to kiss it, and straightway forgot the fatigue of the journey, and Mary and Salome smiled at each other.

As the sun declined, Joseph quickened his steps and said:

"Let us make haste and reach yonder village by sundown, that we may abide there safely for the night." But Mary said:

"Nay, let us go out into the desert again, for it is in the villages that Herod's men will seek us."

So, as they were going along by the side of a hill at the time of sunset, they became aware that two men were following them in the distance, rapidly gaining on them. Burdened as they were, the fugitives knew that they would soon be overtaken. They halted in consternation. Then Mary said:

"Just ahead there are great rocks by the side of the road. We will leave the road and hide among the rocks, and perchance they will pass us unwittingly."

There being no other course, they crouched behind a great boulder and secretly watched the two men approach. One, apparently the elder, was riding upon a donkey which he was belaboring with a stick, while the other trotted alongside. As they passed the rock, the younger man said:

"Do not beat the poor beast; he is doing as well as his strength allows. We will overtake them soon enough; they are only around the bend ahead."

"Ah," whispered Mary to her com-

panions as the two men went on, "no doubt they are Herod's agents, and when they round the bend and behold us not, they will return! And then they will kill my precious babe in obedience to Herod's decree! Can we not hide him among the rocks?"

"It would be of no avail," said Salome. "They would find him, or, finding him not, they would slay us, and he, poor child, would perish of hunger."

"We are undone," said Joseph. "These men are robbers as well as assassins. Didst thou note that it is our own donkey they have?"

"Forget the donkey and think of the child," retorted Mary. "We are not yet undone. We will defend the child with our bodies, and with our wits, and perchance the Lord God will work for us a miracle. Hast thou forgotten in one short year what signs and wonders accompanied his birth?"

BUT even as they talked, they heard the men returning, and they waited in apprehension.

The two men rushed upon them with drawn swords, but perceiving that the little group was defenseless, they sheathed their swords, and the elder of the two said, mockingly:

"Ye have given us great trouble, for we have followed from Bethlehem and missed ye often on the byways, but now, behold, ye have fallen into our hands."

Then Mary, who had placed the child behind her to protect him, said beseechingly:

"Oh, sir, have mercy! I know ye come from Herod and seek the young child to destroy him, but take me instead, and spare the little one, for he is so innocent and helpless."

But the elder man said:

"We are not from Herod, but we seek treasure and also desire these wine-colored robes and the golden

sandals, for they are royal raiment and will fetch good money."

Salome, seeing how matters were, slipped off her robe and headcloth, and threw them defiantly in the robber's face.

But the robber only laughed and turned to Joseph, saying:

"Now, old fellow, undo thy pack and give us the royal gifts from the Kings of the East—the gold and the precious incense which we have so long sought."

And when it was apparent the baggage contained nothing of value, the robber cursed and stripped Joseph and started to beat him.

BUT the other robber, who had been standing by, as it were in a maze, suddenly spoke:

"Hold, Gestas. This is not seemly. These are not rich people, as we thought, but poorer folk than we. Thou knowest my custom, that I rob only the rich and give to the poor. Let us give them back their apparel. Besides, look at this child. I have never seen so beautiful a babe since I was born! There is something strange about these wayfarers, for I seem to see on their faces a light, a radiance not seen on other people."

"Nay, Dysmas, thou soft-hearted fool, the strange light thou seest on their faces is on thy silly face also, for it is but the yellow rays of the setting sun. We have missed the treasure we sought, but we will take their apparel, for it is the raiment of royalty, and the merchants will pay us well for it."

"Wait, Gestas, and hear me but a moment more. Thou and I, we have long robbed together, and thou knowest I am proud of being an honest thief. Last night we got much booty, and I promise thee that my portion of that hidden store shall be thine if in return I may have a thing of less value to thee, namely the apparel of these wayfarers, so that I may give it back to them. You see, Gestas," he finished smilingly, "it is only because it would be so hard for me to see this babe standing more naked than any other child of man."

Then Gestas smiled too, albeit grudgingly, and tossed the apparel to Dysmas, who brushed it clean with his hands and sorted it carefully into two piles. With a courtly bow and pleasant words he then restored the garments.

To Mary, first, he said:

"Lady, thou art beautiful and brave, but beyond that, methinks there is a light about thy head, as of a halo. If God had a mother, I would have said that thou art she."

He likewise praised Salome for her courage and spirit, wished Joseph a safe return to Bethlehem, and said that he had heard a rumor that Herod was sick unto death with a loathsome disease.

Then he knelt before the child and smiled, and the child smiled at him in return and drew his chubby



"I've never seen such nosy neighbors."
LIBERTY

forefinger playfully down the robber's nose and then gently across his eyes, and Dysmas said to the child:

"I have never seen any other child who is like unto thee. I have a little son of my own for whom I rob and bring home booty. He could wear thy golden sandals, but I will not take them from thee, little one. Because I have a child, I love all children. I love my son because he is of my own flesh and blood. But thou—thou art like unto the son of a king. Little prince, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom!"

THEN Mary, seeing the danger was past, and wishing to show her gratitude by friendliness, said:

"This is the child's birthday. One year ago today he was born." And Dysmas said:

"This calls for a gift. What shall it be? Ah, I have it! Gestas, this donkey is mine, as thou knowest. Thou wilt remember it was I who purchased it from the other robbers some leagues back. It is not seemly that lusty rogues such as you and I should ride while a woman with a young child walks in the wilderness. I will give the donkey to the child as a birthday gift. Gold and frankincense and myrrh the Kings of the East gave him a year ago. Today, I, Dysmas the robber, give him a donkey, which will afford him and his mother more comfort in traveling than any treasure. Hereafter they will ride, and we shall soon find us other beasts."

Then Dysmas and Gestas, departing, trudged back toward Judea. And Mary and Joseph and Salome, when they heard Herod was dead, took the young child and turned back also and, avoiding Bethlehem of Judea, returned to Nazareth in Galilee.

Now, not long after they had reached Galilee, Salome married one Zebedee, a fisherman of standing and fortune, by whom she had two sons, James and John, and when the child of Mary, who was named Jesus, grew up and set forth on a preaching mission, the two young men were among his first disciples. Their mother was also a faithful follower of Jesus and ministered unto him of her substance to the end of his days.

AND so it came to pass that she who served as midwife at the birth of Mary's first-born son was also her comfort when he died upon the cross.

For when Mary heard of John that Jesus was being led to crucifixion, she cried out with a loud voice, saying, "My son, my son, what evil could'st thou possibly have done, and they are taking thee away to crucify thee?" And she rose up as though blinded and went along the road weeping. And the women followed after her—Martha, and Mary Magdalene, and Salome, and other women.

And when they came to the place, the soldiers stripped Jesus of his clothes, and girded him with a cloth, and put a crown of thorns around his head, and crucified him. At the same time they likewise hanged up two robbers alongside him.

The soldiers mocked him, offering him vinegar and gall, and saying to him:

"If thou be the King of the Jews, save thyself."

And Jesus said:

"Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

And one of the robbers hanging there spoke to him saying:

"If thou be the Christ, save thyself and us."

But the other robber, answering, rebuked him, saying:

"Dost thou not fear God at all, seeing thou art in the same condemnation? We have been condemned justly, and receive the due punishment for our deeds; but this man has done no evil." And turning to Jesus he said: "Remember me, Lord, in thy kingdom."

Whereupon Mary and Salome, who had been watching all the while in great anguish of spirit, suddenly looked into each other's eyes at hearing thus the echo of the prophetic words of long ago when a robber had knelt on the sands of Egypt.

Gazing upward again, they perceived that this penitent thief was in truth the Dysmas of that day, albeit now gray with years. And they knew, too, by the wisdom of women, that the dying Jesus remembered the face upon which his innocent finger had once drawn the sign of the cross.

For Jesus smiled upon his fellow sufferer with a look of understanding and compassion, and said:

"I tell thee truly, Dysmas, today thou shalt be with me in paradise!"

THE END

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EVERYBODY WORKS ON CHRISTMAS

Continued from Page 35

her father had practically read her out of the family, but ma had taken a far more philosophical view.

Ma had said, "It's all right, Jeanie. You just want to be independent, like your pa did. And weren't his folks mad when he ran off to sea at seventeen!"

Whereupon she had helped Jean pack her trunk to move up to town. And last October, Bucky Jones, needing a new girl apprentice reporter, had decided to promote Jean to the position.

She looked up at the clock now and its hands hadn't moved and probably never would, so she went dully up to the water cooler to get a drink.

Before her, the assistant managing editor swung around in his chair and said to no one in particular, "Well, when do we burn the orphan asylum down?"

Jean was so startled she nearly dropped her paper cup. "What, Mr. Ames?"

The assistant managing editor kept a perfectly straight face. "Whenever an orphan asylum decides to catch fire, it always chooses Christmas afternoon. Did you know that, my girl?"

He swung around toward the copy desk and demanded, "What the devil am I supposed to use for news in this lousy paper? Anything on the wire?"

The head of the copy desk languidly handed over a small slip of paper. "Only this."

"Huh!" said the assistant managing editor. "That's Bucky's headache. Hand it over to him, will you, Jean?"

Jean couldn't help reading the dispatch as she walked over to the city desk.

WASHINGTON, DEC. 25 (AP) — T. CARLETON HUNNEMAN OF CHESTNUT HILL HAS BEEN APPOINTED MINISTER TO MOLDAVIA, THE STATE DEPARTMENT ANNOUNCED.

Bucky took it without the slightest enthusiasm. "Who is this bird, anyway? BOY! Bring me the Social Register."

JEAN leaned against the big desk. She said slowly, "The Hunnemens go to Good Harbor in the summer."

She could see them quite easily, for she'd been seeing them in swift snatches almost all her life: Mr. Hunneman, tall and distinguished, walking abroad like a sunburned god with his Panama hat and his flannels and his cane; Mrs. Hunneman, blonde and large and regal: their daughter, Elizabeth, imperious in doeskin breeches and bright boots at the horse show; their son, Benny—

"Know 'em, do you?" asked Bucky, ruffling over the pages of the Social Register.

"Oh, no," Jean said swiftly. "They're rich people. They're important people. They're—"

She could see Benny best because Benny was wonderful, a slim golden boy in a jersey and bright blue slacks. She'd been seeing Benny from afar ever since she'd been a small girl. She'd adored Benny from afar almost all her life. Only, of course, she'd never spoken to him.

"Got a camera?" Bucky asked Johnny, and Johnny sadly shook his head. "All out covering Merry Christmas, Buck."

Bucky made a series of disgusted noises, "Jeanie, go out and see this Hunneman guy and get an interview. I want some background on him, too—who he is, where he went to college, how many wives and children he's got. Phone the story in for edition."

He got up and went away, and Johnny, his plump cherubic assistant, shook his head wisely. "Jeanie," he said, "will you ever learn to keep your big mouth shut? You would stick out your neck and get sent into the cold to see some stuffed shirt who'll chuck you out because he wants to eat his Christmas dinner. All right, dope. Get going."

Johnny was undoubtedly right, Jean considered, as she rode on a rattling streetcar and then a bus that was full of gasoline fumes.

She thought wistfully of how ma had wanted her to come back to Good Harbor for the holiday and how horrified ma had been to learn that any human being had to work on Christmas.

"Well, this is it," said the bus driver savagely. "Are you going to get out or ain't you?"

It was a nice cold walk to Mr. Hunneman's house. And Mr. Hunneman, important, imperial, and pompous, would throw her out and that

would be that. She began feeling exceedingly sorry for herself.

There was No. 22, a broad brick Georgian house with two stout cedars on either side of its front door and the gay glitter of a Christmas tree showing through its small-paned windows.

She had that horrible feeling of last-minute panic that comes to all young apprentice reporters, and so she rang the bell.

There was a dull silence, enlivened by several shouts inside.

Then the door swung open on a tall girl in dungarees with a great deal of plaid shirttail out. Jean gasped, for this simply couldn't be the magnificent Miss Elizabeth Hunneman.

"Hello," said the tall girl, without being in the least imperious.

It was Elizabeth, Jean decided, and wondered wildly if the Hunnemens had lost all their money. "I want to see Mr. Hunneman, please. I'm from the Courier."

Elizabeth shouted into the hallway, "Pop, a reporter to see you."

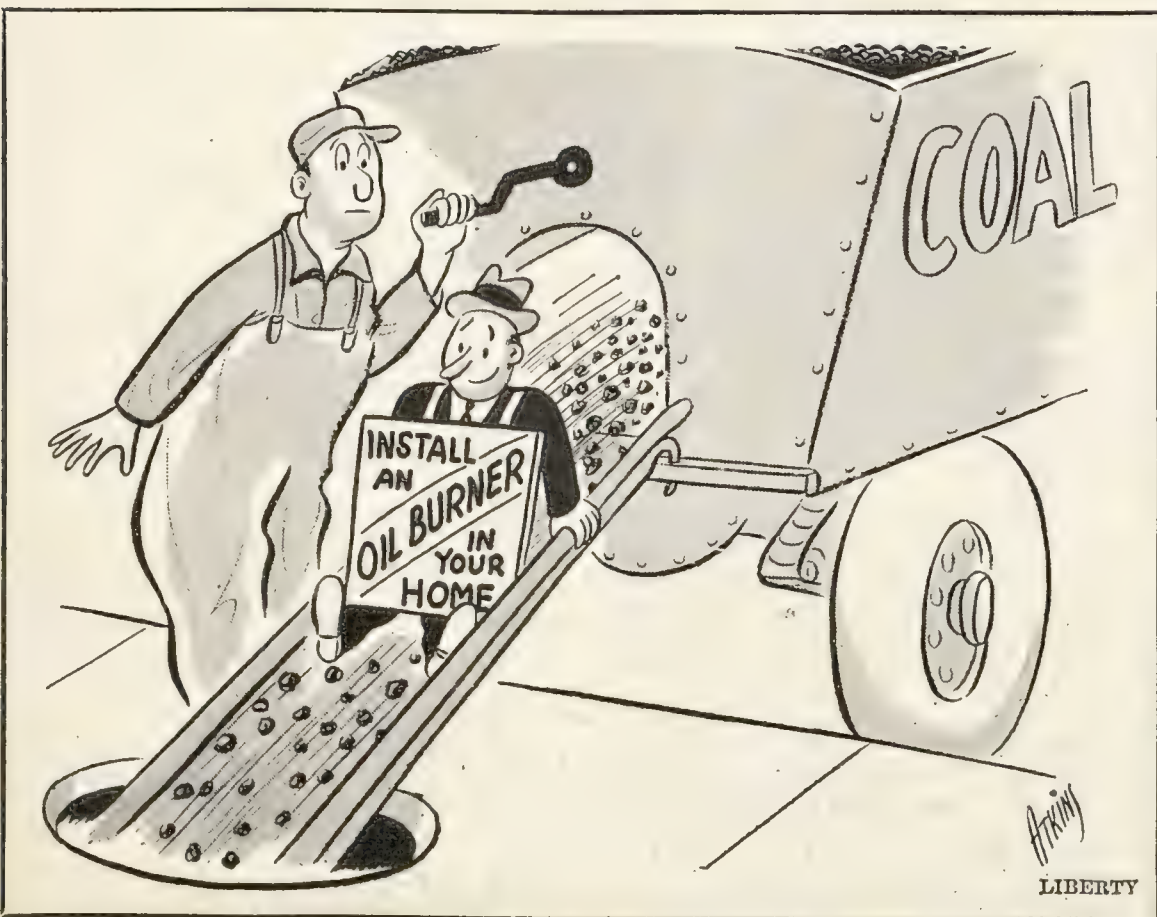
A rich booming voice replied, "Tell the gentleman to go to hell."

Elizabeth cupped her hands. "I can't. She isn't any gentleman." She turned to Jean. "Don't mind pop. He's sore because the oil burner broke down and he and Benny just got through fixing it. Come on in before you freeze."

Jean found herself in a long, bright living room, which was also cold. An enormous Christmas tree filled much of it, and the ample seat of a pair of trousers in a screaming plaid pattern was visible before a fireplace that was emitting clouds of smoke.

The plaid trousers came upright with an annoyed howl and appeared to encase a once regal lady who was now liberally covered with soot.

"Well," said Mrs. Hunneman, "I



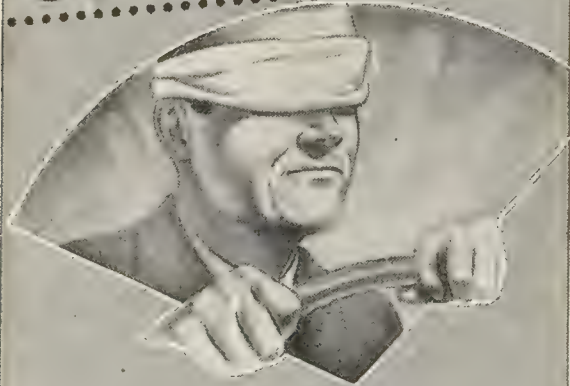
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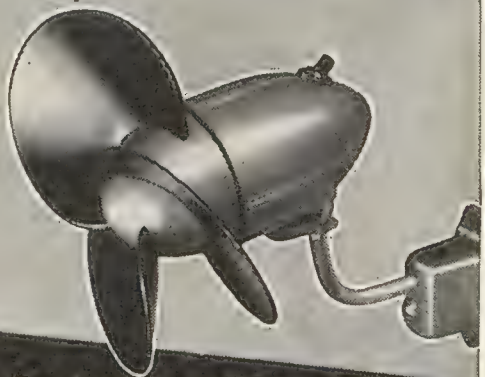
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DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. N, Mystic, Conn.



"He's my gag man!"

LIBERTY

can't get this filthy fire to burn. Where's that miserable Benny?"

Elizabeth began to giggle. "Ma! Company's come."

Mrs. Hunneman wiped her hands upon her plaid trousers, quite as if she were not in the Social Register, to say nothing of being the wife of the Minister of Moldavia. "See if I care. Why, what a pretty little girl!"

Nothing ever enraged Jean more than being told she was small. "I'm not a little girl. I'm a reporter from the Courier and you'll never get a fire to burn that way."

Mrs. Hunneman brushed a great deal of blonde hair out of her eyes. "All right, dear, I'm sorry, and how would you get that fearful fire to burn?"

Jean took off her coat. She seized the poker and tongs. "I'll show you."

Mrs. Hunneman sank into a chair and openly admired her. "Isn't she wonderful, Liz?" She raised her voice. "Tom! Stop what you're doing and come here at once. There's the most beautiful young lady from a paper to see you."

An astonishing apparition entered the door. It had one wrist bandaged, presumably from battling the oil burner. It was wearing an ancient sweater and flannels with large rips in them. On its head it had an opera hat.

"Huh?" said the future Minister to Moldavia. "Where is it?"

Mrs. Hunneman indicated Jean. "This charming young lady who's just most efficiently fixed our fire. And don't call her little, because she doesn't like it."

"Oh," said Mr. Hunneman. "How d'you do? You'll have to pardon our looks, but everything's gone to the devil in a big way. First, I get appointed Minister to Moldavia, and then the heater breaks down, and Cousin Egbert's children got the

chicken pox so they can't come, thank God, and the cook--"

Elizabeth leaned against the mantelpiece. "Pop, take off that terrible hat."

Mr. Hunneman jauntily set it on one side. "What do you want me to take it off for, after you gave it to me? Fascinating thing. It goes up and down. Here," he put it into Jean's hands. "You can play with it if you're a good girl."

Jean had never expected to hold Mr. Hunneman's opera hat in her lap. She had never expected to be in the bosom of the Hunneman family, nor to find out that the assorted Hunnemans weren't icily magnificent at all but entirely human and somewhat helpless.

"What's your name, dear?" asked Mrs. Hunneman.

"Jean Snow. And I've got to get an interview with Mr. Hunneman and phone it back for edition, please."

Mrs. Hunneman began puffing clouds of smoke in the most comfortable way. "Don't worry, dear. Tom loves to talk to pretty girls." Her face lit up as if some extraordinary idea had just come to her. "Jean, do you know anything at all about cooking a goose?"

Elizabeth perched on the arm of Jean's chair quite as if she didn't ride blooded horses in the most dashing way imaginable. "Don't be abrupt, ma. You'll scare Miss Snow to death. The fact is that our cook's suddenly deserted us because her sister's sick and there's this enormous great goose in the icebox and nobody's got the slightest idea what to do with it."

Jean shut her eyes, for the Hunnemans were certainly most astonishing.

"Of course I can cook a goose," she said.

"Pop," Elizabeth ordered, "if you

LIBERTY

want any dinner, you'd better hurry up and give Miss Snow her interview."

HALF an hour later, Jean sat in Mr. Hunneman's study, which was now almost warm. She had already visited the kitchen to start the goose on its way and Mr. Hunneman had submitted to being interviewed in such a competent manner that she not only knew everything about him and his family, but a great deal about Moldavia and what he intended to do there besides.

It came to her that though Mr. Hunneman might seem quite irrational and even genially mad when things went wrong on a Christmas morning, he actually was a most efficient gentleman when he wanted to be.

She picked up the phone and called the paper.

"Mr. Jones? This is Jean."

"I know," Bucky's voice said gloomily. "That stuffed shirt threw you out."

"He did not. And he isn't a stuffed shirt. Mr. Hunneman gave me a very nice interview on condition I stay and cook his goose for him."

Bucky was used to the most extraordinary communications coming over his telephone, but this was clearly a trifle too much for him. "His what?"

"Perhaps you'd better let me try my hand," said Mr. Hunneman calmly, and took the telephone from her. "Mr. Jones? This is T. Carleton Hunneman. I wonder if the Courier would do me a considerable favor—"

Jean sat back and admired Mr. Hunneman, even in his old sweater and torn trousers. It became more evident every minute that he would make a splendid Minister.

He handed her back the phone. "Mr. Jones is most sympathetic. He says you may stay to dinner. And now you're to give the interview to someone called Helen."

She read her notes to Helen, who quite astonishingly seemed to make sense out of them. And then turned to Mr. Hunneman.

"We'd better go see about that goose."

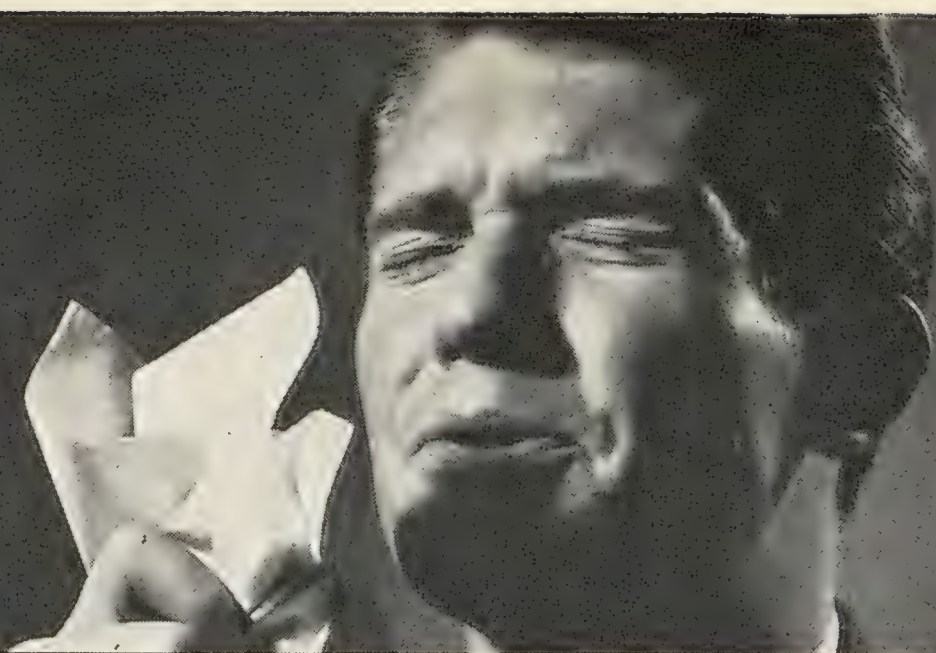
Mr. Hunneman rose. "Certainly. But I must set you straight on one point. I am a stuffed shirt—in public. I am the most terrific stuffed shirt in this state. If I weren't, I wouldn't have been made Minister to Moldavia."

Whereupon he put the opera hat on one side of his head again.

In the bright kitchen the goose was going very well. And Mrs. Hunneman and Elizabeth were somewhat agitatedly attending to the rest of the dinner. They were doing it much better than Jean would have thought they could.

The pantry door crashed open and there stood Benny, his golden hair seeming all ashine as it always did in the summertime.

He said in a shout, "I found a cookbook in the attic!"



How to fight a COLD

Doctors advise these 5 basic steps, in addition to any temporary relief measures, to help your system *throw off a cold*. See how lemons help:

5 BASIC STEPS ADVISED BY PHYSICIANS	LEMONS HELP WITH ALL 5
1 Get plenty of rest; overcome fatigue; build resistance.	Lemons are among the richest known sources of vitamin C, which <i>combats fatigue and fights infection</i> .
2 Alkalinize your system.	Lemon juice with water and baking soda forms <i>sodium citrate</i> , an excellent alkalinizer.
3 Insure regular elimination.	Lemon juice and water, with or without soda, is mildly laxative for most people.
4 Eat lightly. Take plenty of liquids, especially citrus juices.	Fresh lemon drinks are favorites.
5 Keep warm; avoid further chill. If cold persists, see your doctor.	Hot lemonade is almost universally prescribed.

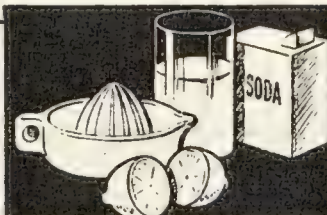
GET FULL BENEFITS FROM LEMONS — FOLLOW THIS ROUTINE

At first sign of a cold drink a glass of lemon and soda. Take another every 3 or 4 hours.

To induce perspiration, take a hot lemonade when you go to bed.

Lemon and soda forms natural *sodium citrate*. Supplies vitamins and all other benefits of fresh lemon juice, plus an increased alkalinizing effect. Consumed at once, soda does not appreciably reduce vitamin content.

To avoid colds build your resistance! Join the millions who now drink lemon and water daily. Juice of 1 lemon in glass of plain water, *first thing on arising*.



To make lemon & soda pour juice of 1 lemon in a half glass of water. Add — slowly — half teaspoon baking soda (bicarbonate). Drink as foaming quiets.

**WHEN YOU TAKE COLD
TAKE LEMONS**



California
**Sunkist
Lemons**

Mrs. Hunneman attended to the potatoes. "That's nothing. We found a cook."

Benny stared and his lashes were uncommonly long and handsome about his deep blue eyes.

"Do stop looking so dumb, darling," Elizabeth said kindly. "This is Jean Snow who came from the Courier to interview pop and turns out to be all sorts of an angel and an expert on geese besides."

Benny just stood there, his mouth wide open, and presently his lips formed words: "I've seen you somewhere before."

Oh, dear, Jean thought, you've seen me lots of times before. You've been seeing me all my life, but you'd never notice a little town girl running around the streets. And now that I'm a newspaperwoman, you'll never notice me either.

She had the odd wish that she could suddenly sink into the ground, and she heard her own voice saying, faint and far off, "Maybe—maybe in Good Harbor."

A slow smile came on Benny's face, and he was just as enchanting as ever, just as much the golden prince of all the fairy tales that never, never do come true.

"Gosh!" he said. "Gosh, yes. I've been seeing you for years. And I've always wanted to speak to you—but I didn't dare."

They were both standing there like statues and Mr. Hunneman felt moved to interpose. "Don't tell me, Jean, that you're Cap'n Donald Snow's daughter. It's been my ambition for years to know Cap'n Snow, but he terrifies me. I never saw anyone so icily majestic in my life as your father sitting in the windows of the Master Mariners' Association."

It was astonishing the way everything seemed to have turned topsyturvy. For she'd always thought the

Hunnemans were haughty and unapproachable and they most certainly weren't, and Mr. Hunneman had thought—

"Why, pa isn't majestic," she said. "Pa's a perfect lamb—except when he gets mad. Pa'd be pleased to death if you spoke to him."

Mrs. Hunneman ceased belaboring the potatoes. "If there's one thing certain in this world," she remarked sagely, "it's that people are never what they seem."

She hitched up her plaid slacks. "And I'm thoroughly sick of looking like something the cat dragged in. Come on upstairs with me, Jean, while I dress. We've got the dinner to a point where my imbecile family can't ruin it if they try."

BEING in Mrs. Hunneman's bedroom was so violent a contrast to the city room of the Courier that Jean almost pinched herself to make sure she was awake. For it was all bright and gay with its rosy walls and its rosy rug. It was a happy room and that must mean Mrs. Hunneman was a happy woman herself.

She was now busily untying a big box done up in gold paper with a sprig of holly on top of it.

She said, "I shall be simply heartbroken if they don't fit."

She pulled out the most stunning pair of orchid lounging pajamas that Jean had ever seen. They were such a small size that it seemed highly unlikely she could ever get into them.

"They—they don't look as if they would," said Jean tactfully.

Mrs. Hunneman gently laid them on the bed. "Not me, Jeanie. You. And Merry Christmas, my dear."

Jean simply stood staring. "But—"

"But nothing," said Mrs. Hunneman briskly. "I'm sure I don't know why I bought them for Cousin

Charlotte, because she's simply detestable. I know I should be sorry that her children caught the chicken pox, but I'm not. If they hadn't, we'd be having them for dinner. That's one mercy about going to Moldavia. They certainly can't invite themselves to visit us there."

Jean gingerly stroked the pajamas and she was quite sure they weren't real. She was pretty sure that nothing was real and that she'd be transported back to the Courier's city room any second.

"Put them on, darling," Mrs. Hunneman commanded. "I'm sure you'll look ravishing."

Fifteen minutes later, Jean stood before the mirror and the effect certainly was astonishing.

She said in a gasp, "But I don't feel like me!"

She could sense something creeping into the room, and it was Christmas—real Christmas—and she suddenly knew that the Christmas spirit isn't joyous bells or huge trees or holly, but just people being kind to one another.

Elizabeth's dress was all rustling blue and silver as she rushed in, and she had two tiny gold earrings in her hand.

"For Jean," she said. "From me."

It was dreadfully hard to thank the Hunnemans and Jean stumbled over the words as she tried.

Mrs. Hunneman cut her short. "Rot," she said. "It's a lot more fun to give presents than to get them. And do hook up this dress for me, will you, Jean? For all I know, my idiot husband and son may have succeeded in setting the house afire."

Mr. Hunneman and Benny did not seem to have done so. In fact, Mr. Hunneman caught Jean by the arm as she was about to swing open the kitchen door.

"Keep out of that, my dear lady," said he. "The goose is doing splendidly, and besides, you're a guest."

JEAN stared, because Mr. Hunneman was resplendent in his cut-away coat, his remarkable Ascot tie, his even more remarkable gray waistcoat, his sweeping striped trousers. He even had on white spats and a carnation in his buttonhole.

"In here," he said, and there was the living room with the fire blazing away and the lights on the enormous tree all ablaze too.

He scooped two bright parcels from beneath the tree. "Something an old gentleman with whiskers left for you."

The first had Mr. Hunneman's card in it, and it was a silver cigarette case.

The second was scrawled "From Benny," and it was a copy of A Shropshire Lad.

She wondered how Benny could have so surely known what she liked, and suddenly she was up on tiptoes, kissing the Minister to Moldavia.

"Quite proper and appropriate," (Continued on page 74)





**The Old Fashioned
Holiday Spirit**

The Old Fashioned Blended Whiskey

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(Continued from page 72)

said Mr. Hunneman. He pointed upward. "Mistletoe!"

The door swung open and Benny stood there in a soft gray suit. "You wouldn't believe it," he said, "but dinner is served."

There was holly on the table and it was beautifully set. And Benny and Mr. Hunneman must have labored mightily, for there was a steaming tureen of green turtle soup and a magnum of champagne reclining in a cooler.

"Everybody," ordered Mrs. Hunneman, now as regal in black velvet as she had been raffish in trousers, "will eat very slowly and stuff themselves with salted peanuts in order to give that gorgeous goose a chance to get itself done."

She began popping peanuts into her mouth at a great rate, and Elizabeth said slowly, "You know, Jean, you're an awful fraud. You can get interviews and start fires and cook geese and you don't look in the least as if you could. You look downright delicate, doesn't she, pop?"

Mr. Hunneman gave a delighted grin and stepped swiftly into the living room.

There was a tinkle of piano keys and then he started to sing:

"Then, tell me, ye swains who have conquered the fair,
How to win the dear lass with the delicate air—"

Jean began to blush.

IT was a long time later when she was riding back to the Courier in the Hunnemans' big old high-sided car.

In her lap was a box with the orchid pajamas; beside her Benny was sitting as easily as if he'd known her all his life. And all the streets and houses that had seemed so bleak and dull before were now bright and

gay and jolly because it was Christmas.

Even the light was silvery and it had started to snow.

The whole day seemed like some wonderful dream and in a second she'd wake up.

"You know," Benny said slowly, "I'm not going to Moldavia. I'll be in college, just across the river."

Why, he is shy! Jean thought. He's just as shy with me as I always thought I'd be with him. So she said softly, "And will you like that, Benny?"

Just the same golden look that he'd always had and a shy smile too. "I guess so. I wondered—I wondered if we mightn't see something of each other."

To her utter astonishment, Jean found herself saying, "Are—are you sure you really want to? I'm just a working girl, you know."

Benny's smile lost all its shyness. "So what, Jeanie? My great-grandmother was a mill girl in Lawrence and she wrote poetry on the side. She ended up by being a school-teacher. The Hunneman family's full of working girls."

He leaned toward her a little. "Shall we say dinner at the Ritz some night soon?"

Jean shook her head. "Far too grand for me. Let's find some nice quiet place."

Benny seemed much pleased. "Let's!" said he.

She went slowly upstairs to the Courier's city room and it had changed.

All the gloom had gone as if by some sudden sweep of magic, and that was because everybody was almost ready to go home.

Even Bucky grinned as she stopped by the desk where he was having a sad-looking sandwich and a glass of milk.

"How was the goose, Jeanie?"

Jean leaned against the desk and her eyes were starry. "It was wonderful—and we had champagne. I'm so stuffed I'll never be able to eat again."

At her side, Johnny made a series of sad gurgling noises.

"Don't mind him, Jeanie," Bucky told her. "He's just jealous. And oh, Jeanie, there's somebody waiting for you down by your desk."

There was ma, sitting solid as a rock with a slightly amazed expression on her face as if she were now in a zoo and much entertained by the antics of the animals.

Jean went rushing down the room, and Helen was just putting on her coat, just as shining and splendid as ever.

"Good going, baby," she called. "That was a swell interview."

Ma simply continued sitting. "Well, Jeanie," she said, "pa got so upset over the idea of you working on Christmas Day that we set dinner back and you're coming straight home to Good Harbor with us to eat it. Pa's waiting around the corner in the car."

She might have known ma would have done something like that, Jean thought, for ma was just as wonderful in her way as the Hunnemans or Helen.

A SHARP, warm, homey feeling went through her, and Bucky was shouting down the room: "Go on home, Jeanie. You've got your good-night. And Merry Christmas, Mrs. Snow."

They were all going home now, slipping out in little laughing knots, but Helen still stood there. She was taking a terribly long time getting into her coat.

Jean stared, and something Mrs. Hunneman had said came creeping into her mind.

"If there's one thing certain in this world, it's that people are never what they seem."

Maybe Helen—shining Helen—didn't have somewhere simply splendid to go.

Maybe—just maybe. She certainly was taking an awfully long time to put on her gloves.

Jean stooped and whispered in her mother's ear.

"Why, certainly!" said Mrs. Snow.

Jean ran up to the tall girl who'd gotten her gloves on at last. "Helen, are you going somewhere special tonight?"

The tall girl looked quite queer. "No, Jeanie. As a matter of fact, everything fell down on me, so I'll just stop in and—"

Mrs. Snow loomed beside her. "You won't do any such thing. Jeanie's told us a lot about you, Miss Stanton, and you're coming right down to Good Harbor to have dinner with us."

A dreamy look came in her eyes. "We've got a wonderful big goose and Cap'n Snow went out and bought a bottle of champagne."

THE END

THEY'LL WALK AGAIN

Continued from page 22

mend once it has been severed, other nerves in the body will. Thus skilled surgeons have been able to sew them together, with the expectation of restoring the functions of an arm or leg. In the case of a badly injured spinal cord, surgery is limited to the removal of bone and shell fragments to relieve pressure from blood clots. This permits "sick" but unsevered nerve fibers to recover.

Much of this immediate, clean-up surgery was done in combat areas, and to this is credited the high percentage of success in follow-up treatment at such hospitals as Hammond.

In some respects, transverse myelitis resembles poliomyelitis or infantile paralysis, but where polio affects only the motor nerves and leaves the patient with feeling, transverse myelitis stops the functioning of both motor and sensory branches, and its victim can neither move nor feel in the afflicted areas.

Not only is the complicated wartime spinal injury dangerous enough with its attendant urological disease, but often the case is coupled with other wounds, perhaps other broken bones or severed nerves.

Usually the bladder and bowels are paralyzed, but, thanks to penicillin and the sulfa drugs, the almost immediate bladder and kidney diseases, which previously would have caused death, are held in check until a system of "tidal drainage" restores the functions of the organs.

THE myelitis victim's lack of movement also causes muscle atrophy and the dreaded difficult-to-cure bedsore. Often in severe cases of atrophy, a patient can regain only a small fraction of knee, arm, or ankle movement. Atrophy is avoided by daily exercise.

The problem of bedsores cannot so easily be alleviated. In the case of the combat wounded, the patient often spent months in a plaster cast because battle conditions made specialized care impossible. Techniques of plastic surgery, skin grafting, and new types of treatment are now being used.

For example, there is the medical corpsman who was stabbed in the spine by a Jap during the battle for Attu. Hammond's commanding officer describes this myelitis case on arrival at the hospital as "a pitiful object, interested in absolutely nothing, and just like a jellyfish as far as his activity in bed was concerned." After efforts had been made to interest him in something useful, the patient started studying radio in the hospital's occupational-therapy shops. He became a radio instructor to fellow patients, was fitted with braces, began to attend classes at a near-by junior college, traveling in a special car. Today this once "hopeless" case is attending

DECEMBER 29, 1945

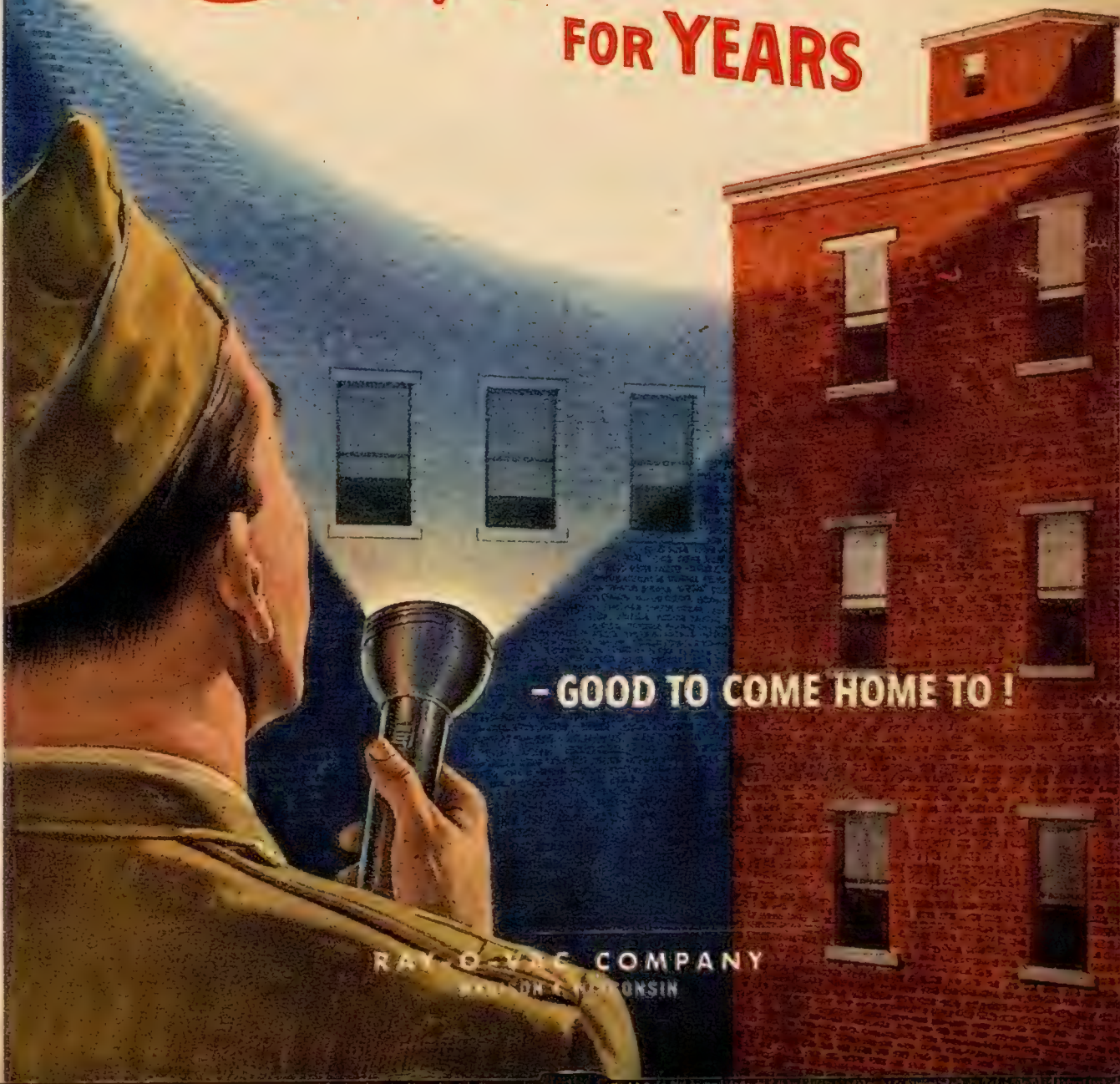


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Stanford University. He has adjusted himself to a fairly normal life. Two years ago such a recovery was unheard of until the sulfa drugs, penicillin, and, more recently, streptomycin and tidal drainage became available to retard and stamp out the fatal urological complications.

Recently the Army began using curare—a poisonous compound still used by the Amazon Indians on hunting arrows—and cobra venom. The curare is injected in cases of spastic paralysis to help relax the muscles and aid exercise of the limbs. The cobra venom has been found to be superior to the opium narcotics in the alleviation of pain.

After the drugs are set to work, improvement comes from persistent care, thorough nursing, and a deep understanding of the mental problems of a patient who at first may feel he is facing a hopeless future.

Trained physical therapists give the patients heat, massage, and ultra-violet-light treatments and teach them to exercise. The patient builds up arm and chest muscles by means of weights and pulleys attached to frames above his bed. Many a patient pulls a twenty-pound weight easily and eagerly, strengthening his upper body for the time when he will need those muscles for locomotion.

MEANWHILE an educational and recreational program goes on for all. Occupational therapists teach handicraft. The patient also is encouraged to study. Movies, USO shows, and a mobile library come to the wards periodically.

By the time he is ready for a wheel chair, the patient has developed husky arm and chest muscles. Then he becomes practically motorized, spending little time in bed. He's off to the post movie theater, the Red Cross building with its varied recreational facilities, and to the machine and radio shops. At Hammond, every wheel-chair myelitis case has organized physical training three times a week. In special wheel chairs, constructed with brakes, patients play volleyball, exercise in groups with Indian clubs and do organized calisthenics. They spend much time in the sun and take hydrotherapy in a new tank. They're already so enthusiastic about swimming, they're clamoring for a larger pool, and steps have been taken to have one built to their specifications. The men know their capabilities. They're not fooling themselves about the seriousness of their injuries. So they make intelligent suggestions, design braces and supports, advise methods of treatment. And, just as intelligently, their doctors see the wisdom of the suggestions and follow through. The patients' only gripe is the scarcity of equipment and personnel, but they realize the difficulties involved, and now that hostilities have ceased, they know that more equipment and personnel will be available.



"Do you think I'm crazy? If I walk away from you, you'll shoot me!"
LIBERTY

Probably the biggest problem is to convince the patient he has something to live for. As First Lieutenant Bernice Volkers, head nurse on one of the myelitis wards, says, "The patient must try, he must *want* to improve. There's little we can do if he won't help. But there're only a few who have given up, and we haven't given up on them."

Often the fear of failure will hold a man back for months. For example, S/Sgt. L. H. of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, was a cook in a Negro Q.M. Company on Leyte and was wounded during a Jap air attack. A bomb fragment lodged in his spine and paralysis set in immediately. He felt he would never walk again and wouldn't try. Then he saw what other men were doing. He asked for leg braces, was trained in a man-sized infant walker, and today is in excellent spirits. He walks with the aid of the braces and a couple of canes. Now, instead of returning to his civilian occupation as a cook, he wants to own a restaurant, a job he can handle with a minimum of walking.

It isn't that a myelitis victim doesn't *want* to get well. It's just that he's often convinced he can't. It's the job of the nurses and ward men to change his mind.

Even two years of hospitalization have not weakened the determination of T/5 L. E. S. He's at the other end of the co-operative scale. On August 29, 1943, he stopped a .25-caliber bullet with his spine. He was sent from the Solomon Islands to Hammond and to date has little recovery of nerve functions. He's studying watch repair work and is confident he will walk out of the hospital's main gate. "It may be on crutches," he says, "but, dammit, it'll be walking!"

Two years ago any idea that one of these cases could be taught to

walk was regarded as ridiculous. Now, aided by arms and shoulders conditioned by exercise and with steel braces to keep uncontrollable legs from collapsing, the patient starts in a walker, graduates to crutches and parallel bars, finally solos, fairly confident that he can stay on his feet.

By leaning forward on his crutches, he learns that one leg will swing ahead if he shifts all his weight to the other steel-clad leg. From then on it's merely a repetition of the process and finally he is walking.

EVEN so, not all them will reach the crutch stage. They know that and are planning accordingly. The government will pay them a disability pension of at least \$100 a month, depending on the degree of their recovery, and if they need someone to take care of them, additional funds will allow the hiring of an attendant. But that isn't what they want. No pension is worth this disability. That wound was not an investment for some type of social-security plan. They want recovery, and if they can't have that, they want to be self-sufficient.

"So I won't walk again," says blond combat medic Pfc. R. M. W. of Phoenix, Arizona. "So I'll get maximum recovery here and then I'll go back to work in a wheel chair." Fortunately he was a telegrapher in civilian life and can return to his old job.

His injury goes back to the morning of March 23, 1944, on Bougainville. He was a healthy young medic with the Americal Division. At dusk he was in a field hospital with a damaged spinal cord from three Jap bullets. He had been hit by a sniper while carrying a wounded comrade to the rear, and then hit twice again while trying to drag himself and the other wounded man to cover.

Today, more than eighteen months later, he can walk a little with crutches and braces, but it may be many more months or years before he's ready to go unsupported.

However, not all transverse myelitis patients are so well equipped to resume their old occupations. Through Hammond's educational facilities, many are working on courses to complete war-interrupted high-school education. Some, like S/Sgt. K. K., a college student before the war, are studying toward university degrees. And others are training themselves in watch repair, key-making, radio, mechanical drafting, business administration and accounting, and how to be lapidaries, none of which requires much walking.

For men still lying in traction beds, on Stryker frames, being strapped in wheel chairs so they won't fall out—men still fighting muscles that won't respond—there is a long battle ahead. They know it, and they are determined. They *will* do it. It's all over now but the healing.

THE END

LIBERTY

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THE GENERAL WAS OUR PAL

Continued from Page 21

There was an explosion. The charcoal furnace belched soot and smoke. Then a woman and child climbed aboard. I protested, for the truck was already far overloaded. But they were the wife and child of the driver, who refused to move unless they went along. So they stayed.

Larson and I climbed to the cab roof. The owner and part owner had the "luxury" seat alongside the driver. On the hood, the starboard half of which had been removed, the chief engineer sat with gas-filled oilcan in hand. Perched on the stern was the brakeman with his wedges handy. The rest piled on top of the mountain of gear.

WE lurched out of town, and at each right-angle turn the truck heeled over like a ship broaching in a heavy sea. Then the road cut straight across a hill. Twenty, fifteen, ten, five, three knots—the engineer squirted gas from the can into the carburetor. The engine, coughing in agony, tried to wrench free from the frame. All hands dismounted, except the driver, the truck owner, and the part truck owner, and pushed. Then the engine died. The truck rolled back and stopped on the wedges the brakeman had deftly placed behind the rear wheels. The chief engineer shouted for a refill of gas in his oilcan. I was beginning to see some use for the crew. After a fresh shot in the carburetor the engine started and we crawled over the hill as darkness fell. For the moment we were safe from the Japs.

The truck owner switched off the ignition to save fuel and we coasted silently down the other side, but were stopped at the foot. An enterprising farmer had extended part of his rice paddy across what was once the main highway. The teak planks were used to bridge the paddy. Length by length we inched across the ooze, and finally got under way again on the other side.

It began to rain, a fate that was worse than Japs. Sensing the urgency to put distance between us and the Japs before the road became a sea of mud, the crew pushed the truck to top speed. The owner no longer switched off the ignition on the down grade. The engineer squirted so much gas into the carburetor on the steep inclines that the brakeman, wedges dangling from each hand, could scarcely keep up.

About midnight, in a small town where we stopped for tea, we learned that Jap cavalry was only ten miles behind us. We went on like mad. It was raining torrents. Suddenly we skidded off the road into a stream. Without further investigation, the driver raced the engine and plowed ahead. In a matter of seconds the truck was under water up to the

floor boards. Nothing could be done until daybreak. We hunched up on the truck and waited a gloomy three hours.

With the first streaks of light we examined our predicament. The truck was now virtually submerged aft, but the top half of the engine was still above water. To make matters worse, artillery fire, some of it heavy stuff, sounded close. Scouting around, we found a dirty little village near by and the natives agreed to help us. But first they must eat.

In about an hour the villagers arrived and took stock of the situation. They concluded, "It cannot be done."

We agreed to unload the truck. The villagers asked how much the empty truck weighed. Told it was 4,000 pounds, they went into a huddle and came out with this formula: If one man can lift eighty pounds, then fifty men can lift 4,000 pounds, and 4,000 pounds equal one unloaded truck.

"Eighty pounds!" screamed the truck owner. "Are you all weaklings? You can lift at least one hundred pounds."

The villagers protested. "It has always been eighty pounds a man. How is it that you are so stupid not to know that? You, who own a truck and live in great luxury—certainly you could lift one hundred pounds. But you are too proud to engage in such menial labor."

I stepped in: "All right, we agree. Eighty pounds per man."

"You see!" screamed the villagers. "Even this foreign devil knows that country people like us can lift only eighty pounds."

They said they would lift it by building a frame under it with poles and rope.

Now the part truck owner, calling them stupid country people, asked how they could get poles under the truck with the body lying in the mud.

Pandemonium reigned again. I finally told the most intelligent-looking of the villagers to do the job his way. The natives went into another huddle and came out with a price of 2,000 C.N. (ten U. S. dollars) for the job, which seemed fair when at any moment the Jap Army might roll around the bend. The truck owner was of a different mind. He purpled with rage.

"I will give you four hundred C.N.—a veritable fortune." With that, the argument reached such a crescendo that I backed away to save my eardrums. Everybody screamed at once,

*****★*****

John Barrymore was deeply interested in the progress of a tense football game, when a conceited bore took the seat next to him. "You know, John," he bragged, "when I was in college I helped Harvard beat Yale three times in succession." Barrymore grimaced. "That so?" he snapped. "Which team were you playing on?"

calling each other all the foul names that had been coined in China for thousands of years.

The villagers came down a bit and the truck owner came up a bit, but they were still far apart. The villagers started leaving. But the truck owner was not licked. He had not become the owner of a truck in China, which is equivalent to owning the Union Pacific Railroad in America, without good reason. He called the villagers back.

"Look, fellow countrymen," said he. "This officer is an American; he has come to China with his men to help us win the war. Out of friendship for his great country we Chinese must assist him. We must get this truck back on the road. I will give you one hundred C.N. more!"

The villagers were not impressed. Their spokesman replied, "We have heard of the Japanese. Also, the name America is familiar. We are not ignorant people. But these Japanese have never robbed our village. It is people like you, Mr. Fat Prosperous Truck Owner, who rob the poor villagers. We would rather starve than work for such a paltry price." They started down the road again.

Fresh bursts of artillery fire were heard. "Come back!" I shouted. "I will pay two thousand C.N. If you work fast, I will pay you an additional thousand."

THE villagers were agreeable but not enthusiastic. The truck owner, however, was furious. He insisted that I had made him lose face. He lost all interest in the proceedings and retired to the cab of the truck.

In half an hour the villagers started to return, carrying poles and short lengths of rope. With them came women and children bringing rice and hot tea. Again, they must eat. More delay. Then another argument raged as to how the work should be done. The truck's crew, ignoring the whole salvage proceedings, boarded the truck and assumed driving stations.

Then, outscreeching, outthreatening, and outcursing all hands. I seized a rope and yelled for Larson. We made one end fast to the front axle, then engineered the villagers into towing positions. Larson and I splashed madly up and down the writhing line, and in a matter of seconds the truck was pulled out on the road.

Happily I paid them off, including the bonus of 1,000 C.N., and we were under way again. At dusk we entered the town of Hopo.

Soon we would be moving again. The signs were unmistakable. The coolies were unhinging the doors from the houses and the merchants were boarding up their shops.

The Chinese general was our pal. We had given him almost all of our coffee and our last two fountain pens. This time, I figured, we would need at least one truck. . . .

THE END

STRANGE DESTINY

Continued from Page 31

Later I was sent to a convalescent camp.

It was there that Intelligence caught up with me. It was a different officer this time.

"You have been identified as Corporal James Deakin by your company commander," he said, and gave me a new pay book and identity disk and three letters. "Sign here."

I sat on my bunk for a long time after he had gone, staring at the pay book. In the back it said, "Allotee—June Deakin. Next of kin—June Deakin, wife." I just stared at it.

Presently I looked at the letters, and they were all in the same handwriting. A woman's handwriting, small but flamboyant and unruly.

"Dear Jim," I read, "things are much the same here. I get tired of work sometimes, but that happens to the best of us. I've moved into a nice little flat overlooking the beach. You'd like it. I'm glad now that I moved to this state. Sydney is charming. I have made new friends.

"I go out a good deal at night, and have been having a pretty good time. I know you don't mind. You said in your last letter that you were having a good time in Tel Aviv.

"Brenda, the girl I told you about, threw a party the other night and all the gang was there—I should say, with a few exceptions. The young men are mostly in the services. There are few nice ones left. I had a hair-do at Madame's for the occasion. . . ."

There were two pages of it. I put it down and just sat there and felt confused.

June! My wife! What was she like? Was she blonde or brunette? It was a dutiful letter rather than an affectionate one, although it ended "your affectionate wife, JUNE."

The others were much the same. There was a triviality to them that puzzled and intrigued me. A flat overlooking the beach? So she lived in a seaside suburb! I looked at the address and it meant nothing to me.

I tried to write to her, but there was no link between us. I thought of the hurt it would bring her, and could not force myself to explain. I started to write half a dozen times in the next few days. Then, almost before I realized it, I was discharged, subject to the expiration of my leave. So I abandoned the idea of writing. I would wait until I could go to the flat and see her.

THAT night I dreamed of a hard-eyed woman with bottle-blond hair, and thought that it was the wife I did not know, and awakened with the man in the next bed shaking me.

"You had a nightmare, sport!" he said. "Thought you'd gone a bit bomb-happy. You kept yelling out for Ruth. Who's Ruth? The missus?"

"No!" I said. "My wife's name is June."



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"They're mad at me!"

LIBERTY

He winked at me and climbed back into bed.

When I reached the city, I flagged a taxi and gave the driver the address on the letters.

The cab stopped at a block of modern flats facing the blue Pacific across a maze of tramlines and smooth lawns and a balustraded sea wall.

Suddenly I was afraid. And because when I am afraid I'm ashamed to show it, I whistled as I limped up the front steps of the flats and into the hall. There was an index just inside the door and No. 6 was upstairs. I looked out at the sunny street and wanted to run away and lose myself. But you couldn't do it that way. So I went upstairs and rang, and almost immediately the door opened.

SHE was small and compact, and her short hair was more brownette than brunette. Her eyes were dark brown like an Arab's, and the nose was small, and the full red lips parted slightly to show small white teeth. She wore a flowered dress.

She just stood and stared at me, and her eyes seemed to darken and dilate.

I said, "I came—I came to—I want to—" and stopped, and suddenly blurted, "I was wounded and lost my memory. They told me that you—are my wife!"

"Come in!" she said, and I stepped inside and stood with my back against the door.

"You came back!" she said at last. "You were missing. I thought—they told me then that you were wounded. You never wrote."

"I—there's nothing—I remember nothing before I was hit. It's as if I had never been."

"You've changed!" she said. I saw that she was young, no more than twenty-three. "You didn't want to

hurt me! You have changed." Her lips tilted a little one-sidedly and I didn't like the way she said it.

"Perhaps I'd—better go—" I said, stumbling foolishly over the words. She laughed, the white teeth flashing.

"A strange home-coming!" she said, and her dark eyes surveyed me critically from head to boots and back again. "Aren't you even going to kiss—your wife?"

"Well—really—" I said, and felt the slow flush mount from my chest up. "I—I—well, you see—"

She came and kissed me, quickly, reaching high on her toes.

"I'd better explain fully," I said as she slipped quickly away again. "It's—it's as if I'd never met you before. I was caught in bomb blast, and it did something to me. It was like—it was as if I was reborn. I have no knowledge of anything before—before a chap found me and brought me in. I'm quite sane and normal—except for that."

"I'm not afraid of you," she said, and I saw the small teeth catch her bottom lip. "It's just that I—that perhaps there are things between us best forgotten. We—we were not very happy—before you went away."

"I see!" I said, and leaned against the door and wondered about the name Ruth. "Was it a woman?"

"Oh, no!" she said and looked at me queerly. "You—you don't remember anything?"

"No!" I said. "Nothing. But when I was delirious, the doctor told me that I spoke a name—Ruth—and I wondered."

"Ruth!" she murmured; again "Ruth! A pretty name. No. I don't know of any Ruth. There were other things. I'll tell you one day. It's going to be fun teaching you about myself. Leave your things there and come and look over the flat—Jim."

"Jim?" I said, and looked at her.

"You know—that's the first time anyone's called me Jim!"

"Didn't you have any mates?" she asked in surprise, and, when I nodded, "Well, in the hospital, what did they call you?"

"Sport," I said. "Funny, isn't it? But it's a habit with us in the A.I.F. to call anyone we don't know, sport. Since they didn't know who I was, and I didn't myself, they called me sport. After we found out that I was Jim Deakin, the name still stuck."

THIS is the lounge room," she said with a gesture that included the neatness and prettiness of the room casually. "You men are funny with your nicknames. It's rather difficult to get material for curtains. Do you like them?"

"Yes," I said, and watched her at the window looking out. This is my home, I thought! And the thought was like a shock. This is my wife! And something within me was shocked and repelled, and I said hesitantly:

"June!"

"Yes—Jim?" She left the window and came over to me.

"I think that I'd better not stay. I—I know that you're my wife—but to me you're a stranger." I stopped, and looked at her, half afraid of what I'd see in her eyes. But there was no pain there; just a hint of mockery, far back.

"Go on," she said.

"Don't you think I'd better—sort of get to know you again?" I suggested nervously.

"That should be interesting," she smiled. "A second courtship. Not every man comes home from the war to a brand-new wife. How lucky you are, Jim!" I sensed that she was laughing at me, and fell to whistling tunelessly in embarrassment, and her expression changed and she asked:

"How much leave have you?"

"Fourteen days," I said, "plus a lifetime. I'm out of the Army."

"No!" she said, and her eyes widened.

"Are you—sorry?" I asked.

"You haven't seen the rest of the flat yet," she said quickly. "This is the kitchen."

It was white and spotless, with its neat cupboards and shining aluminum and dainty curtains. I thought of my heavy boots and just looked in the door.

"Don't tell me you've forgotten how to be untidy!" she said.

I walked beside her to see the bedroom. I stood in the center of the room, awed at so much daintiness, not knowing what to say.

"It doesn't always look like this," she said. "Your wire gave me time to tidy up and I got the day off from work. You can keep your uniform in here." She opened the wardrobe door to show me, and walked over to look in the mirror above the dressing table and do something to her hair.

"I'm an untidy person—at least,

when I have to go to work," she said and looked back at me. "There're usually bobby pins and things all over the place."

"But I'm not staying!" I said.

"No?" she said, and came back to me.

"No!" I said, and there was a sort of protest in my voice.

"Don't go," she said, and came closer, so that the faint fragrance of perfume was in my nostrils.

"No! No—I won't go!" my voice said, seemingly of its own volition and the pulse in my throat was beating heavily now. "I'll—stay—June!"

Something seemed to snap within me, releasing all the hunger of loneliness and pain, and her lips came to meet mine eagerly, the dark eyes closed and I could only kiss her and murmur over and over, "June—oh, June!"

WE sat at breakfast, June and I, and it was good to be in civvies. June had told me that I was a clerk before enlistment, and so a clerk I was now, and couldn't stand a day of it. Perhaps army life had changed me. "We all tire of work," June said. "I'm glad that I don't have to work any more. It's pleasant to be here with only the flat to look after, and you to wait for, Jim."

"It's not that I don't like work," I said, and glanced at the clock. "I feel confined, in an office all day, and although the clerical work comes easily to me—it doesn't seem to—to fit me, June, if you know what I mean." And I fell to puzzling over my broad shoulders and the muscles on my arms and thighs.

I looked out the window at the blue Pacific, and suddenly I knew what I wanted to do.

"I'd like to be over—there!" I said, and nodded out the window.

"No!" she said, and her eyes dilated. "No! You've done your bit."

"I didn't mean—the war, June," I said. "I mean the sea. There's something familiar and friendly about—I'd like to join the merchant marine."

"That's just as bad!" she said. "You stay right here. I—need you now."

I kissed her and picked up my hat and watched the sea until the tram turned off toward the city. And the farther I went the more I seemed to dislike clerical work. So, instead of going right into the city, I alighted at the docks. I walked about the bay, looking at the battered freighters and Liberty ships and the sleek naval craft, until a clock chimed the hour and I hurried disgustedly off to the office.

When I returned home, June had been out shopping and was bustling about in a street frock, getting tea. She came and kissed me in her eager way, pressing close in my arms. And, as always, whatever doubt possessed me dissipated like mist upon the Western Desert and I returned her kisses with all the fire that was within me.

"Do you know, darling," she said a little breathlessly and drew away from me, "you've been here a month and I've stayed home with you evenings because you didn't want to go out, and my friends haven't seen me. And I have lots of them, you know. So tonight we're going to one of Brenda's parties. You probably won't like it, but it will do you good, and we'll see what sort of a mixer you are."

"Right," I said, and there was a vague excitement within me. "Count me in!"

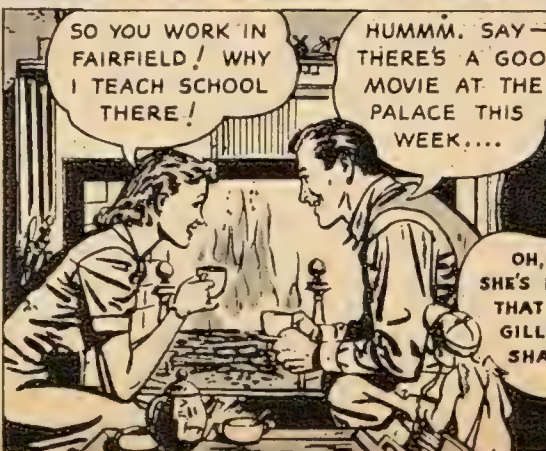
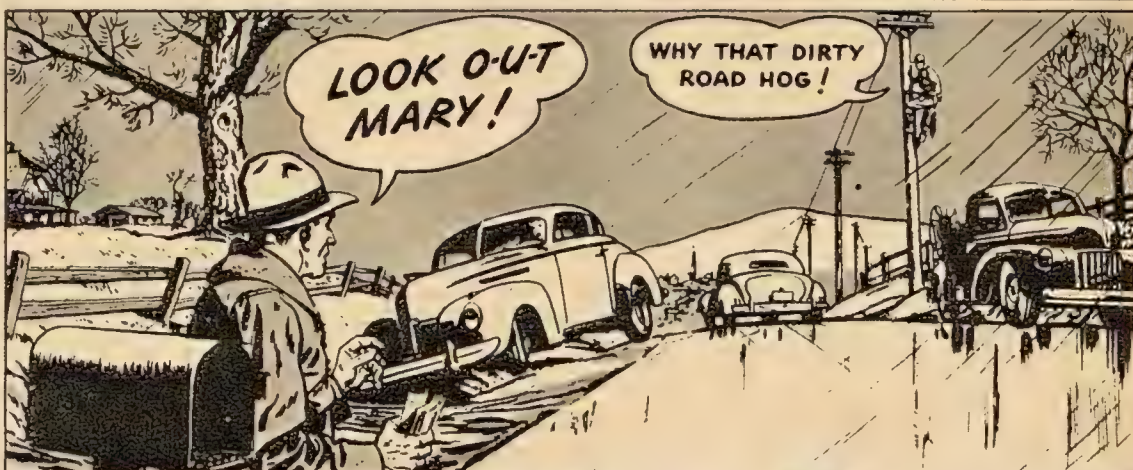
"Good," she said, and added,

"sport." And when she called me that, a strange glowing look came into her eyes, and I picked her up like a child and kissed her. And then there was nothing that I wanted, no sense of confinement or frustration, but only the knowledge that I was happy when June was there.

Presently she said huskily, "Don't be silly, Jim. Put me down. We haven't much time to get to Brenda's."

Brenda had a large flat out King's Cross way. She was a petite blonde with a husband in the Navy. She fussed over June and looked me

Lucky That Paul Was On The Job When....



over critically. "So this is your husband," she said.

She had candid, almost bold, eyes that examined me like a man purchasing a horse. Some more guests came up the stairs behind us with a great deal of noise and laughter. "Take him into the lounge. You know your way about. The drinks are in the cabinet," Brenda said, and turned to greet the new arrivals.

"Come on," June said gaily and led me into the lounge. It was large and modern, with blue tobacco smoke hanging like a haze.

JUNE was lost instantly in a cluster of women who led her away somewhere to another part of the flat. A tall chap with glossy hair brought me a glass of wine. Someone played the piano and sang. Then June came back, and I thought how lucky I was as I watched the gay laughter in her eyes, and the way her blue frock clung to her.

The tall chap asked June to sing. He played the accompaniment and played it well. June had a rich clear voice, and once she stole a glance at me and smiled. I leaned back against the wall and sipped wine, and an unaccustomed glow spread through me.

Brenda came and leaned close to me and refilled my glass, and we started talking about the Navy in the Mediterranean.

She had a way of getting things out of you, and before long I was telling her about what the blast had done to my memory, and she said:

"Must have been a strange experience, coming home to a wife you'd no knowledge of."

"I'm—glad now that it was June," I said, and my voice sounded a little thicker, and Brenda poured some more wine.

"Yes, she's quite a woman, is June," Brenda said, and called to the chap at the piano to play a waltz. I danced with June and, strangely, I was a good dancer, and June just seemed to float in my arms. I danced with Brenda and she said, as though she were finishing a sentence, "She is nice, isn't she?"

I said, "Yes," and looked over to where June was dancing with the tall chap and she was looking up at him with those provocative eyes.

"You don't remember any other woman?" Brenda asked suddenly.

"No. It's like a curtain, cutting off part of my life."

"Oh," she said, and the music stopped, and she left me. I leaned back against the wall again, and the name Ruth occurred to me, and I shut it away in the back of my mind.

Women came and talked to me and found out what a dull chap I am and went away again. As the night progressed, their eyes seemed brighter and their voices more throaty. When they talked to me they came so close that they touched me, and their hands on my arm seemed to cling. Or perhaps it was the wine that made it seem so.



"All right, then—go ahead and sulk if you want to!"

LIBERTY

Suddenly I was sick of the whole party. It would be nice to walk on the beach with June and let the sweet sea air clear the fumes of smoke and alcohol from our minds.

I looked around and couldn't see June, so I stepped out of the lounge into the hall. There was a couple necking in the hall, and I turned to come back again when I noticed that it was June and the tall chap. She was leaning against him, just the way she did to me. He was kissing her and saying something importunately, and she was laughing.

Suddenly I felt the way I had when the burst from the Breda got Joe.

I walked up to them quietly and turned him around and hit him. I didn't hit him like a clerk. He slammed back against the wall and folded up and slid down.

I heard a little gasp and June was staring at me wide-eyed.

"We're going home," I said.

"You fool. What right have— Why did you do that?" she said bitterly, and her eyes went suddenly hard.

"Come on," I said.

I saw her teeth clench upon her bottom lip and she turned swiftly and took her coat from the hall stand and banged the front door behind her.

I picked up my hat and walked out after June. She was well down the street and walking quickly. I caught her at the corner and flagged a taxi and we got in.

"Maybe it was silly," I said tentatively, "but I still don't like it."

"Those are my friends," she said, and stared straight ahead and wouldn't look at me. "I'll be ashamed to face them again. You've made me appear ridiculous."

"How unfortunate," I sneered and suddenly wanted to hurt her, to make her cry. "I thought they were rather a cheap lot."

"Perhaps they are," she said and

her voice sounded hushed and expectant. "Perhaps you think I am too."

"It was pretty obvious, wasn't it?" I said, and hated myself for the bitter words. "You said in your letter you were having a good time at Brenda's parties."

"My letter?" she said and sat up very stiff and straight. "You didn't care much what I did when you saw that letter."

"I do now," I said, and suddenly I wasn't angry any more. She seemed to relax and her hand found and rested lightly on my own hand, clenched upon my knee. And she leaned over to me and whispered:

"Do you really care—that much—sport?" All the life and fire and emotion in me seemed released and I reached out for her and she sighed and clung to me, wordless.

The driver opened the door noisily and we were home again.

We walked on the beach, as I had wished.

We were friends again, June and I, but in the days that followed, there were thoughts that troubled me. Why had we been unhappy before my enlistment? What were the things between us best left unsaid?

I walked again by the docks and looked at the blue-water ships, and something stirred within me. It was a strange daylight fantasy, and for a moment I saw a foreign port and the lace of spars against a blue sky.

"Well, and why not be in it?" said a quiet voice, and I turned and saw a red-faced man with twinkling blue eyes beneath the peak of a gold-braided cap smiling at me.

"Five days to go before we sail," he said and nodded. "There's the sea in you, lad, if ever I saw it. We need men, and badly. What about it?"

"I'm married," I said and turned quickly to walk away. His laughter followed me, and it was neither mocking nor amused, but just full of a quiet certainty, and as I turned off the path toward the city, he called after me, "Five days!"

WHEN I returned home from the office there was a letter in the box for me. It bore the O. H. M. S. of official Army correspondence. The contents were brief and to the point:

"You are to report immediately to H. Q. Intelligence, City."

I was still looking at it and wondering when June hurried in, loaded with parcels.

"What's that?" she asked, and I showed it to her.

As she read it, the color faded from her face and her eyes became dark and pain-filled.

"You don't—have to go. Don't go," she whispered. I stared at her.

"It's only letters, or—or something that has turned up, June," I said. "What's the matter? You look as if I had to go and be executed."

"Don't go!" she cried again and put her arms around me wildly and hid her face against my shoulder.

"There, honey," I said, and tried

to lift her head. "Don't cry. It's just an official letter. Nothing, really." And didn't know what to do. I'd never seen her cry before, even when we rowed about the party.

"You're going. I know you'll go!" There was hysteria in her voice and she clung to me like a frightened child. "You'll think me cheap—immoral—I'll never see you again."

"I think you're very sweet, June," I said.

"Oh, if I could believe—that you—loved me."

"You're my wife," I said, and a curious uncertainty possessed me.

"What if I were not?" she asked, and raised her head to look at me with dark tragic eyes.

"Listen," she whispered fiercely, and her small hands clenched hard upon my arm. "There was an unhappy woman and a man came into her life, and in appearance he was like the husband she had stopped loving and who had never loved her. But in the things that matter he was different. And oh—sport—there was something about you that I liked. You were hurt and bewildered, but you were the ideal of the man I thought I married. It was in the little tricks of habit, the eager way you smiled, the way you looked at me and whistled softly when you were worried or annoyed. And oh, my dear, whatever I meant—at first—I came to love you. I love you now."

I don't know what I said or did. I only know I walked for miles. And it was like the night Joe brought me in from the perimeter. Chaotic. With flashes of clear reasoning, and times when the going was tough, that I can't remember.

Then I was outside a military H. Q. and there was a white card over a door with "Intelligence" upon it. So I went inside.

Corporal Jim Deakin was reported as a prisoner of war in Germany. It was unfortunate—but there it was.

I AM writing this at sea, and I know now that I was never a clerk. I knew it by my familiarity with engines. This is not a new life to me.

The chief says that I must sit for an examination for a certificate when we reach London. And I am strangely happy.

If I go on deck I can see the convoy, like a pattern upon the sea, with planes overhead, and destroyers shepherding us.

And when I close my eyes in my bunk at night, I can see a small lithe woman with short hair that is more brownette than brunette and dark eyes that are like an Arab's, and the full red lips are parted slightly, and she is a woman, real and vital.

I cabled her yesterday. After the divorce we will be married.

But sometimes a name occurs to me, and I wonder for a little while about myself, and then I lock the name away in the back of my mind—and the name is Ruth.

THE END

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Naturally, "THE STORK CLUB" comes from the same company that gives you most of the best screen entertainment... and that wishes all friends the merriest of Christmasses.

Paramount Pictures

LIBERTY GOES TO THE



Sergeant Tyne goes to the aid of a comrade who's been strangled.

A WALK IN THE SUN

(Lewis Milestone)

Richard Conte, Dana Andrews, George Tyne

It was just a little walk
In the warm Italian sun,
But it wasn't an easy thing...

SO sings the balladeer in the opening of this fine new war film. Harry Brown's novel, from which the picture is faithfully translated, has often been acclaimed the finest of the war. And Lewis Milestone, who brought to the screen the best story of the last war (All Quiet on the Western Front), shows his respect for Brown's book in his fine production of *A Walk in the Sun*.

The episode narrated is microscopic, a symbol of the holocaust, setting its sights on a single platoon of the Texas Division and their "walk" from the Salerno beachhead to a Nazi-barricaded farmhouse about six miles from the shore.

You get to know most of these fifty-odd guys pretty well. There's Rivera (Richard Conte), the machine gunner, an Italian-American with an insolent charm. "Butt me," he is constantly demanding of Friedman (George Tyne), his pal. "What would you do for butts if you didn't have

me for a buddy?" Friedman wants to know. "I'd get me a new friend," is Rivera's prompt comeback. But his infectious grin, ready wit and good aim with a machine gun more than make up for the cigarettes he bums.

As Sergeant Tyne, Dana Andrews' role runs a close second to Conte's part. He's a strikingly well-adjusted New Englander, the type of soldier or man who makes a good job of whatever he's called upon to do. When the sergeant in command breaks down from sheer battle fatigue, Tyne takes over with a firm hand, and in the end, when the smoke and the roar have subsided, he is seen casually making another notch in his gun.

But most of all, *A Walk in the Sun* tells you about the grim monotony and the waiting and the idiocy of war, and tells it with an impact. This is not the shenanigans of Private Hargrove's war, it's not even Bill Mauldin's strictly G.I. war. It's people—men whose reflexes are trained to respond automatically to a military necessity, but who nevertheless continue to think like people.



"Butt me, Friedman," demands Rivera. "Think we'll ever get out of this loving war?"

MOVIES BY HELEN PARKER

SAN ANTONIO

(Warner Brothers)
Errol Flynn, Alexis Smith, S. Z. Sakall

HERE'S the old charmer, Errol Flynn, lending his talents to a glorified Western, and he can draw a gun faster than you can say San Antonio!

The year is 1877, and Flynn returns from exile in Mexico to engage in battle with the gang of outlaws who've stolen his cattle and who are running most of the state.

At this point, Alexis Smith, representing a glamorous actress-singer from New York, is rattling along the road to San Antonio. Right in the line of fire, so to speak, of these two warring factions.

With no little aplomb, she goes to work at outlaw Paul Kelly's saloon, takes her salary, and falls for his enemy, Flynn.

It's a tightly knit mob that Flynn of the twisted grin is looking down his pistol sights at. There's Victor Francen, Kelly's partner—a suave snake whose loyalties belong to the cashbox. Greed finally brings the two partners to a gun duel with each other. The chase occurs in the moonlit Alamo, and is pretty thrilling.

So the rattlers bite the dust and Flynn claims the proud beauty for his own. Scratching her pseudo-sophisticated veneer, he delightedly discovers that she's just a li'l' old plainswoman at heart and is much more interested in genuine cattle



Back in 1877, a Texan had to take the law into his own hands.

than in the breed that made up her audiences.

Roped into this gaudy Technicolor pen are some good supporting hands. Sakall and his jowl-shaking low comedy, Florence Bates with a tart tongue and a soft heart, John Litel the essence of loyalty—they all

perform capably and make themselves at home in the period.

These, along with the queenly Smith, the debonair Flynn, and several jiggers of excitement (there's a whopping saloon fight, too, of course), make a mightily satisfactory horse opera out of San Antonio.

MASQUERADE IN MEXICO

(Paramount)
Dorothy Lamour, Patric Knowles, Arturo de Cordova, Ann Dvorak

MASQUERADE IN MEXICO, a light-comedy-mystery-musical-romance, is also a fluffy satire on Mexico City's glittering society.

Dorothy Lamour, who looks wonderful and acquires more presence

with each film, is first spotted by the camera on a plane. She's flying to Mexico with a large diamond that her fiancé has stolen. Reading about it in the papers, she hastily dumps it in the pocket of fellow passenger

Patric Knowles. He's a young banking tycoon and has a squirmy time at the border when the gem is discovered.

In Mexico City, Knowles blackmails Dorothy into vamping Arturo de Cordova, greatest of all the bullfighters, away from the banker's wife, Ann Dvorak. And how she succeeds!

Dorothy is a *femme fatale* with a rather questionable background, but compared with Knowles' virago wife and the other harpies of her social set, she's irresistible, and each of the male leads falls in love with her like tenpins.

All this, and plenty more, is plastered onto some fabulous sets—principally Knowles' country retreat in Taxco, a mere couple of acres of lofty rooms which have been converted from a seventeenth-century monastery.

Then there's a nice voyage through the floating gardens of Xochimilco, Garden Spot of Mexico, with many guitars keeping the rhythm of the oars. And all the gals will no doubt be titivated by the gowns Edith Head designed.

A pleasant two hours, *Masquerade in Mexico* will give you both sensations—that of the masquerade, and that of being in Mexico.



Lamour toujours! Knowles and de Cordova are an avid audience.

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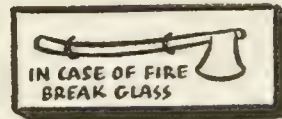
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HE SEES WHAT OTHERS DON'T

Continued from Page 19

dio, hoping to get tapped for the movies. "But that isn't the way we find stars," Billy explains. "I admit that a few were found on campuses, but I am almost sure that Lana Turner is the only one who was found sipping a coke in a drugstore. Mervyn LeRoy saw her, brought her to me, and I dug up a scene from Waterloo Bridge. That four-minute test convinced the big shots that she had something nobody else had. Lana came with a sweater and a will to be an actress. Today that girl needs no sweater. However, more than ninety per cent of movie talent is found in theaters."

Grady has scouts everywhere. They see all shows and report to him.

There is no limit to the things people will resort to to get in the movies, particularly where their children are concerned. Billy, however, is dead set against kids in the movies. He insists it's no place for them.

"You take my former milkman," he says. "He used to put a different picture of his baby on top of every bottle of milk. That kid never got in, and no other kids do, if I have my say."

"You'd be surprised at the odd things and freaks people try to sell to motion pictures. For weeks a woman stood outside the gates of the studio. Every time I passed by she pulled a seven-toed cat out of a bag and practically threw it in my face. Which reminds me that we once needed a boy with six toes on each foot. We found there are five hundred boys in Los Angeles who have such feet."

Billy eats dinner six nights a week

at Chasens, where he has a booth especially built for him. A sign over it for benefit of others who may use it, reads: "Notice: You are occupying this booth through the courtesy of Billy (Square Deal) Grady. P.S. Strictly on your own." The P.S. is there because people used to sign his name to their checks. He gets through most of his meal before "night court" starts. That means that the people who couldn't catch up with him during the day ferret him out at night. If there is more than one person, they have to stand, because Billy insisted the booth be made for no more than two. Many a contract has been signed in that booth. It was there that Billy signed Van Johnson.

"The first time I saw Johnson," Billy recalls, "was in Pal Joey, in New York. I went backstage and offered him an opportunity. But his agent thought the more he asked for Van the more he'd get. So Van signed with Warners. However, he didn't do a great deal there and was set to go back to New York."

"Before leaving, he dropped in with Lucille Ball and her husband, Desi Arnaz, to have supper at Chasens. I told him he'd be crazy to leave. I doubled the original offer. He accepted. Now he's one of the biggest drawing cards in the industry."

TO Billy, the prime requisite for a potential star is color. Color he describes like this: "You go to a party. Fifty people enter the room. You don't notice it. Suddenly one enters, and everybody automatically turns around. That's the person we buy. And if you still don't know what color is, let's go back to the Yankee baseball team. In the right field was a fellow named Babe Ruth. He was great, even in defeat. In left field was Bob Meusel, who was equally

LIBERTY

as good a fielder, but he had no color. He did his stunt and kept quiet. But Ruth was full of personality and color. Color is being unpredictable. Well, hell! Color is just personality."

Looks, for a prospective star, come way down on Billy's list. It's fine if beauty comes with the bargain, but it gets a movie player nowhere near the top, he contends.

There are cases where Billy follows a prospect's career for years before offering a contract. He first saw Jimmy Stewart as a "chorus girl" in a show at Princeton.

Jimmy went into stock, and it wasn't till Billy thought him ready for the movies that he signed him up.

BILLY GRADY was born in Lynn, Massachusetts, in 1885. At six, he was an altar boy in a show. In quick succession he became a shoeshiner, carnation seller, candy seller in theaters and ball parks, bellhop, property man, and at last it looked as if he had really landed in his niche when he started acting for twelve dollars a week in the company where he was a Jack-of-all-trades. But a turn as a vaudeville actor came next. Broadway then claimed him as an agent, and that finally led him to Metro.

It was during the years when Billy booked vaudeville actors in New England that he met Louis B. Mayer, who at the time owned the Colonial Theater in Haverhill. They became friends, and in 1929, Mayer made Billy the Eyes and Ears of Metro in New York.

By then Billy had made \$400,000 as an actors' agent and planned to retire.

However, he went to work for M-G-M when the stock market crashed. He saw all the plays in New York and bought what was worth

buying; both in plays and talent. But for a vacation trip to the Coast he might still be in New York. However, two days after arriving in Hollywood, Mayer asked him to take over the casting department, and the talent department also was added.

There's a story behind everything Billy Grady has done. That white carnation, for instance. He says, "It's not only a matter of feeling naked

without it; I actually catch cold when I don't wear one."

When Billy was a shoeshiner at nine, he sold carnations on the side for ten cents apiece. He got the damaged and discarded blooms every morning at the railroad station and sold them to his customers, who were mostly saloon characters. But he always kept one for himself, and has worn one ever since.

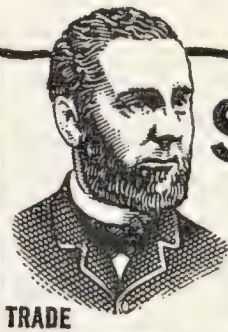
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In his teens he joined a stock company. "In my first part," he says, "I was supposed to wear a dinner jacket, but the only one I could rent was so tight that I looked like a Scotch subject. I hadn't any black shoes either, so I borrowed my old man's. He had the biggest feet I've ever seen. When my cue came, I rushed on the stage and found myself playing the scene in my bare feet. The shoes had come off in the wings."

By 1910, Billy had had enough of acting. He became an actors' agent when he found agents collected a percentage of a client's salary.

A little later he developed into what was then called a Broadway character, and one of the few, according to his own estimate, who made \$100,000 a year. His clients included Ruby Keeler, Eleanor Powell, Jimmy Cagney, and Cary Grant. The law allowed an agent 5 per cent, but Billy says with a grin, "There never was a law made which can't be broken within the law."

If he knew how to promote his clients, he also knew how to promote Grady. In those days, instead of using the term, "He has 'booked' him ten weeks," they said, "He's got ten weeks of 'time.'"

So when the huge clock at the corner of Broadway and Forty-seventh Street broke and had to be taken down, Billy bought an alarm clock, had it put up in the twelve-foot diameter space, and set the alarm for noon. Every day at midday it would ring. Beneath the clock he had a sign which read, "For 'time,' see Billy Grady, 903 Palace Theater Building."

During prohibition, Billy didn't confine himself to being an agent and a promoter. In 1927-28 he and eight other Broadway characters opened a night club called the Silver Slipper.

Grady's small beady eyes glisten when he tells how the place grossed \$32,000 on the opening night. They served a pitcher of "wine" at fifty-five dollars a throw. "The wine," Billy says, "was apple cider with a tablespoon of maple syrup added. The customers didn't know the difference. In nineteen weeks I made eighty-nine thousand dollars profit. I might never have quit the business if a man with a golden badge hadn't closed the joint."

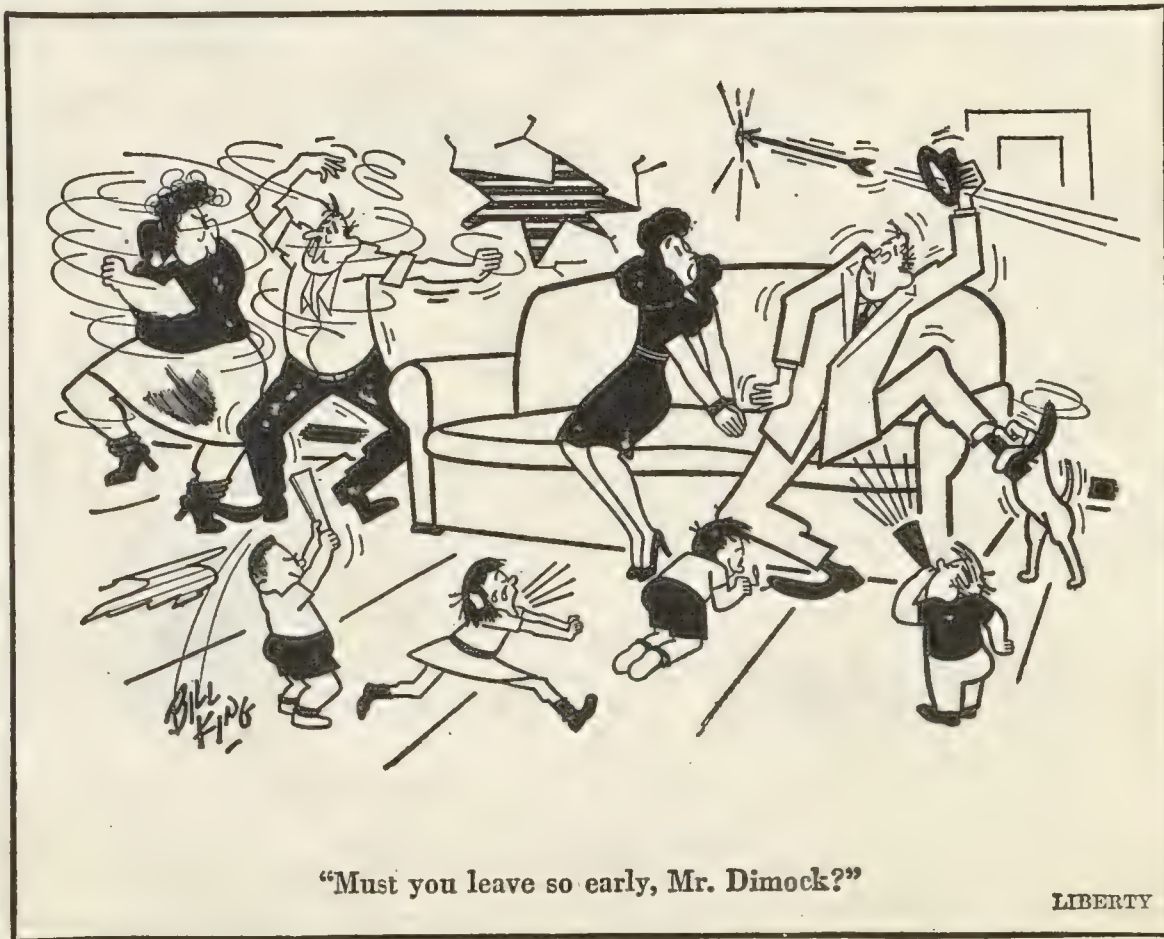
Whatever Billy talks about, he always returns to his stars. He says everyone has a price. "By price, I mean what an actor or actress costs the studio before landing on the screen. It includes transportation, coaching, glorifying, salary, etc. The most expensive one Metro ever had was Hedy Lamarr, who cost one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and the cheapest was Van Johnson. Van cost two hundred. But the average ranges between fifty thousand and seventy-five thousand."

BILLY likes to be different. He stopped sending Christmas or any other greeting cards after Pearl Harbor. He "just couldn't wish anybody happy anything with the world in a turmoil."

Then, on V-J Day, he mailed 3,500 cards to people all over the world. They were four by five feet with letters a foot high. They said: AIN'T IT WONDERFUL—HAPPY XMAS, HAPPY NEW YEAR, HAPPY EASTER, HAPPY LABOR DAY. His name was printed in small type.

He sums up his philosophy in one sentence: "Live every day so you can look everybody straight in the eye and tell him to go to hell." That's Billy Grady, Hollywood's most famous talent scout—pardon us—Talent Specialist.

THE END



"Must you leave so early, Mr. Dimock?"

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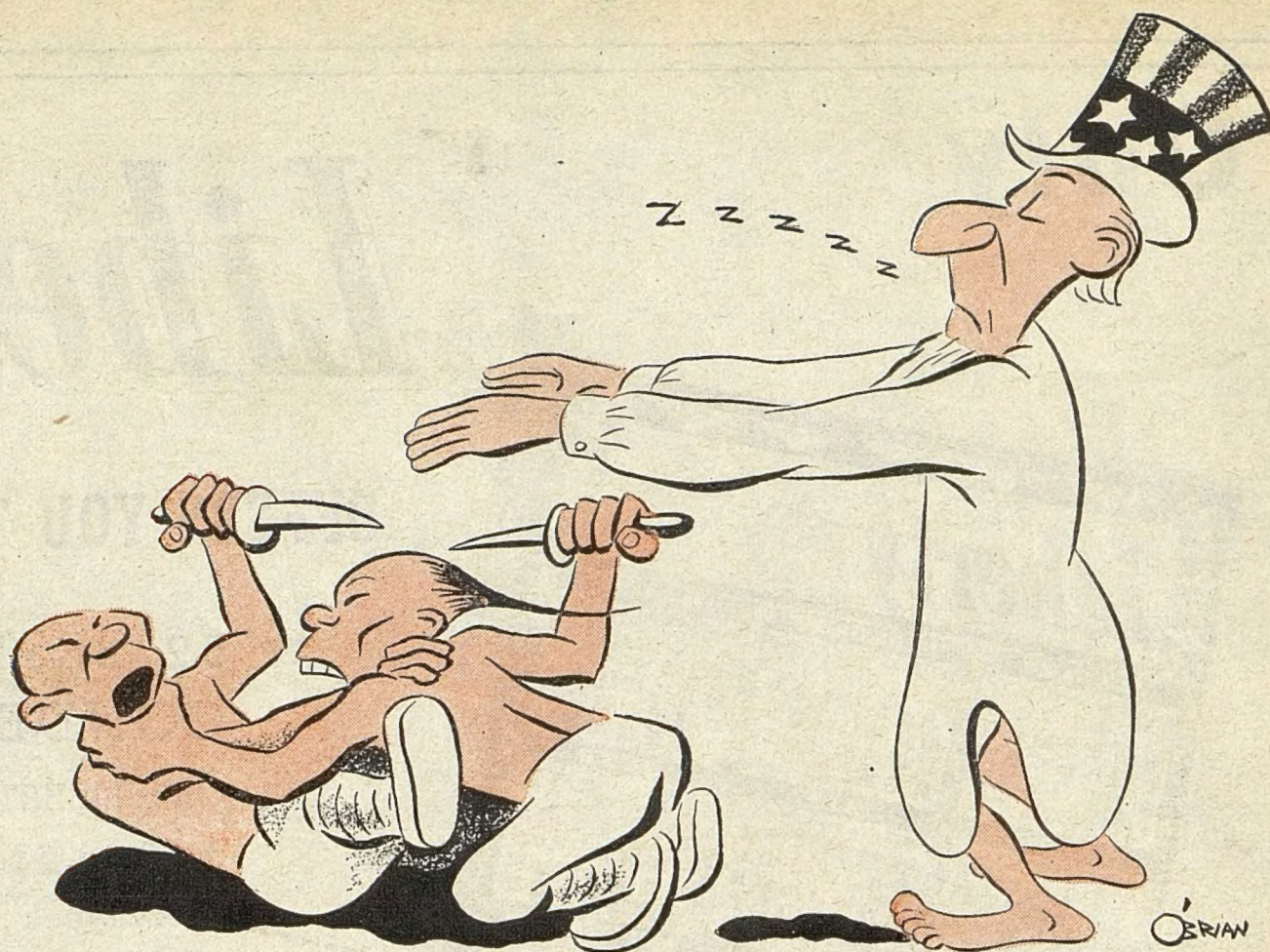
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DEC. 29, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher

EDWARD MAHER
Editor



FOREIGN POLICY BY INADVERTENCE

IN China we again find ourselves in the middle of a nasty and dangerous situation; in a position where we never meant to be; possessed of no clear idea of how we got there or of what we want to do about it. It is a failing to which American foreign policy long has been addicted.

A civil war of major proportions is shaping up in China and we find ourselves enmeshed in it. American weapons, lend-leased to Chiang Kai-shek, are being used to mow down other Chinese—a use for which they never were intended. With no clear idea of what we were letting ourselves in for, we moved Chiang's soldiers by air into areas liberated from the Japs to forestall the Chinese Communist forces in accepting surrender of Jap men and arms.

Into some of these areas we sent our own men to hold the ground pending the arrival of Chiang's troops. Now we find it difficult to let go, despite our reluctance to mix further in China's internal troubles. Yet we are certain to become further embroiled the longer we stay.

Somewhat bewildered, we ask ourselves how we got in this position. The answer seems to be that we drifted into it by inadvertence. We decided to help Chiang extend his sway into north China and Manchuria without having any policy to meet the difficulties which were sure to ensue from such help.

Contrast our actions in this area with those of the British in Java. Once having

made the decision to liberate this island on behalf of its former Dutch proprietors, the British go all the way in and make no bones about it. They bring to bear whatever force is necessary to accomplish their purpose. If they were not prepared to do so, they would never have started the adventure in the first place. This is not to express approval of British actions in the Netherlands East Indies. It is merely to point out that when the British get into these situations, it is with their eyes open and a firm course of action planned. We drift into them.

If America is to succeed as a leader and controlling factor in the world, we must forgo our habit of conducting foreign affairs, particularly where the use of arms is involved, by drift and mischance. We first must decide what we want to do and, having decided, proceed vigorously to the accomplishment of our purpose by the shortest course and in the shortest possible time.

It is too late now to save our face entirely in China. But before we get into further trouble, we ought either to set a firm policy or get out, lock, stock, and barrel. We have no business there without a policy, and we cannot continue to have our policy made for us by the play of events rather than our own choice.

Paul Hunter

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